

EDITED BY
E. HALDEMAN-JULIUS

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MY SECOND 25 YEARS

INSTEAD OF A FOOTNOTE

An Autobiography

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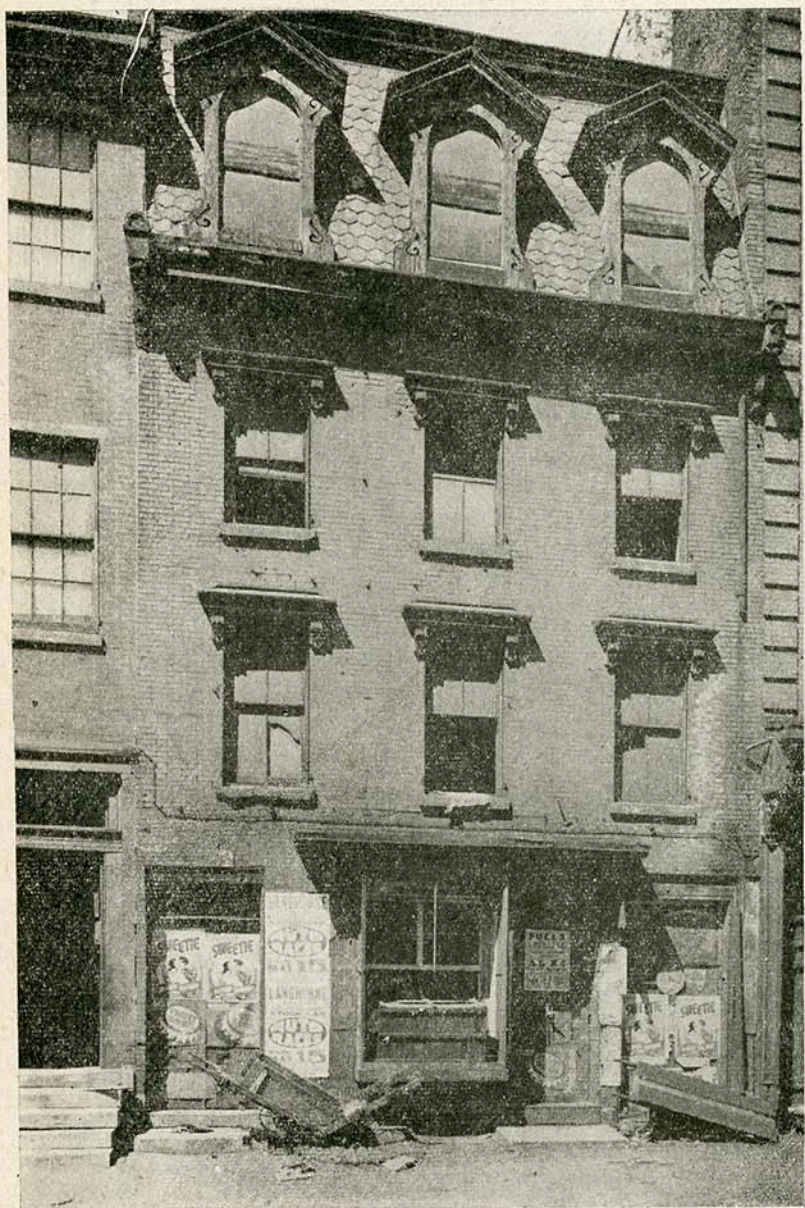
An Autobiography

By E. HALDEMAN-JULIUS

**HALDEMAN-JULIUS PUBLICATIONS
GIRARD, KANSAS**

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By E. Haldeman-Julius

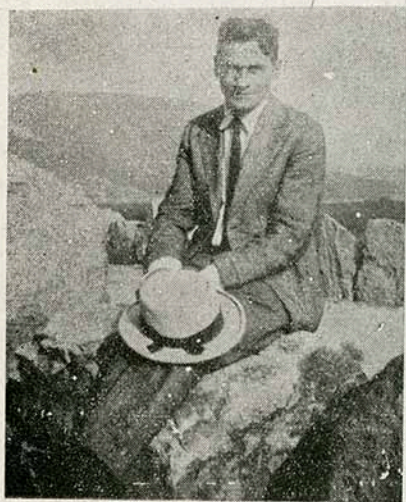
Printed in the United States of America



237 RACE STREET, PHILADELPHIA, PA. (NOW A DESERTED HOUSE), WHERE E. HALDEMAN-JULIUS WAS BORN ON JULY 30, 1889. FOR YEARS HE BELIEVED THIS HOUSE HAD BEEN TORN DOWN TO MAKE ROOM FOR THE PHILADELPHIA-CAMDEN BRIDGE, BUT RECENTLY HE LEARNED FROM ALBERT MORDELL THAT IT WAS STILL STANDING IN ALL ITS MELANCHOLY DECAY. THE HOUSE STANDS IN A BLOCK ON THE NORTH SIDE OF A STREET THAT WAS SPARED WHEN APPROACHES TO THE BRIDGE WERE CLEARED.



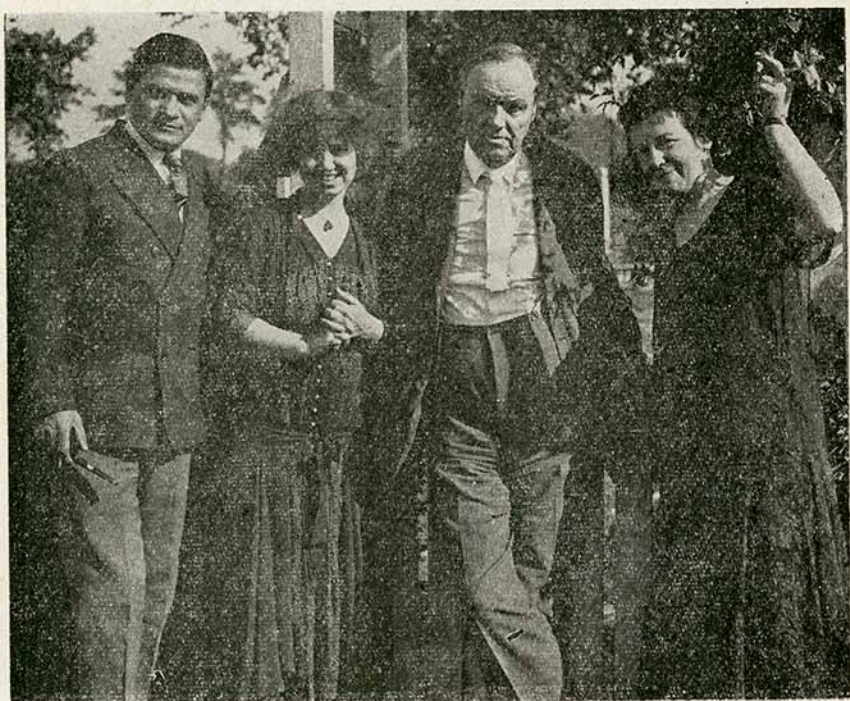
E. H.-J., IN HIS OFFICE AT THE PUBLISHING PLANT IN GIRARD,
A FEW YEARS AFTER THE BIRTH OF THE LITTLE BLUE BOOKS
IN JANUARY, 1919.



E. H.-J., 22 YEARS OLD, ATOP A
MOUNTAIN NORTH OF LOS ANGELES.



E. H.-J., 24 YEARS OLD, ON
SOME ONE-ACRE RANCH NEAR
LOS ANGELES.



E. H.-J., MARCET, CLARENCE DARROW AND RUBY DARROW, AT THE FARM NEAR GIRARD, KANSAS, SHORTLY AFTER THE SCOPES ANTI-EVOLUTION TRIAL, IN 1925.



E. H.-J., IN GIRARD, KANSAS, SHORTLY AFTER HIS MARRIAGE TO MARCET, IN 1916.



E. H.-J. AND CLARENCE DARROW, AT THE HALDEMAN-JULIUS HOME, IN GIRARD, KANSAS, IN 1925, SHORTLY AFTER THE CLOSE OF THE MONKEY TRIAL IN DAYTON, TENN.



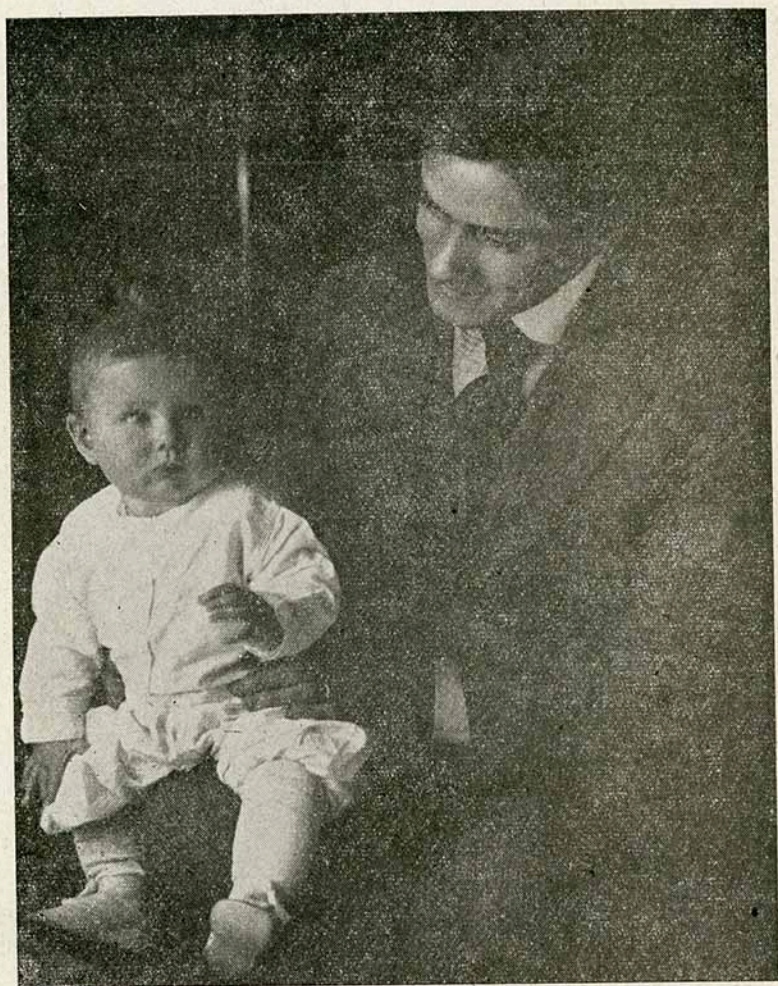
E. H.-J AND MARCET, IN JUNE, 1917, SEEM TO APPROVE OF THEIR FIRST CHILD, ALICE. ALICE HERSELF, IN 1949, IS THE MOTHER OF E. H.-J.'S FIRST GRANDCHILD, MARCET, NAMED AFTER HER GRANDMOTHER, THE LATE MARCET HALDEMAN-JULIUS.



E. H.-J. AND DAUGHTER, ALICE, IN 1917, WHEN SHE (BORN ON MAY 26, 1917) WAS FIVE MONTHS AND FIVE DAYS OLD—IN THE LITTLE OUTFIT (HER FIRST WOOLEN ONE) GIVEN HER ON THE DAY HER FIRST TOOTH CAME THROUGH WHEN SHE WAS FOUR MONTHS AND FOUR DAYS OLD.



E. H.-J., WHEN HE WAS ABOUT 35 YEARS OLD,
IN GIRARD.



E. H.-J., STILL PROUD OF DAUGHTER ALICE.

MY SECOND 25 YEARS

CALL DAYS

As my train pulled into Manhattan, I had just finished reading papers that carried news of what was to be known later as the First World War. It was early August, 1914, and much of Europe was already a death-house.

In New York, people quickly took sides. The English-language newspapers and the man in the street sided against Germany, but there were many who favored Germany. One could hear both sides in Times Square and weigh their arguments without emotion or rancor, for the fighting was far away and seemed to be a gigantic sporting event. If London shopkeepers could put up signs, "Business as Usual," why shouldn't we go about our affairs with equal serenity?

I found the editor of the *Call*, Chester, and the editorial writer, Joshua Wanhope, worried over the behavior of the Socialists in Europe, each country's leftists having come to the support of their rulers, especially in Germany, Austro-Hungary, Belgium, and France. "Nothing to do but wait," said someone, and that seemed the thing to do. So I settled down to editing the Sunday magazine section, writing special articles for it, and covering shows for the weekday issues, with side-trips into music, art, books, and an occasional news assignment.

We had a meager staff because the paper had only 40,000 circulation and was in chronic money pains. How it kept going year after year was a puzzle. One thing that helped was the way we idealists in the editorial department worked for top pay of \$25 a week. The editor got hardly more than twice that much. The men in the composing room got about \$35 a week, which was fancy pay in those days. The two men who did the stereotyping

were kept really busy only about 30 minutes each night, just before press time, but, as they had to put in their time, they spent about six hours each shift at the task of sharpening a 10-inch circular saw. It wasn't their fault that the paper was small and that it put through only one edition each night.

The *Call* building, on Pearl street—one of the oldest streets in Manhattan—was a sight to make eyes sore. It was old, rickety, musty, rat-infested, dirty, stinking, miserable and scummy. Here was a horrible demonstration of how decayed a hovel could get and still serve as a place of business. There are industrial slums as well as residential slums. The new Woolworth building, a few blocks away, was a monument to a man who believed in nickels and dimes. Here was business gone magnificent. Woolworth's offices were imposing enough to satisfy a luxury-loving Florentine in the grandest days of the Renaissance. Woolworth's building was high-toned; the *Call's* was what Marx called "slum (or lumpen) proletariat." I, a young fellow of 25, then working in that ugly *Call* building, later was to be dubbed "the Woolworth of Literature." In another national publication I was to be called "the Ford of Literature."

My boss, Chester, I understood too well. I had worked under him in Milwaukee, Chicago and Los Angeles, so I knew his ways and what he had to offer. I admired his grasp of technical details that I so wanted to master. He knew every phase of editing, and I had sense enough to appreciate his usefulness, though I never had respect for his nature or his intelligence. He was an expeditor, and that was all. He could show up with nothing on his desk worth putting into type. Five hours later he'd produce a paper. I had

brains enough to respect that, though I disliked the man's pettiness, his quickness to take offense, his butler-like kowtowing to men of importance or power, his subservience to respectable authority, his contempt for intellectual and artistic ideas, his silly pride, his fits of smothered rage, his small prejudices, and his brown-nosing of those who might do him a turn. He was always glad to have me around, but that didn't deceive me. He needed me to carry out part of his plans.

He was all of five feet four, yet he would often call me a "half pint"—me, a full, majestic, towering five feet six. He eventually moved to Washington, where Sam Gompers hired him as his personal press agent—or intellectual lackey. In all my life I never knew another person with whom I worked so long and intimately and for whom I felt so profound a dislike. I write these words 34 years after my last look at him—enough time for me to organize my impressions and fashion my sentences. He influenced me, but never inspired me. I knew how he hated anything cultural, but he had to give some of his readers pieces about art, literature, plays and music, so I was accepted as a necessary evil; otherwise the more demanding readers—there were some—might sneer at his low-browism. What always amused him was my ability to sit down and not leave my typewriter until I had finished a five-column Sunday article and handing in copy that was clean enough to go right to the linotype without being edited. As I've already said, I'd learned that from him, except that he wrote news items that way, while I did articles on difficult subjects.

Once in a while, I'd do a Patsy O'Bang story just to keep my hand in that kind of whimsy-whamsy. Here's the barest outline of a casual, dead-pan piece:

An Irishman was on his death-bed, and his wife, preparing for the wake that seemed just around the corner, stored case after case of beer under the very bed her husband was supposed to be dying in. While she was shopping for groceries that were also intended for the wake, her dying husband reach-

ed under and took a bottle, which he enjoyed, after which he drank another, and still more. When his wife returned, carrying huge bags of food, she berated him, crying: "How dare you drink that beer! You crook, that was boughten for the wake!" His answer was to pick up another bottle, which angered her. Losing control, she held off and biffed him, at which he grew angry and socked her back, and that meant a call from the cop on the beat, who took them to police court. There was no wake. The beer and the excitement in court had got him out of the notion of dying. I purposely slow-paced the story so that it filled a column and a half on page 1. Smooth bits of nonsense like that didn't do any harm.

HORACE TRAUBEL

One afternoon I said I wanted to cover a dinner of the Whitman Society because I knew the speakers, especially Horace Traubel, who lived in Camden, N. J., across the Delaware from Philadelphia, but who made frequent trips to New York, where he often visited me at the office. He wrote, set up and printed each month a worthwhile magazine, *The Conservator*, but which never registered with the Negro janitor of the Chestnut street (west of Broad street in Philadelphia) building where Traubel did most of his literary work. His daily schedules were heavy, including the editing of Whitman's papers, the rewriting of his own enormous diaries of years spent with Whitman in Camden, the writing of numerous articles, and his *Conservator*. The Negro always called it *The Constipator*.

When I was a boy, I often saw Traubel walking Chestnut street to and from his mused up office. He was a character who seemed to be known to everybody because of his striking looks. Many took him to be Mark Twain, because they looked a lot alike—the same beautiful head, gray hair and mustache, and build, though Traubel was a little chunkier than the great humorist.

On the coldest days, Traubel would take the Camden ferry (3c) and then, without an overcoat, walk about 15 blocks up Chestnut street. We usually attended the Friday af-

ternoon concerts of the symphony orchestra and always sat in the top gallery (25c) of the Academy of Music, where half the audience took for granted he was Mark Twain. Dr. Karl Pohlig was the conductor—it was around 1906—and a musician in the old style. Philadelphia was yet to look for glamour-pusses on the podium. Leopold Stokowsky was then a young fellow in Poland, perhaps without even an inkling of how a symphony orchestra could be streamlined (that word came much later), and how long fingers, wavy tresses, and slinky hips could put "it" into classical music.

Those Pohlig programs meant a lot to us 25-centers in a huge theater that was ugly but a perfect place for music, being itself a fine, sensitive instrument. At that time, about 1906, I was 17 and Traubel I took to be about 50. For a quarter we got great music and a stimulating, charming social life.

During rather long intermissions (everything was leisurely in those quiet, orderly days) our gallery suddenly became a social gathering, at which one could meet, on easy and democratic terms, intellectual and artistic people who liked culture in all its forms and moods.

Several times Traubel pointed out to me the famous literary, art and music critic, James Huneker, but he never came up to join us. He preferred to sit down front in the orchestra. During one of the intermissions Traubel gave me the manuscript of a Whitman poem, which I prized and still have. When Traubel noticed my hat, his face hardened. It was an absurd derby—hard and black as coal, with a funny, turned up rim. "You should throw that ugly thing away. Get a soft hat, and get a flowing Windsor tie, like this one I'm wearing," he suggested. I obeyed, and for some months I wore such an artistic tie, until I learned that Philadelphia's street loafers let it be known that anyone who wore a Windsor tie must be a fairy, a queer, a pansy, a fruiter, a queen, a belle, a nance, and whatever other words they used to describe a homo. I never again wore a derby after that sermon from Traubel, and during the last

10 or 15 years I've rarely worn any kind of hat.

When I mentioned that Whitman dinner (we're now back again to the early war months), I took for granted that I'd cover it. Instead, Chester replied that he'd already given the assignment to Dave, a near-illiterate, a nice enough person but a poor reporter. So, in a huff, I pulled out and headed uptown to a 5th Avenue gallery, where I took in a big show given over to funny drawings. I had a good time, picked up a dozen amusing proofs (especially some things by Art Young) and returned to the office, where I did an article, entitled "Humor in American Art," that covered two full pages in the Sunday edition, and which John Sloan—an artist I admired—said was a good job. Like Mark Twain, I could live for two months on a good compliment.

Meanwhile, the story of the Whitman dinner had appeared and it immediately became a classic. It seems there were about a dozen speakers who gave talks and read poems by or about Whitman. Dave's story had everyone *singing*. Traubel *sang* of the beauty of the great poet's personality. A professor of literature *sang* of Whitman's creativeness. A visiting Englishman *sang* of his broad humanitarianism. A lady poet *sang* of his love of liberty. A statesman *sang* of his patriotism in nursing the wounded Union soldiers in Washington. There were singers all over the place. It was about this time that an Anarchist sculptor and poet—a bearded guy named Wolff, I believe—glorified some of his heroes in a poem that rhymed "coises" with "voices."

Later, while in Philadelphia on a story, I met Traubel at Broad and Market streets, and as we walked through the prison-like passageway of the peculiar, eccentric City Hall on our way to the Broad street station, we had a laugh over that Whitman story. I asked about the letters some London erotologist had sent to Whitman, in which he asked, in plain language, whether or not the poet was a homo. Whitman had sent a horrified denial, but I was suspicious. One didn't have to ask

Whitman. The poems themselves were plain enough. But Traubel avoided a direct answer. Later it came out that Whitman, in his New York days, was an aggressive chaser after truck-drivers, drivers of horse cars, and extremely mannish trade in general. He liked them big, masculine, and sweaty—what today's homos call "rough trade." The articles, which appeared in *The New Republic*, made a strong case, with supporting documents. So far as I know, Traubel, who was Whitman's friend and literary executor, died without ever airing this question.

BROAD STREET

Having some time to kill before train time, we walked to Broad street again and talked a little about that freakish statue of William Penn atop the City Hall tower. There never before was a building like that City Hall, and I doubt there ever will be one. Its architect died before the birth of the science of psychology, let alone Freudianism and psychiatry. He must have been a neurotic.

Traubel and I agreed that the Broad street we knew was a noble street. We praised the exciting mummers' parade up Broad street each New Year's Day. I had seen and enjoyed some wonderful circus parades on Broad street. I remembered an enthralling lecture by Eugene V. Debs at a Broad street theater a few blocks north of Girard avenue, on the west side of the street. For some years that west side, from Girard avenue to a little north of the theater, would suddenly spring to life each sunshiny Sunday afternoon, with thousands of strollers, many of the promenaders being pretty girls in fetching bonnets and colorful dresses.

I remember Broad street, south of the City Hall, the day the city was celebrating the victory over Spain. It was called the Peace Jubilee, and thousands of veterans marched to the stirring music of Sousa's marches—music that was made for parades in gay streets. At an announced time the entire street was cleared from South street to the City Hall. There was a dramatic hush. Then came the President of the United States in an open car-

riage drawn by high-stepping, racing horses. McKinley kept his silk hat in the air while we cheered. The President, a driver, a footman, a carriage, and two horses—that was all—hurrying by and making the smallest but most exciting show a 10-year-old had ever seen.

It was a little like the night I took in the Barnum and Bailey circus—the Greatest Show on Earth—in a vast tent somewhere in northwest Philadelphia. A few minutes before the big parade, the ring was cleared, the band sounded a fanfare, and suddenly J. A. Bailey—himself, in person—appeared in a carriage that went dashing around the ring, the old man waving his shiny silk hat. That was a good circus act. Bailey was a show in himself. Along about then I saw Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show. Buffalo Bill also went around, but on a horse. Then he started at one end and slowly rode to the other end, shooting at glass balls thrown into the air by a woman about 50 feet away. Everybody agreed that that was wonderful shooting for an old man who had to wear glasses, and who, I learned later, was a two-quart man.

THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC

Of course, there was that ancient Broad street institution, the Academy of Music, which, for years, was an important part of my life, for here I heard many symphony concerts, recitals by Paderewski, Kreisler, Hoffman, Rachmaninoff, Fannie Bloomfield-Zeisler, Vladimir De Pachman, Ysaye, Maud Powell, Melba, and many others. Here I heard Caruso, Scotti, Gadschi, Chaliapin, and a long string of other fine artists in Italian, French, German and Russian operas. Yes, I even heard Camille Saint-Saens, a few years before his death, in a program devoted to his compositions, with little, roly-poly, jolly Saint-Saens himself at the piano to do the concerto. The concert closed with his theatrical Dance Macabre, at that time far from hackneyed. The memory of Maud Powell playing Sibellus' Valse Triste is still with me. Later I heard the mighty Gustave Mahler do an all-Beethoven.

I saw Sarah Bernhardt leave af-

ter a show, which I hadn't seen because I wouldn't spend money to hear a language I didn't understand.

ELBERT HUBBARD

I heard Elbert Hubbard lecture in that hall, but got in free because the management, realizing it had a flop that night, quickly distributed passes, and even then the house was four-fifths empty. It was dull, cheap, inspirational, uplifting, preachy, trite and tedious, but I'd seen and heard the great Elbert Hubbard. I don't remember a single idea he put out in that hour and a half, but I do recall one of his stories. He was always telling stories, but I can't recall one that was really funny. The one I'm going to tell made something of a hit.

A fellow was walking down a road and came on a horseshoe, which he picked up because it meant good luck. Soon he came on another horseshoe, which he also took with him. Then he got a third horseshoe a little further down the road. And finally, there was a whole pile of horseshoes which had fallen from a wagon. Throwing his three horseshoes away, the man said, in disgust, "One horseshoe's good luck, but a wagon-load of horseshoes is junk."

WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN

Along about this time—which was still in the middle of the first decade of the century—I heard William Jennings Bryan give a huge Academy of Music audience his famous sermon, "The Prince of Peace," which was supported by many Protestant organizations because of its bigoted attacks on Darwin and the fact of evolution. That speech was a forerunner of Bryan's melancholy show at Dayton, Tenn., where in 1925, he helped prosecute young Scopes for teaching evolution to his highschool students. I was only a boy in my teens, but I'd read enough of Darwin, Huxley and Spencer to know what a jackass Bryan was making of himself. As for the religious part of his speech, I'd read enough of Ingersoll to know that he was talking a line of rubbish that could satisfy only the least educated portion of the population. He was

an ignorant, stupid, narrow-minded, malicious man with a magnificent voice and the ability to talk in a way that impressed his medieval-minded audiences of yokels and Bible-thumpers. About 20 years later he was to preach the same sermon in the Scopes trial, for he never learned anything, nor did he care to learn anything, once he got the dogmas of the Fundamentalists settled in his small, narrow mind. As he put it himself, he was more interested in the Rock of Ages than in the age of the rocks. This was the kind of rubbish that delighted his hearers and brought him the support of the parsons.

TEDDY ROOSEVELT

When Traubel and I passed the Union League Club on the west side of Broad street, a few blocks (or, as they said in Philadelphia, squares) south of City Hall, I recalled an intellectual waiter who had worked there about eight or nine years before, perhaps in 1906. He looked like a waiter—a little above medium height, dark, black hair parted in the middle, deep lines from eyes and nose to mouth, and tired, sunken black eyes.

As a waiter in the city's most prominent and conservative club, he was everything a waiter should be. As a man, away from the dining room, he was an intellectual aristocrat who read radical publications in five languages and knew the best and most significant books in world literature. He had waited on the biggest figures in the country—Presidents, senators, Supreme Court Justices, generals, admirals, diplomats, heads and princes from countries in Europe and Asia—and Robert G. Ingersoll, one of my favorites since my 13th year.

Once, at the time Teddy Roosevelt was on some sort of a rampage, Mr. Waiter—a man about 40—waited on Roosevelt at one table, and one of his political enemies at another table—Senator Bois Penrose, a blunt and candid reactionary with a sense of humor. At one table he'd hear Teddy call Penrose a son-of-a-bitch and at the Penrose table he'd hear remarks on how best to freeze that bastard out of the White House in the coming election. A politician

said to Penrose: "Senator, you've just got to go out and find a man with magnetism, force, honesty, honor, intelligence, tact, and political astuteness. He must have a good-looking family and he must be a good speaker, with bright, quick wit, a homely philosophy, and absolute loyalty to the Grand Old Party. Go out and find such a man and you've got that son-of-a-bitch over there whipped." Penrose groaned: "For Christ's sake, you go out and find such a man!"

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL

Ingersoll had been dead only a few years when Mr. Waiter had told me how he'd waited on him, not once but several times, for the great Agnostic was also a loyal Republican and was popular even among the most conservative members of the Union League Club. Mr. Waiter said he was serving Ingersoll one afternoon, a few hours before he was to deliver a lecture on the crimes of orthodoxy. Ingersoll was a gourmet, liked the best liquor, and enjoyed the finest cigars. He was a lover of life, a great mixer, and always anxious for a laugh. A priest came up to Ingersoll's table and asked: "Mr. Ingersoll, how can you dare disagree with Sir Isaac Newton? He believed in God." Ingersoll asked: "How can you dare disagree with Newton? He was a Protestant."

JOSHUA WANHOPE

Joshua Wanhope, whose desk was next to mine in those early war days, kept to the line that the war was no concern of America's, and that we must oppose both sides for indulging in imperialistic warfare. Wanhope was either from Scotland or Wales—I don't remember which—in his late 40's, handsome, with a luxurious moustache, a strong body, and a beautiful burr. He had been a sailor for many years, until, as a professional worker for Socialism, he became a good writer and an effective speaker on economics, politics and world affairs. He was self-educated, having studied good books while at sea.

He wrote well, and turned in two columns for the daily and somewhat more for my Sunday section. One

never had to wait for his copy, for it was always on tap. He did a lot of writing in his New Jersey home, because he usually had 10 or 15 spare editorials and articles in his briefcase.

Wanhope, like so many others in Europe and our big cities, was a self-educated intellectual of a high order of talent, knowledge, understanding and expression. I've met many of his kind and am convinced that they represent the best that the human race has to offer in candor, directness, honesty, freedom from prejudice and bigotry, fine emotions, eloquence, learning, and a lyrical quality that gives a touch of poetry to their lives. No university has yet learned how to produce such free-spirited mavericks. That's one of the things wrong with our educational system.

PROLETARIAN INTELLECTUALS

Another working class intellectual of the same type was a Philadelphia printer, Joseph E. Cohen, who lectured learnedly to the workers in the first decade of the century in his home city and wrote articles. One of Cohen's colleagues, Ed Moore, was a vineyard worker from the Kensington mill district of Philadelphia, a quick, excitable speaker who enjoyed spraying pure acid on those who stood for the things he opposed.

One Sunday, in 1906, in a debate with a small employer at the hall at 1305 Arch street, Ed Moore snarled: "My opponent says the capitalists and the workers are all in the same boat. Yes? Then how come when the dinner bell rings we never go to the same table?" In his rebuttal, Moore's opponent stammered: "When I said we are all in the same boat, I meant a rowboat."

A fellow-worker in the textile mill leaned to the conservative side, though he wasn't making much more than \$13 a week and worked about 54 hours a week. "Ed," he said, "I don't see eye to eye with you on this socialistic situation. I have no complaint because I know I'm here of my own volition." "Well," cried Ed Moore, who was easily aroused, "by God, I know I'm not here of my own volition!"

Another textile worker, a tall,

thin, intellectual-looking man, was a student of Marxism in its most scientific aspects, and I heard him lecture a few times in 1905 or perhaps a year later on involved phases of the Marxian philosophy, which he actually could make exciting. He also was self-educated and he could talk logically and scientifically on what has always seemed to me to be the toughest subject in the world. I've made attempts to read Marx' "Das Kapital," and always had to admit I couldn't make the grade, except for one lively chapter in which Marx describes how Capitalism will ultimately break down and the expropriators will be expropriated.

Another self-taught worker—Charlie Seal—had a job in a machine shop and after hours gave lectures that showed wide learning. One day in 1906, he took with him to the shop a book in defense of the underdog, "Not Guilty," by Robert Blatchford. By the time he got to his lathe he'd read enough to know that here was a book he simply couldn't put down, so he quit for the day and went home to finish Blatchford's stirring book. Blatchford, by the way, was another self-taught worker who became a distinguished journalist and author. His books, including "Merrie England," one of the best pieces of Socialist propaganda ever written, and "God and My Neighbor," a slashing exposition of Freethought, are minor classics. His writings in *The Clarion* were charming, witty, urbane and mind-liberating. In addition to his own vigorous writings, I enjoyed and admired Blatchford's discovery—A. Neil Lyons—a self-taught artist who wrote delicate, humorous, delightful sketches of England's gardeners, tinkers, farmers, poultrymen, handymen, cobblers, and other small fry. Blatchford lived to be 94, but Lyons died when still young, too young. Both were geniuses—one robust, the other precious.

WILL DURANT

It was sometime in 1914 that I happened to drop in on a Dr. Will Durant lecture in a dismal building on East 14th street—the progressive Labor Temple Church—and I liked

what I heard. It may have been on Plato but I'm not sure. I got to know his wife and her young friend, a pretty girl. The Durants lived in some sort of a lean-to wind-breaker in New Dorp, Long Island, where I called a few times, mainly to see the pretty girl, but Durant suspected it was his wife I had designs on, which wasn't true, though I liked Mrs. Durant. For years I heard from a number of sources that I had tried to steal Dr. Durant's wife, but that was false. I never even made a pass at her. It was her pretty friend I panted for. Her name was Dorothea, which I remember after 35 years. I remember her clothes, her looks, her cute mannerisms, and I still think her adorable.

Many years later (in 1948, in fact) Durant appeared in Pittsburg, Kans. (14 miles from this farm home of mine in Girard) for a lecture, during which he referred to himself as "a Kansas accident." A newspaper clipping says I heard his Labor Temple lecture in 1914, liked it, and begged for the manuscript, which Durant refused. Later I tried again for the Ms., Dr. Durant continued, and was accepted. Rubbish. I wasn't publishing the Little Blue Books back in those days. I didn't begin the project until January, 1919. The clipping quotes Durant as saying that "had Mr. Haldeman-Julius passed a few minutes earlier or a few minutes later, I would never have been published."

A pretty story, but inaccurate. If I may hurl myself from late 1914 to 1922, we'll get closer to the truth. My pamphlet series had been booming for three years—with considerable publicity about my activities—when I received, in Girard—in southeast Kansas and 125 miles south of Kansas City—a letter from Durant (who was lecturing in Kansas City at the time) in which he asked me to arrange a lecture for him down my way, for which he would accept \$50, out of which I would be rewarded with a commission of 25 percent. This didn't appeal to me.

I remembered that Labor Temple lecture which I had praised, so I drove up to Kansas City and took the young man (this was 27 years ago, when Durant was about 36 and

I was 33) to the Muehlebach, where we ate an ample meal and talked about a series of booklets that would try to popularize philosophy, and which later became the amazingly successful "Story of Philosophy," the first big commercial stroke of the then young firm of Simon and Schuster. The essays, we agreed, were to be on Plato, Socrates, Nietzsche, Aristotle, Bacon, Voltaire, Spinoza, Kant, Schopenhauer, Spencer, Dewey, Santayana and Bertrand Russell. Later we added Anatole France to the list. I agreed to pay Durant the reasonable price he demanded for each essay, and approximate dates of delivery were set.

I think he did a good job, though I'd never dream of comparing him to a giant like Joseph McCabe. Durant is a competent, hard-working student with a readable style, but he's a bright high-school lad alongside a world-scholar like McCabe. I'm sure Durant would endorse my comparison, for I never noticed signs of empty conceit about this excellent craftsman.

JOSEPH McCABE

Years after that Kansas City meeting, when he knew I had added McCabe to my list of authors and had made him my star writer, Durant told me that he remembered seeing McCabe at work in the library of Columbia University. He didn't speak to the great master, but he did sit there a long time and admired the man who was, without a doubt, the world's greatest scholar, and the most daring, forthright, uncompromising, candid critic of obscurantism. Durant told me that almost everyone in the reading room knew that Joseph McCabe was at work at a corner table, though McCabe went on with his work without the least idea that he was known to the people in the room. The fact is, McCabe, at that very time, was working on a series of manuscripts we had agreed on at a meeting in Girard.

During his first visit, we outlined 50 volumes in the series of Little Blue Books, which I later edited down to 300,000 words (a cut of about 350,000 words) and had published, by a firm in Boston, under

the title of "The Story of Religious Controversy," one of the important books of our generation. The book wasn't a great seller, but it won a discriminating audience and is still referred to by men and women who respect informative, forthright writing in the fields of clericalism, supernaturalism, and related subjects.

McCabe and I have been working together for almost 25 years, during which he has turned out an immense number of works. The list is staggering. It is almost inconceivable that one man could cover so many subjects and do them so well. Later I may list the books McCabe has written for me in a quarter of a century. As I write, early in 1949, McCabe is still doing books for me, and he'll continue on such jobs until his days are ended. He's 82 years old, but as he's in good health, I look for more years of productive, useful, significant writing.

From the very first time I met him—at the Frisco station in Girard—I knew he had a temper. But I've always found him equable, serene, considerate, polite and friendly, believe it or not. We have never exchanged a single heated word. So far as my own experience is concerned, McCabe is all sweetness and light. Others know his testy side, but I know my own experiences, and they have been smooth. Maybe that's because we've met only a few times, being most of the time about 5,000 miles apart.

I've never had occasion to regret my association with this great scholar. He has never complained about our business arrangements; in fact, I don't remember ever hearing a word about money. He sends me his Mss., I send him his money, and that's that.

I believe that if I had never done anything but bring out the immense list of titles by Joseph McCabe I'd be entitled to a footnote in the record of man's cultural progress. As historian, philosopher, scientist, critic, and truth-seeker, McCabe is the most liberating spirit our age has produced. A century hence, McCabe's books will still be read. He has done a magnificent job of shattering the forces of obscurantism by destroying every idea they

rest on. He has made a case against them that can mean only one thing—annihilation—once the facts and inferences are understood by the broad masses.

McCabe is the atomic bomb of the intellectual world. He is destructive, because he knows there are many things that have to be destroyed before man will be free to advance without superstitions and sacred falsehoods. He is constructive, because he offers the victims of bigotry and supernaturalism the road to enlightenment and truth-seeking. McCabe is a revolutionary of the intellect, a teacher, a critic, and a guide. I consider it the most fortunate incident of my life that I was able to meet him, outline a program, work together, and build a library of enlightening books that are capable of remaking the intellectual world once his knowledge is grasped, once his lessons are understood.

I say, in all seriousness, that if one were to settle down to the hefty job of reading all the works McCabe did for me, he'd emerge an educated and debunked man. I'm glad I had brains enough to understand what McCabe was aiming at, and help him reach at least a portion of the public. The more one reads of McCabe, the more one's mind is liberated.

Durant had capabilities, but failed to live up to them. He had it in him to become a leader in a movement for Free thought and mass culture. McCabe welcomed such an opportunity; Durant shrank from it because it meant financial sacrifices. Durant has been hurt intellectually by his great financial success and his desire to please the forces of the extreme right in economics, politics, and religion. Durant, during the past 35 years, has played the safe side of the street. He chose to talk to gatherings of big businessmen (telling them what they like to hear), and congregations brought together by priests and preachers, to whom he caters by refusing to give support to Free thought, something McCabe considers the most important thing a teacher can do. McCabe has traveled hours to deliver lectures in remote parts of London, for which he

was paid as little as \$5. He did this because he knew he was to have an audience that wanted the truth as an honest thinker saw it. McCabe has done his job brilliantly and effectively. I'm glad I stood by him and helped make his vast learning take permanent form. Durant couldn't resist those \$500-per-night lecture tours. McCabe never was even tempted by the forces of obscurantism. No one ever tries to bribe a really honest man.

TWO ODD BIRDS

I didn't think I'd get on the subject of McCabe so early in my story, for I'm supposed to be talking about the early months of the First World War, when the world was being shoved out of its graciousness and into naked ruthlessness. It was late in 1914 when I came on two odd characters—Eugene Christian and Horace Fletcher. I met them, of all places, in one of Bernarr Macfadden's vegetarian restaurants. Christian, who was then in his 50's, had written a book, "How to Live 100 Years." He was a bald, mild, almost tall, well-built fellow whose business it was, at so much per customer, to teach, via mail order, how to live 100 years. He died in his 60's. His companion, Fletcher, was about 60, gray, old beyond his 60 years, with the air of a distracted professor in a one-building college. He was a harmless nut, a fanatic without malice. He had worked out a simple program, and had concluded that it meant man's salvation. It called on us to "fletcherize," which meant that each morsel of food was to be chewed until it was the thinnest pulp and would slip down one's gullet without effort. I watched him eat. He'd put a spoonful of soup into his mouth and actually "chew" the soup for a minute before swallowing it. This was supposed to turn us into supermen. A labor leader almost lost his job because the opposition accused him of "advocating free love and Fletcherism." Fletcher himself lived 70 years. During the last 20 years of his life he searched in vain for a cure for his constipation. His teeth were rotten and stank. He wasn't what I'd call a healthy man. His Fletcherism was the empty, mean-

ingless racket of an amiable fanatic. I said as much in an article and moved on to other things.

EDGAR CHAMBLESS

Fletcher and Christian remind me of Edgar Chambliss, a tall, lanky, shambling, bald, soft-spoken Southerner who made a small business out of his remedy for our ills—Roadtown. His book, which he peddled by means of long, rambling letters to rich and prominent people, advocated the razing of our cities and the erection of roadtowns which were to go clear across the country in every direction. The transportation system was to be in the basement. A Roadtown would mean more light and fresher air.

This chunk of hokum brought Chambliss full-page stories in the magazine sections of the big papers, with drawings of long, snake-like buildings clear across the top. Such a harmless notion can keep a gracious nut in victuals for the rest of his days. Bernarr Macfadden looked on Roadtown as the ideal setting for his program of physical culture and the enhancement of the Body Beautiful.

BERNARR MACFADDEN AND FULTON OURSLER

Macfadden was then in his mid-40's and was limiting his project to a magazine, *Physical Culture*, health books, pamphlets, and lectures. His audience consisted mainly of young people who wanted to be strong and sexually glamorous. He'd walk—hatless and barefoot—10 to 20 miles a day. Even those who looked on him as a faddist respected him because he made his notions pay cash dividends. He was a successful businessman, though he was still to crash through with his long list of confession, "true" story, movie fan, mystery, crime and detective magazines, and, of course, his sensational daily, *The Graphic*, and *Liberty*, which he took over from Colonel McCormick of the Chicago *Tribune*. *Liberty* was a heavy liability, but Macfadden covered the losses with profits from his monthlies. *The Graphic* nicked him for about \$8,000,000. Macfadden's

great splurge came after a newcomer—Fulton Oursler—spotted *True Story* as an immensely valuable property and became its clever editor, after which its circulation soared into the millions. Oursler later switched to *Liberty*, which he edited for years. Then he moved over to a big job on that little giant *Reader's Digest*, where he was drawing down \$100,000 a year the last time I heard from him. He's a recent convert to the Catholic Church, but denies indignantly that he was one of Msgr. Fulton J. Sheen's converts. His sudden piety is painful, for, like so many fresh converts, he's more papal than the Pope. He makes full use of his great power as an important editor of the world's most widely circulated magazine to slip over shrewd propaganda for near-Fascism, red-baiting, religion, and conventional and reactionary ideas in general. Before his conversion he edited, for a while, Macfadden's *Graphic*, which specialized in crime, love nests, torrid divorces, violence, and the Body Beautiful. I always found him genial, courteous, and friendly. I like him, though I'd like him more if he'd use his great talents as an editor to spread enlightenment instead of serving obscurantism and reaction. But, you know the old American slogan—\$100,000 a year can't be wrong.

HEYWOOD BROWN

Another of Sheen's converts was a real loss—Heywood Brown. How a good writer and fine liberal like Brown could fall for such a third-rate Chesterton and tin-pot Savonarola is a puzzle. But Sheen's intellectual leprosy crept up on Brown when he already knew he couldn't live much longer, for his ticker wasn't able to take care of so huge a body. Brown was scared into Catholicism, for the man who converted him was his intellectual inferior. Sheen doped Brown into an acceptance of "certainty," one of the best weapons in the arsenal of the priesthood. At that, Brown who had long been a Socialist—and as such had written a Little Blue Book for me—wavered at the end between Catholicism and Communism. Sheen was more fetching than

Browder. But there's some satisfaction in knowing that while he wrote brilliantly for Socialism, Liberalism, freedom of inquiry, democracy and libertarianism, he never wrote a single sentence in support of the Catholic Church. We were saved that melancholy spectacle. He really was ashamed of what he had permitted Sheen to talk him into. The big slob just lumbered about and kept his new Medievalism to himself. He didn't know how to explain his surrender to the most deadly form of intellectual cancer—Catholicism.

Sheen saw to it that the fact of his conversion became known when he delivered the sermon at Broun's funeral. It'll be hard to forget Broun's tragic salute to the Dark Ages, but it still is easy to remember that when he was well and strong he wrote many enlightening, heartening and amusing pieces. His entire professional life was filled with services to progressiveness. Personally, I found him pleasant and wholesome, with a tremendous interest in what was going on in the arts, in literature, in thought, and in all liberal causes. We were in the same game one night at the famous Thanatopsis Inside Straight Club, at which he lost about \$700 and groaned something awful, but I was told by Franklin P. Adams that that was his usual reaction to any kind of a whipping. During the last decade of his life he never made less than \$25,000 a year. Of the entire Algonquin gang—of which Broun was a star—he was the only person to turn devout, so far as I know. George S. Kaufman, F.P.A., Robert Benchley, Harold Ross, and others I'd known were either quiet Free-thinkers or so indifferent to religion that they hated to even talk about it.

Alexander Woollcott, however, always had a sentimental tear to shed over the Christ Child on Christmas Eve. Ross's *The New Yorker* has never printed a single pious sentence. Three of the Algonquin round-table group died comparatively young, and all of them—Broun, Woollcott and Benchley—went because of their bad hearts.

ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT

Say what you will about Alexander Woollcott as writer and critic, you still have to admit his honesty. He liked money, but wasn't ready to sell himself to anyone with jammed moneybags. Once he received an offer from Hollywood that was all sugared cabbage, and his answer was: "When I take up street-walking, the street will be Broadway, not Hollywood Boulevard."

He did a profile of me in *The New Yorker*, and an awful piece it was, but that was the overworked journalistic mule pulling his load, for which the editor paid him \$75, which wasn't so terrible for an evening with me and an hour next morning writing what he'd picked up while talking to me. I found him pleasant enough. I didn't know at that time that he was supposed to be a boor with a passion for insulting people. He never called me a single bad name, perhaps because I was his meal-ticket for the part of the week I edged into his life. All men are polite to their rackets, and as his was interviewing at the time, he perhaps showed me the courtesy due one who was the subject of his professional interest for a few hours.

I never got much excited over Algonquin Round Table celebrities, all of whom I've known for many years. F.P.A., Woollcott, George S. Kaufman, Dorothy Parker, and a half dozen others always impressed me as strictly third rate. They all did plenty of talking, but never had anything important to say; they all probed the surface, afraid to dig below lest they find themselves in spheres of cultural influence that required something more than snap judgment, wisecracks, gags and the trick of thinking with one's fingertips. Pleasant fellows, all—but juvenile, I wouldn't trade 500 of them for one Joseph McCabe or Bertrand Russell, both of whom are wittier than all of them put together and, besides, have something significant to say whenever they do any writing.

The Algonquin crowd always talked like penny sparklers, bright for a moment but headed for a powdery

smudge because down under it all they didn't have a thing. I got the impression that not only were they ready to continue their intellectual clowning, but rather looked down on anyone who preferred to delve into the scholarly, the profound, the unpopular, the controversial. Never did I know a member of the Algonquin crowd to try to achieve anything more than an unconventional prettiness—the kind that even a Wall Street broker likes to have around for a week end on his Connecticut estate. True, usually they were on the liberal, progressive side. They weren't reactionary in politics or economics. They usually voted for Norman Thomas, who, by the way, impressed me as one who properly belonged with the Algonquin crowd.

They were anti-Fascist. They weren't pious. I'm ready to assume they were all Freethinkers, after a fashion, with some backsliding now and then, particularly in the case of Heywood Broun, one of the leaders of the crowd. Broun started as a sports reporter, became a columnist, joined the Socialist party, flirted secretly with Communism, led a militant trade union, and ended up in the Catholic Church. That last spasm was Broun's substitute for profound thinking. Finding sound brain work too difficult for his quick, superficial, bright mind, he took what seemed to him the easier road—the way of mysticism. If he hadn't died so young, Broun would have switched from Catholicism to Stalinism. After that, in his old age, he would have become a Transcendentalist, with Emersonian trimmings and Kantian overtones. He was true to his intellectual background—flighty, skin deep, bright and half-paralyzed in the presence of a real thinker.

They were Quiz Kids in long pants. They were experts in the art of juggling bubbles. They worked long and hard to get little done. Being hopeless hams, they did all their tricks in public with their customers always in the corner of their eye. Money always came easily because they knew what that public wanted. That public, by the way, was the rich, elegant, sophisticated

clique that read *The New Yorker*, have 50-acre farms 45 minutes from Broadway (at which spinach is produced at \$2 per pound), see all the hit shows not later than the third night, appreciate a dash of Picasso along with the realism of a Grant Wood, cheer Marian Anderson, circulate clever off-color stories that always end up in Bennett Cerf's columns or compilations, admit they liked Mencken and Nathan 20 years ago, and once voted for Norman Thomas.

GREENWICH VILLAGE

By autumn, 1914, I was comfortably settled in a large, cozy study and small alcove (which I used as a bedroom) at a rental of \$4 per week, which included lights, heat and maid service. This was in the old, but pleasant, Benedick Apartments, on the east side of Washington Square, in Greenwich Village. This district, which is so wide (nobody knows exactly how much) and so long (here opinions differ again) was north of New York City prior to the Revolutionary War and was soon filled with refugees from the plague-ridden city. Before long it became a suburb, later to be swallowed into the city, until now Greenwich Village is far downtown, at the foot of 5th Avenue. We villagers looked on the Brevort as the most northern point of our domain, the Lafayette restaurant the northeastern, the John Wanamaker store the eastern, the street south of Washington Square the most southern, while the western limit was up to local opinion.

In 1914 (and for a few years to come) the Village was still free of the blight of ballyhoo and crass commercialism. The Coney Island style of tourism was to come later, as were high rents, expensive studios, night clubs and phony cafe bohemianism, professional guides, and little shops that tried to catch pennies from uptowners and out-of-townners. In those days the Village really was a cheap, handy, convenient neighborhood for poor artists and struggling writers and poets. The exhibitionism that roared through the place was still to come; one could see many proofs of sincerity, simplicity, and a whole-

some respect for hard work. The carnival atmosphere was still to be manufactured. The posers were yet to come. Many rich men weren't yet ready to move their love-nests out of expensive hotels and apartment houses uptown and set up arty quarters down where life is free and gay, lovers are always panting, and laughter rings all through the night. Greenwich Village was still a state of mind; it'd be a few more years before it would become a business establishment.

POLLY HOLLIDAY

The heart of the Village was Polly Holliday's plain, austere, unpretentious restaurant, where good food was well cooked and prices were reasonable. The small basement was used for meals, chess, cards, and talk, while the much larger room one floor up was for eating purposes only. But when prosperity struck any of us, or we craved a change, there was the Brevoort, a few blocks away, where French chefs prepared fine dishes for diners in a civilized atmosphere. The mirrored rooms on the ground floor were, for generations, the meeting place of writers, artists, musicians, playwrights and actors.

THE BREVOORT

In the early days, Washington Irving, warm friend of Mr. Brevoort, often went there, and at a later day one could find Mark Twain there, while in 1914 one couldn't have throw a hard roll 10 feet without hitting a celebrity. Even here, as at the Lafayette a few blocks away, prices were low. A good meal could be bought for \$2; 80c would pay for a breakfast, and a 25c or 50c tip insulted no waiter.

One afternoon, from where I sat at breakfast, I saw Theodore Dreiser, Upton Sinclair, Max Eastman, Floyd Dell, Clara Tice, Eugene O'Neill, Frank Harris, James Huneker, Clement Wood, James Oppenheim, Guido Bruno, and Alfred Kreymborg. A while later, in the famous game room of the Lafayette, I saw Edgar Saltus, George Jean Nathan, Don Herold, Llewelyn and John Cowper Powys, Charles Edward Russell, Robert Carlton Brown,

William Marion Reedy, Thomas Seltzer, Hendrik Willem Van Loon, Eugene Wood, Horatio Winslow, Andre Tridon, Maurice Becker, Art Young, Anton Otto Fisher, Horace Traubel, Stuart Davis, Robert Henri, George Bellows, Jo Davidson, and Glenn Coleman.

During my walk back to my room, I met A. Walkowitz, Bob Minor, Max Endicoff, Berkeley Tobey, Harry Kemp, Courtenay Lemon, Herman Simpson, B. Russel Herts, Witter Bynner, and a few members of the Strunsky tribe.

ART YOUNG

Art Young, in Max Eastman's rowdy, slam-bang *Masses*, had been giving us good laughs through great cartoons that are still funny. Only the other week (in 1949) I saw a Hollywood (where anything can happen) musical in which a wife says to her complaining husband: "You're tired! Here I'm a-standin' over a hot stove all day, an' you workin' in a nice cool sewer." That's taken from Art Young's famous cartoon of a limp-handed Irishman sitting near his wife, who was slaving over a kitchen stove.

Art Young looked like something out of Dickens. Or, like a Senator out of the deep South. One of his funniest acts was to give an impersonation of a Senator making a speech about the glorious South, pure womanhood, and straight Bourbon. He had a charming, simple personality and a first-rate talent. His book, "Trees at Night," contains dozens of beautiful pen sketches of weird, haunting trees. All appeared first in *The Saturday Evening Post*, where they made the artist many new admirers. There's no cartoonist in America today who can be compared to Art. Low, in London, comes closer, but not enough to threaten his position among the master cartoonists of all time. Art did a lot of work, and all of it was good. Art's trees are poetry, while Joyce Kilmer's poem, "Trees," is rubbish. Art could never have stooped to so banal a thought as having only fools write a poem and leaving the making of trees to the Ethereal Esquire Himself. If God "made" the tree, then He also

made the fool. Art could have done a funny cartoon on that thought.

An Art Young cartoon showed an Irish laborer looking at a sign advertising Nut Sundaes and saying: "Ash Wednesday, Shrove Tuesday, Good Friday—say, this Nut Sunday is a new one on me."

Another *Masses* cartoon I liked illustrated this ancient line: "Who gave me my black eye? Did ye ever know anybody to give me ennything? I had to fight for it."

This old joke was freshened up with a funny cartoon: The lady of the house says to her hefty cook: "Kate, if a woman more intelligent and better looking than you should attract your husband away, what would you do?" Cook: "Well, she might be more intelligent, but she wouldn't be better lookin' when I got through with her."

A cover showed a poor but honest colored girl and her friend, another colored girl who was wearing expensive clothes. "Where you get all them fine clothes?" the poorly dressed one asked. The other replied: "Ain't you heard? I done been ruined!"

PIET VLAG AND THE MASSES

The Masses was riding high, wide and handsome because a tall, skinny Dutch cook and waiter—Piet Vlag—had done the spade-work back in 1911, from his little basement restaurant in the brown-stone mansion (112 East 19th street) that had been turned into the Rand School of Social Science. This bent, ailing worker who could hardly write his name, actually started *The Masses* on a few hundred dollars—it began as an agitator for the emerging co-operative movement—and hawked copies himself at mass meetings and lectures at 10c a copy. Soon he lined up a crew of pretty girls—who worked without pay for the cause—and circulation went up several thousand. The editor was able, intelligent, literary Thomas Seltzer, who later became a publisher with a fairly long list of good books.

When *The Masses* began having dizzy spells because of unpaid printing bills, Max Eastman and a regiment of artists and writers stepped

in and took over. The magazine was a quick success, in the sense that it influenced its generation. As for money, I understand Eastman used to spend half his time making touches (up to \$1,000) among the intelligentsia who had bank accounts.

The Masses made magazine history because of its brilliant, fresh art, its humor, its social consciousness (it now was for straight Socialism through political and industrial action) and its sound articles and news reports. No one could say it ever was dull, though its editors weren't infallible. Carl Sandburg, then an unknown and unpublished poet, submitted four poems and they were rejected, even though the poet (then living in Chicago) didn't expect pay.

RUFUS W. WEEKS

One of the quiet, dignified angels was Rufus W. Weeks, an old man with sparkling eyes and an attractive beard that made him look like a doctor. He was a wizard with figures and his job as chief actuary was to work out policies for the New York Life Insurance company that would make the corporation some money. In addition to drawing a huge salary, he owned a nice piece of the company. He had a beautiful estate up in Westchester County, near Tarrytown, where I saw him a number of times. He was an easy touch for any good cause, though I wondered how he—a Christian Socialist—felt about giving money to a bunch of rough-necks and Atheists. But he did. He was old-fashioned about free speech.

MARIE SOMEBODY

One evening, late in 1914, while writing a piece in my room at the Benedick, I heard the elevator door roll and rattle open, followed by laughter and chatter from the emerging group. I answered the knock and admitted some men and women, including that prince-charming of spongers, young Harold E. Stearns, not long out of Harvard, good looking in a rumpled way, intelligent, talented, and with intellectual powers that shone despite

the careless way he handled them. Since I was steadily employed, he liked to drop in for an invitation to drinks and a meal. I always bought, for he paid back many fold in good conversation. The bum was almost a near-genius.

I resisted only one of Harold's suggestions—his offer to move in on me. He argued that my room and alcove where I slept could hold two, and—here he lied, as usual—he could meet half the rent. I rejected the offer, and he complained: "People will buy me food, they will buy me liquor, but they never offer me a bed." I replied: "That's because you show your best and most charming side when people buy you food and drink, but sleeping with you would mean too much of you. They admire your mind, but don't care to be saddled with your body. They'll help keep you alive, but insist that you sleep in your own bed or in the park."

The evening of the invasion of my room, Harold had fallen in with a crowd and had taken the party in tow, which he seemed to feel was ample compensation for the modest expense he usually caused such groups. The visitors—all quietly, almost genteelly, liquored—included big, lumbering, attractively homely, slow-speaking Theodore Dreiser, now arrived as a top-flight novelist. Helen Westley—dark, tall, shrewish, gypsy-like in coloring of eyes and hair, full lips, violent dress and accessories—settled her tired bones on a couch, along with a tall, skinny kid (she liked lads around) named Hiram Moderwell, who later blandly suggested that I quit my job and get him hired in my place because he really needed the work. Guido Bruno—tall, pasty, overweight, but not yet fat—was the man of mystery. We didn't even know his real name, where he came from (some said it was Serbia, others insisted it was Bulgaria) and how he'd ever managed to get started as the publisher of booklets of extremely advanced poetry (the sort of things Alfred Kreymborg did for him) and the manager of little art shows, including one I'd arranged on behalf of a girl friend who did lovely dancing nudes. There was a young newspaperman and reporter,

Charles Devine—dark, handsome, romantic-looking—and with him was his beautiful, stunning sweetheart, Renee, a Cuban. And then there was Marie Somebody, an elderly woman in her middle 30's, the best advertised hop-head in the Village. Her passion—drunk or sober, on the stuff or off—was to throw off her clothes and go into an erotic dance, which she called "The Dance of My Rose Bud," for which she often carried a few spare roses, just in case there was an opening for her to show her little rose-bud.

My room was no setting for Marie's style of swishing around. My bourgeois room was made for life's more sober moments. But she had had the urge to dance while at the Brevoort that evening, and the crowd had restrained her only by the promise to take her somewhere so she could show them what she had. Here Harold earned his free drinks by heading them to my place, only two and a half blocks away. That explained how a half-crooked reefer was in my room throwing off her things, knocking away her slippers, and pulling off her hose.

With her long-stemmed rose between her teeth, she headed for Dreiser, the most conspicuous celebrity in the crowd. She shook that thing and then she wiggled it. She leaned over backward, spreading out her legs. She swung that poor rose to her pubic area and gently beat the bud against the mound. She crawled on all four across the rug to Dreiser, holding the rose in the hollow of her hands, as though to retain its perfume, and then, almost over the big man before her, she went through the rose routine again, swinging it against the place she was most anxious to display. Then she leaned over and held the rose a half inch from Dreiser's nose. Finally, as the symbol of her surrender, she opened Dreiser's fly and stuffed the rose, including the thorny stem, into his pants. Only a doped-up woman could have thought up such an unusual mess. Dreiser seemed impressed. Helen's mouth twisted into a sneer. Hiram kept looking and looking. Charles and Renee held hands, Harold beamed and suggest-

ed refreshments. I was wondering if I was in my alcove going through a nightmare. The group got up and left. I returned to my table, where I picked up my piece where I'd left off. But I'd stop now and then to wonder what Dreiser did about that red, red rose, with its long stem, in his pants.

SONIA

I worked steadily on my article, which I wanted to finish that night. It was based on the letters from London Karl Marx had written, at \$5 each, to the *New York Tribune*, then under the great Horace Greeley himself. I had learned about the letters from John Spargo, an Englishman of Italian extraction and, I believe, some sort of an ex-clergyman. Spargo had written a biography of Marx, and while making Marx out a respectable member of society, he also seemed anxious to tone down many of his ideas and thereby make them palatable to the timid. I spent a few pleasant hours in the Astor Library (my favorite, of all libraries) spotting the letters and making enough notes for a good article. I did a lot of sound work in that library, especially when it was located in its musty, old building down near Astor Square, or perhaps it was Lafayette Place.

My memories of this library have always been pleasant. On many occasions I received courteous help, the employees seeming anxious to encourage visitors to make the fullest use of that great library's magnificent facilities. Years later, when I began to publish booklets, I always kept the New York Public Library in mind, sending free copies by the hundreds as a token of my appreciation for favors granted me.

Before I got more than half through my article, my phone rang. It was now after 11 and I was thinking of getting the piece out of the way and going to sleep. A woman's voice said that she had met me the day before, that she was only a few blocks away, and that she wanted to take a cab to my place. I said I wouldn't object, for I took her to be young, and assumed she was attractive and suitable. She said her name was Sonia and that she was on the stage.

I didn't know what I was letting myself in for, but I wasn't going to send a woman away just on the chance that she might be unsuitable. Ten minutes later she was at my door, and when I saw her I decided my article would have to wait. She was of medium build, curvaceous, brunette, and surely not over 19.

Sonia, I soon learned, was one of Annette Kellerman's company of fancy swimmers and divers, and she appeared in those black, one-piece bathing suits that so shocked the good people of the second decade of the century.

She had come through the rain and was slightly wet. This attractive stranger was in my room, with a fellow who liked to be alone with beautiful girls. She told me, quite candidly, that she was lonely, that she had left the show with the desire to meet me, that she had learned my address from a friend (I wasn't in the phone book), and had obeyed that impulse. It happened that I hadn't been so lonely that evening, what with Harold and his party, the reefer with her red, red rose, and the way that rose had been delivered to Dreiser. But now that Sonia was with me, I felt that I'd have been woefully lonely if she hadn't shown up. We talked, and I found that she wasn't a dumb cluck.

After talking ourselves out, she calmly proceeded to take off her clothes. "You don't mind, she said, quietly. "I felt that I wanted to stay with you tonight." I nodded agreement and said I couldn't imagine anything nicer. When she had everything off that she intended taking off, I saw that she was in her one-piece bathing suit, which covered her beautiful figure from neck to toes. She slipped into bed, yawned, stretched, and closed her eyes.

Standing at the side of the bed, I asked what the great idea was to show up in that Annette Kellerman outfit. She replied: "You don't know it, and you may not believe it, but I happen to be a virgin, and I want to remain a virgin. I wanted to be near you and here I am, but I don't want to lose my virginity, so I left this suit on, and I intend to

keep it on every minute I'm with you tonight."

Exasperated, I snapped: "I'm not used to sleeping with women covered with one-piece bathing suits fresh from the Annette Kellerman show, and I'm not sure I like it. You forget there are such things as can-openers, scissors, pen-knives, and other tools with which to open a suit like the one you're wearing."

"Oh," she said, quietly, "I know you wouldn't do such a thing."

"You're right," I snapped, now quite annoyed. "I'm not given to forcing my attention on reluctant girls. It has to be mutual or it's no fun. But I don't like this arrangement. If you don't mean the real thing, then you should sleep by yourself. This sleeping with a man and insisting on wearing a one-piece bathing suit impresses me as silly and dangerous to health."

"Dangerous to health? How?" she asked.

"Well, I'm not sure just how, but it doesn't look healthy. It might cause a congestion of the prostate gland. That's a problem for a urologist, but this layman knows it doesn't make sense to go through with this sterile, fatuous, empty episode. I wish you hadn't come."

It now was after midnight and she was already half asleep, or so it seemed.

"What a day this has been!" I explained, half angry. "I don't get my article written, I'm visited suddenly by a hop-head who takes off everything she has on and does a hootchy-kootchy with a red, red rose, she sticks that rose up Theodore Dreiser's fly, a girl comes in later, she gets into my bed wearing a one-piece bathing suit that covers every square inch of anatomy south of her Adam's apple, she announces she wants to remain a virgin, and I'm supposed to take all this as a part of normal living. I'm going to end up with a severe case of congestion of the prostate. The curse of Jesus is on everything about me today. Good-night." And with that, quite out of sorts with this strange young woman, I turned in, and before long I was asleep. The next morning I took her out to breakfast and told her I didn't intend to have my

prostate congested. "When you're through with the Annette Kellerman show," I scolded, "go back to your hotel and let impressionable young men alone. There's a limit to what I can take."

HAROLD E. STEARNS

Sonia left while I was finishing my breakfast, and I never saw her again. Soon Harold E. Stearns, who had called at my room and then had gone in search of me, joined me and he invited me to invite him to eat with me. He had no hangover; instead, he had a healthy appetite, which I was willing to cater to. "I drank up \$8.75 worth of liquor last night, not including tips," he pouted, "and no one complained, but not a person gave thought to my breakfast. I easily could have got along with \$7.25 worth of alcoholic beverages and accepted in cash 50c for breakfast and \$1 for a place to sleep off what they'd poured into me. I insist that when people ply me with free drinks all night they assume a moral obligation, but I have no way of getting the lesson across."

He was preparing to dispose of bacon and eggs, toast, coffee and a dab of preserves. His clothes looked slept in, and his shirt collar was obviously long due at the laundry. When I suggested that he turn his stiff collar inside out and thereby expose a cleaner side to the world, he sighed, "But I've already done that."

He looked me over and shook his head. "How do you do it?" he muttered. "So neat, so trim, so spick-and-span, with coins jingling in your pants pocket, weekly pay, and, I suspect, money in the bank."

The moral, I urged, was to go out and get a job. They weren't impossible to find.

"The pay, as a steady thing, would be welcome," he replied, "but figuring what my abilities would be worth in the open market against stiff competition from price-cutting intellectuals, I can just about get that from friends and transients, but the trouble here is that the money I manage to get spent on me is for a one-sided commodity, however necessary that bit of wet merchandise may be. If I could get peo-

ple to buy me fewer drinks and take to heart my need for a decent bed, sustenance, laundry, and a few dollars for clothes, I'd never have to think of holding down a job, and I could look as spiffy as you do this morning. I envy you your bourgeois love for orderliness and regularity, but at the same time I have no desire to emulate you. You wouldn't care for my breakfast yesterday on a boiled lobster, two aspirins, a section of cheese cake, a candy-bar, and a large glass of noisy Bromo-Seltzer. I am an intellectual who is a social misfit, because I know a great deal, I write well, I have talent, education, knowledge—everything but the ability to make money. If I can't make a lot of money I'd rather impose on friendly people who really don't mind my reasonable raids on their funds, as, for example, the placid way you are accepting my unreasonable invasion of your privacy this morning and the outrageous imposition I forced on you last night. We bohemian intellectuals are a problem to ourselves more than to the world, because we amuse those fortunate enough to fall in with us while we continue to be haunted by the fear that all our lives will be spent without clean collars, pressed pants, a bed, food, and money in one's jeans. I could teach, but I hate the thought. I can write, and like to do it, but I insist on writing when, how and what I please. I can't meet deadlines. We gifted ones who refuse to be hacks can't make as much money as a writing laborer who pounds his way along Grub Street looking for chances to earn a nickel a line. I could make a great editor, but the only trouble would be that I'd soon bankrupt the periodical. I could make as good an editorial writer as you'll find in this splendid city, but I'd soon have the offices picketed by priests, preachers, rabbis, quacks, eccentrics, public officials, and advertising agents. I could go on the lecture platform, but I'd insult my audiences. I must write and speak on my own terms. And since that isn't sound journalism and business, I'll have to live as I'm doing now."

Some years later, when we were together again for another break-

fast, I mentioned something about the crisis that was surely facing him—Prohibition. It was in sight. "I'll leave the country when that happens," he declared, firmly. "I'll refuse to remain in a country that fails to respect my personal rights. I'll go to France, where Prohibition could never come. And I'm sure other intellectuals who love freedom will go with me. If Prohibition is voted in, the country will have to get along without me."

"But, Harold," I argued, "what possible difference will it make to you? You don't pay for your legal liquor now, and I'm sure you won't pay for your drinks when they're illegal. We know that passing a law won't put an end to Demon Rum. It'll be with us as long as men want a drink and have the money to pay for it."

"You don't understand my attitude," said Harold. "I'm cadging drinks today as a free man, secure in the knowledge that if I had plenty of money, and were so disposed, I could buy my drinks one at a time or by the case. There's a principle at stake. I refuse to sponge on people who have to find means to sneak around an unjust law. I drink as a free man and expect to be treated by free men, not by crawling vermin who would kiss the butt of the state. No, I'll leave the damned country if I'm to be deprived of the right to be a free man. I refuse to be a second-class citizen."

Harold was true to his threat, for later I read how he and a group of Village intellectuals had pulled out of the country and headed for Paris in order to escape the monstrous calamity, Prohibition. They stayed away for years, and how they lived I don't know. Harold, by some means I can't fathom, became an expert on picking winners at the races, became the writer of a column in which he picked winners (sometimes) and who, when on his own, managed to come out ahead, so that his column and personal bets kept him in respectable circumstances. And even then he managed to continue to do essays—when, as and how he pleased. Years later, he returned to the United States, and even though the Pro-

hibition law was still in effect, he managed to overlook this insult to his ideals of free citizenship and in 1934 wrote a book "Rediscovering America," in which he told why he considered this country such a wonderful place, and later, in 1937, did another book along the same line, "America: A Re-Appraisal." He never became quite respectable, but I doubt he ever again had to turn a linen collar inside out after the third day.

Harold, who was two years my junior, always stimulated my mind, for he had a good one and used it, but failed to drain it into articles and books to the extent that he might. A half hour with him always made me want to work harder, which showed that his influence on me was all to the good. The difference between us seemed clear. He had an extraordinary capacity for intellectual work, and used it sparingly, while I had a fairly common brain, but used it to the limit, and in that manner was able to advance myself far beyond my limitations. He interested me in yet another way, and that was by way of my digestive apparatus. He would spot a new eating place and tell me about it, after having made suitable research as to quality. His reward was the obvious one of a free meal. Usually I'd eat plain, homely, conventional dishes—eggs, toast, steaks, and the like—but now and then I liked to strike out for something unusual, and here Harold helped me enjoy pleasant sensations in the alimentary canal.

Konrad Bercovici was just as useful, his culinary specialties being Jewish, Russian, Hungarian and Rumanian. Harold led me to Japanese, Chinese, Indian, French, Italian, Swiss, and German places. I am so disposed as to welcome anything, no matter how strange. I liked the little upstairs Japanese restaurant on 6th avenue near 44th street, where a little gas-stove was kept on each diner's table and food was cooked right before one. I had to make an extra effort when I saw the little fish I'd ordered go into the skillet with none of its insides removed, but even here I learned to like what was offered. Konrad took me to a Rumanian restaurant on

the lower East Side which brought some marvelous things from its kitchen. About 35 years later, in 1948, I wrote a piece about Jewish cooks, which brought me many letters from friends of this style of cooking, among others Albert Morrell, the Philadelphia lawyer and literary critic.

JEWISH COOKS

The main reason why old-fashioned Jewish women (are any left?) hold their husbands is their genius shapely tochos can't do much against a gifted, 55-year-old mama who turns out matzoh balls with chicken soup, chopped chicken livers, apple strudel, sponge, cheese and almond cakes, cold gefilte fish with strong, red horse-radish, stuffed kishke (gooseneck), boiled beef, blintzes, home-made noodles in consomme, smetena (sliced cucumber and small red radishes in a bowl of sour cream), borsht, and luscious potato latkes. Her challah is unlike any bread ever made, shaped a little like a fish, with a braid on top, as cooks. A mere 20-year-old, curvaceous blonde with a narrow, and varnished with egg yolk that's applied with a goose feather—the last, loving touch of a sensitive craftsman. Her haman taschen are shiny buns stuffed with jelly.

I remember the fried matzoh meal egg pancakes I ate in a Turkish restaurant (of all places!) in Los Angeles about 35 years ago, shortly before the First World War. It was an up-stairs affair (like so many Chinese joints), where one ate strange Turkish dishes and sipped small cups of extremely sweet coffee that was almost as thick as molasses. When I discovered that the cook wasn't an infidel at all but a Jewish woman in her 60's, I begged her to return to the culinary faith of her mothers and forget this alien traffic long enough to give me a meal that would remind me of every kosher restaurant I'd patronized in Philadelphia, Boston, Chicago, Kansas City, and, of course, the New York East Side. Finding her there was like coming on Rodin at work shaping a thunder-mug.

She asked me to return the next evening, which I did, and I was

served potato pudding and med, a militant, aggressive home-made drink made of honey and malt. She turned out an opus of stuffed cabbage, filled with rice, nuts, raisins and gingerbread crumbs. This amazing combination was cooked in a sweetened, citron- and cinnamon-flavored sauce.

Her potato latkes were out of this crass world—pancakes that contained grated, raw potatoes, mixed with flour and shortening and fried in chicken fat. Her kreplach were erotic poems—dabs of dried dough pressed about little chunks of chopped meat. They were boiled in water, drained, and then dropped tenderly into consomme. She presented me with a small portion of *fisnoga*—calves' foot jelly. I don't know how she did it—how she boiled it until soft, how the meat was scraped from the bone and mixed with garlic, pepper and allspice. By some esoteric alchemy—probably with the secret help of Jehovah—the glorious mess congealed into a solid, quivering, jittery mass.

She created blintzes that out-blintzed the most admired blintz-artists in East Broadway in New York or South Street in Philadelphia. How does one go about describing them? Words can't describe an aroma or an exquisite taste. One just bunches his fingers and wafts a blown kiss into the air. There they were—just flat squares of dough—but, wait, she folded them lovingly over jelly and fried them in whitish, unsalted butter. They were served hot, naturally.

Are such days with us? I've been living on a Kansas farm for 30 years and have lost touch with the great masters of kosher cooking. Has this vulgar age retired them? Have they turned to unimaginative steaks, chops, hash, ham and eggs, potato salad, apple pie and ice cream? Maybe some of my readers who know the situation with regard to kosher cooking will be good enough (in memory of a worthy and noble cause) to tell me what's being offered, how it's being done, and what it tastes like. I can't get it, but I like to read about it. Also, biographical material about the Jewish *veibel* who does the sacred work, assuming it's still being done.

For example, if chicken soup with matzoh balls are still being served in the neighborhood of the *Forward* building, in New York, are the matzoh balls really made of eggs, matzoh meal, vegetable shortening, salt and pepper? Is there any chicken fat in the chicken broth? Is it flavored with celery, onions and spices? If the answer is No, break the melancholy news tactfully for there is a limit to my capacity for hurts and sorrows.

The job of writing this piece sends me, as the hepcats say. My salivary glands are in gentle spasms. My gastric juices threaten to flood my liver. Ah, if only someone would compile a Jewish cook-book so that I might do my bit to preserve an art that's threatened by our cafeteria, hot-dog, hamburger and Coca-Cola, barbecue, quick lunch and Ye Tea Shoppe styles of cooking that take good food and spoil it, but that still satisfy the nerveless palates of lard-soaked chazirfresers. Mama and her sister-cooks don't write books, because mama works by ear, by impulse, by feeling, by hunch. She improvises, and turns dumb when she tries to explain how she makes a certain tempting and tantalizing dish. Once I asked the owner, who was waiting on me, to beg his mama to tell me how she made her delightful cheese cakes. Papa replied, with short patience for my naivete: "It'd be a waste of time. You could never make it. Leave such a matter to Mrs. Rifkin. Even I don't know how she does it. And when she tries to tell, she gets all dizzled out. If Mrs. Rifkin could put her cheese cakes into words, why should she go to the trouble of baking them? Some things can't be explained." Mr. Rifkin was a tall, fat, gray-haired man of 65, with sad eyes and heavy lids. "You're still young," he smiled, "so do as the Talmud says—eat with pleasure. After 40, says the Talmud, it's more good to drink. So I eat a little and drink a lot. You're young, so eat a lot and grow strong, but when you're as old as me you'll drink a lot, because alcohol preserves the bones, the marrow, the blood and the flesh."

Assimilated Jews, heathenish physicians, and health faddists say

that if you live long enough on the above dishes (I mean the Jewish ones, of course) you're sure to die. So what? Isn't it a nice way to go? I haven't checked with Dr. Louis I. Dublin, the statistician for the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, but I suppose there are figures to prove that such a diet produces diabetics, and that Jews are especially prone to shaking off this mortal coil via that unhappy route. I don't know. If lovers of kosher cooking have data on this, let me have them, along with word pictures of the sweet blessings wrought by wonderful mamas who were (or are) superb cooks.

I have sampled the masterpieces of French, Belgian, Swiss, and Bavarian chefs—all men. I have eaten in hotel dining rooms from New York (the Brevoort, mainly), to Chicago (at least six places), to Kansas City (the Muehlebach), and on to Los Angeles, and always found the chefs to be men. But enter a kosher restaurant and you know without asking that the cook (no one ever uses the word "chef") is a woman, always was a woman, but only Jahveh knows what it'll be tomorrow. The usual arrangement was: Mama in the kitchen, papa in charge of the tables, and daughter Reba at the cash register.

Mama asked only one thing of her patrons—that they show up with good, keen, vigorous appetites. She'd take care of the rest. Her confidence in her powers to bewitch wasn't conceit; it was aged-in-the-wood maturity, artistic balance, and decades of experience in accepting sincere and heart-warming compliments. She was spoiled in a fetching way. She was a tireless improviser, who struck out for spectacular and unique efforts. She justified herself by her pragmatic successes, for a cook must never fail. A cook's experiments must always come through. A dish that's merely "almost right" belongs in the garbage can.

I've known at least a score of French chefs. I grant you their talents are superior. They are true masters—Picassos of the kitchen. But their personalities are unpleasant, arrogant, introverted, hypersensitive, snooty, unpredictable,

toploftical, and snobbish. They tolerate nothing but praise. The diner is their prisoner, their guinea pig, who must never make even a suggestion. He must eat heartily and make happy noises.

Fine German chefs—almost as great as the French—are the ex-troverts of the kitchen—fat, huge, friendly, jovial, boyish, beaming, enthusiastic, with a dog-like hunger for friendly comments and gestures. They love anybody with a sound, solid digestion.

Swiss chefs have an inferiority complex. They can never be quite as good as the greatest French chefs, whom they plagiarize. They are eclectics, stealing ideas wherever they're to be found. Of English cooks I know nothing, having never, to my knowledge, sampled their dishes, but I've heard bad reports about them.

American chefs? There aren't any. Just short-order cooks who know how to juggle frying pans. The best American cooking is regional and is handled by women, often colored. The trouble may be found in the fact that most Americans eat only to drive away hunger. Artistic cooking is usually wasted on them. Fornication is everything. Food is just an unimportant interlude between bouts of sex and hard liquor. They'll spend \$10 for liquor and a few dimes for a hamburger or a hot-dog sandwich, or a bowl of corrosive chili. The average American eats to keep up his strength, not to please an esthetic impulse. In a restaurant it's usually sirloln steak or fried chicken. Such an undiscriminating audience can't bring great chefs into being. Chefs, like poets, can't do their best without an understanding, appreciative, willing-to-experiment, educated following. I've seen many well-heeled Americans make a meal on a single dish—just a huge 18-ounce steak with a side dish of barely touched French fried potatoes. They aren't even curious about the immense variety of dishes created by excellent, and often masterly, cooks in Italy, Hungary, Romania, Russia, the Scandinavian countries, France, Germany, Japan, and many other places.

As for myself, I have always

sought out novel dishes from practically every part of the world, except portions of seal so enjoyed by Eskimos, slices of rattlesnake (which one of my Florida readers tells me is a delicacy), broiled insects, barbecued human flesh (said by discriminating cannibals to have a salty taste), roast rat, boiled cat, and fricasseed dog. When I was a boy I met a grand, old Communiard who had fought behind the barricades in Paris in 1871. In the siege that followed, victuals went into short supply. "We was s-o-o-o hungry we ate meeces, mices and moses," he moaned. Harriet Beecher Stowe was shocked when her brother asked why a rat isn't as good as a rabbit, and why she'd eat shrimps and neglect cockroaches. We Americans, who eat raw oysters and raw clams, are shocked because the Japanese eat raw fish.

It isn't necessary to roam the world to sample many kinds of cooking. Go to New York City. Everything is there—from the worst to the best. If it's cooked, you'll get it, but you have to know where to go. It's the greatest food center in the world—it's all-embracing, almost limitless. It's a cooks' heaven, mainly because there are so many angelic patrons around who appreciate the best and go looking for it. They say, with Anthelme Brillat-Savarin, who wrote 125 years ago, that the "discovery of a new dish does more for human happiness than the discovery of a new star."

ALBERT MORDELL

When the above paragraphs on Jewish cooks appeared in my *American Freeman*, Albert Mordell, Philadelphia lawyer and distinguished literary critic, wrote me:

"Your article on Jewish cooks is a gem. My mother made every one of the dishes you mention, including the now rare med (for passover), and I was brought up on those dishes. Your preference for these dishes brings you into the Jewish fold, for a large part of observing the Jewish religion is eating Jewish food. If you ever come to Philadelphia again, I

shall take you to some kosher neighborhood around Girard avenue, near which I spent my restaurant, and to your old boyhood. The old Keith's vaudeville theater where you worked still exists, but as a movie. There is a school, the John Moffet, at 2nd and Oxford streets, which is surely the same building you attended. . . . There are many Jewish cook books and articles on the subject in the Jewish Encyclopedia. . . . The chicken broth I get has chicken schmaltz, celery, spices, salt, matzoh balls (light) made with eggs and matzoh meal. . . . There are only Jewish rye bread and challah in my home and I doubt if excess in eating them (and the other foods you listed) produces diabetes. I have lived on them all my life and tests show I have not a drop of excess sugar in my urine or blood."

At the same time, Mordell added comments on a passage in "My First 25 Years," when it appeared in serial form, as follows:

"Reading your allusion (in your autobiography) to my friend, Nicholas L. Brown, to whose pamphlet you trace your idea of the Little Blue Books, I thought to call him up, since he had moved back here from New York some years ago, with a bad heart. I learned he had died half a year ago. I am passing on the information to his widow. Brown published a little volume I edited, two essays by John Addington Symonds, in 1919. I was at his bookstore daily in the days you were there, and I must have seen you. You must have been somewhat older than 15, for he opened the book store later than 1903. There was no park opposite or near 5th and Pine, where you read the pamphlet you bought from Brown. You undoubtedly read Oscar Wilde's 'Ballad of Reading Jail' in Independence Square, two blocks north, the birthplace of American liberty and here the Little Blue Books were born at 5th and Walnut, or Chestnut."

KENSINGTON IMPRESSIONS

Albert Mordell, who's something of a literary detective in addition to being the author of some fine books of literary criticism, checked on a few points in the opening installment of this work, "My First 25 Years," and brought up a few facts that I found interesting and which may be of historic interest to some of my readers. He writes that my memory is correct about the address of my early Philadelphia home at 1326 Germantown avenue.

Mordell searched the Philadelphia directories and found in the editions for 1901 and 1902 my father's name, David Julius, and the information that he kept a confectionery and "segar" store there. Mordell then took a notion to see what the ravages of time had done to my old neighborhood and with his friend, James Shields, who knows a lot about old Philadelphia, on February 5, 1949, visited the section. He writes:

"Well, your house is no longer there, but a deep lot covered with tin cans and rubbish tells the story of what happened some years ago. The authorities condemned many old houses and these were demolished and often no new ones erected. But if your house is gone your old school is still standing, the very one, the large corner building—the Moffett School—established in 1891, as the front slab says. The freight trains on the road where you saw a man commit suicide still run from St. John (now American street) between Second and Third above Girard avenue for a few blocks down Second, an anomaly—a freight train in the heart of the city running on trolley tracks."

Mordell adds that my old home was in historic Kensington, where the anti-Irish and anti-Catholic riots took place in 1844 when St. Michael's Church, at Second and Jefferson, to which I referred (not by name, because I didn't remember it) was burned as well as the so-called "Nanny Goat Market" which stood in Washington street (now American street and a rail-

road). The Catholic are still in the neighborhood, Mordell tells me, and the Irish boys who persecuted me in 1900 were the descendants of the Irish who were persecuted in 1844. "In 1900," Mordell adds, "I lived less than a mile away from you in the Northern Liberties section." The Kensington district, according to Mordell, is older than the old section of Philadelphia itself. The neighborhood is slum area, dilapidated, full of blind alleys, closed courts—what are called "band-box" houses—but it teems with historical interest.

Mordell mentions Cadwallader street, where the freight trains ran. It was one of the last of the cobblestone streets in Philadelphia and the cobbles have only recently been replaced by Belgian blocks. I remember those cobbles, for I always liked their quaint beauty, even when I was just a kid. I especially enjoyed watching gangs of Italian and Irish laborers put in those cobbles, a sight one can never forget.

The last process is to tamp the cobbles with heavy wooden thumpers. Instead of just striking the cobbles hit and miss, the laborers went into a delicately-timed routine, in which the cobbles were struck rhythmically, so that the entire effect was one of a delicious passage in a large orchestra of percussion instruments. One could see that the men loved those happy, lilting, staccato cadenzas. They would do in three minutes work that by ordinary means might have taken 15 minutes. Some musical genius must have thought out that rhythmical Symphony of the Cobble-Stones. Beethoven could have used such a theme. When Belgian blocks replaced most cobblestones, the same weird, rhythmic pounding was continued.

These laborers turned what would have been a noisy activity into an arpeggio that enthralled me. No such exaltation can be felt at the mechanical laying of a concrete or asphalt street. I'm sure there are places in many parts of the world—including our own country—where cobbles are still being put down. If they're tamped the way I described above, the happy, measured cadences should be recorded.

Mordell calls attention to an inconsistency in "My First 25 Years" that I want to make good. When I listed numerous authors whose works I was reading when I was 15 years old, I thoughtlessly included the names of Mark Twain and Emerson. The fact was, as I wrote in another place, I never read a line of either author until two years later, after I left Philadelphia.

When I lived in the Kensington district the pictorial effect, in many ways, carried hints of colonial America and England of the same period. All saloons had troughs in front of them so that teamsters could water their horses while enjoying a beer inside. I enjoyed watching the teamster adjust the harness so that the animal's head could be lowered. I was fascinated by the white foam that drifted from the horse's mouth while he drew up what seemed to be buckets of water. On hot days the teamster, when he returned, after wiping with his sleeve the beer foam from his own mouth, would lift a pail of fresh, cool water out of the trough and throw it on the horse's head. The horse would rear up, shake its head, and then, after the first shock, act as though it would like some more. I saw tired-eyed horses, after 10 minutes at a trough, leave with eyes brightened and spirits lifted.

In front of my mother's little store (which cost my father \$125, including fixtures, and which, when sold years later, brought \$300 in cash money) there was the inevitable wooden Indian. Ours was on little, iron wheels so that it could be pulled into the store. Our Indian had a knife in his belt, long hair, a huge bunch of tobacco leaves in an uplifted hand, feathers, sandals, a jacket and pants painted to look like a skin—and all in red, green, mahogany, yellow, with dabs of black for the eyes. The Indian was my first experience with the art of sculpture, and pleased me just as much as I was to be delighted years later by the works of Rodin, Michael Angelo and Phidias.

To me, everything people did with their hands was wonderful. A few doors down the street was a butchershop, where an immense German bulldozed his customers and yelled

at my mother. Then he would turn to his little dachshund and pet it. He worked at a huge block, which, in time, would be hacked into a state of unevenness. Here he ceased being a brute and became an artist. He would get his hewing tool, which had the long handle of an axe and a cutting edge that was horizontal. His wife would help him climb on the block, and when in position, at last, he'd start at the edge and chop off a fraction of an inch of the entire top, doing it so accurately that when he finished the top of the block was as level and even as a new table. Other butchers hired him to level their blocks, and I'd see him pass with his cutting tool over his shoulder. I thought he was wonderful, but only when he was cutting a block and wasn't yelling at people.

The neighborhood at that time was mostly Irish Catholic, and while many called the butcher a "Dutchman," and remarked, "You can't beat the Dutch," they respected him even though he was a Lutheran and a strange foreigner whose speech was unlike their own.

Gradually the neighborhood started filling up with a new and delightful nationality—Hungarians. A few became our lodgers, for our three-story house was always filled to the roof, there being six children, father and mother, some green-horns from southern Russia and Bessarabia, and maybe four or five Hungarian roomers.

Most of the men came to America because they wanted to escape the Army and because taxes were so high. Where the Irish Catholics were violent and cruel, the Hungarians were gentle, smiling, kindly, polite. When I, a 12-year-old, would meet one on the street, he would smile, showing beautiful white teeth, bow, and actually tip his hat—to me, a boy.

The men grew heavy, black mustaches that were curled upward for that masculine, military look. They brought their own paprika with them, for word had gone to Hungary that Americans know next to nothing about paprika, and if any was to be had, it had better be brought along. So I'd see three- and five-pound cans of paprika—a

fiery, vivid, beautiful, reddish color that gave the eye a hint of what it would do to the mouth.

A little later their women started showing up, for the custom then was for the men to go ahead to make money, after which the women would be brought over. I found the Hungarian women beautiful and fragrant. I used to love to stand near them just to look at them and to get whiffs of their sweet bodies and hair. They laughed softly and merrily, and flirted with their husbands or sweethearts. They were usually little women, with black hair, oval, tanned faces, flashing eyes, red lips, pink mouths, cute ears, round breasts, strong little bodies, and shapely but by no means delicate ankles. They still wore the colorful, beautiful dresses they'd brought over with them. The men were happy with them, and the women liked their men. They made life beautiful, soft, warm, and cozy. They covered everything with an aura of kindness, while the neighborhood's old-timers wore ugly clothes, fought in their homes and in the streets, got drunk and went hunting for Jews to beat up, were priest-ridden, ignorant, crude, and given to sudden bursts of violence.

Behind our house was an alley full of such families. Once the neighborhood was aroused by a woman's screams. Her husband was beating her. A policeman came to the door and then turned away. When he was asked by some woman why he didn't do something to help that screaming woman, he shrugged his shoulders and walked away. "I can't go in there. Must have a search warrant," he said.

"But this is different. That woman is being assaulted. A crime is being committed. You've a right to enter that room," an outraged bystander said.

"I can do that only if two witnesses are ready to swear they heard screams. Only one witness has complained," and he was on his way. The law was ready to protect that husband in his right to beat his wife, but the law would have thrown him into jail if he, a street car motorman, had dared strike for more money. The women took for granted that they were to be beaten.

When they entered my mother's store I used to be shocked by the smell of bacon fat, grease, lard and "fat-cakes" that came from their mouths. The stink was almost unbearable. I had to step back a few feet, which wasn't the case when those lovely Hungarian (and a few Jewish) women came in. I often wondered what it was that made some people so sweet and other people so mean.

When the Hungarians started drifting in, lovely things came with them—happy faces, songs, dances, love-making, flirting, colorful costumes, wine, beer, and accordions. They welcomed the Italian organ-grinder with the little, frightened, red-hatted monkey, who would beg coins, tip his hat, and cause faces to break into smiles and eyes to sparkle with happiness. Before then we had had visits from only the six-piece *katzenjammer* band, with its cornet, clarinet, bass drum, piccolo, and a tuba for the needed oomp-oomp. They wore blue uniforms, with coats unbuttoned. They collected pennies, nickels and dimes from hearers, while many saloon-keepers invited them in after each concert for a beer on the house, for such visits helped the beer business.

The Hungarians' accordions irked me because the noisy instruments were played without halt far into the night. The Irish Catholics usually were quiet after a certain hour at night because the men, after drinking a certain amount of whisky, would get sleepy and turn in.

DIAMOND JIM BRADY

Diamond Jim Brady, whom I often saw at first night shows, was a gourmand. He was the kind of eater—*fresser*, as the Jews say—who used to sit with his stomach six inches from the table and eat until it touched the table. He wasn't an artist. He was a hog. He'd start off with five dozen raw oysters, go through a dozen important, sizable dishes—slobbering over all kinds of chicken, beef, venison, fish, frogs numerous desserts, all washed down and lobsters—and end up with quarts of champagne. One evening in a theater, he sat in the row ahead of mine and from the way he

fidged and squirmed I suspected he had crabs in the crotch. I don't remember the exact specifications, but when he died a medical doctor told the press that Brady's stomach was about eight times the size of an ordinary man's organ of digestion, maybe 10 times.

MARIE AGAIN

When I returned to my room—this was still the morning after Dreiser, Stearns, Sonia, and others had visited me—I found the door (which I rarely locked) partly open, and on my bed (made while I was out to breakfast) was the Marie of the night before, without a rose and with her clothes on. She seemed rational, calm, relaxed. "Hello, young fellow," she said, "draw the curtains. I want to rest a while in this cozy alcove." I did as she asked, which left her almost lost in the dark.

I stood at the heavy curtains a moment wondering what was to happen next. A hophead of perhaps 36, already well into old age, had done her dance not many hours before, then there'd been the diving beauty, then Harold and now Marie again, assuming her name really was Marie.

Later I learned she was married to a medical man who was a professor of psychology, and who had written much on the new sciences of psycho-analysis and psychiatry. I was in my early 20's, she in her middle 30's and the doctor in his late 50's.

They lived in an apartment in a fine, brown-stone mansion on Fifth Avenue, a few doors north of the Brevoort, about three blocks from my place on the east side of Washington Square. He, her fourth husband, knew her only as a frigid woman who never welcomed his embraces. When they seemed inevitable, she reacted nervously and became afflicted with the spasms of vaginitis, so that the unhappy professor was made to feel as though he meant to penetrate a knotted rope. Their sex life was therefore a failure, which was a tough deal for a professor of psychology, and an expert on Freud's theories and psychiatry in general.

This had been going on for sev-

eral years, and every attempt the professor made to correct his wife's behavior proved fatuous. Later I saw him in a downstairs dining-room of the Brevoort. He was tall, slim, narrow-hipped, sported a pince-nez on a black ribbon, had grayish hair parted in the middle and combed back, wore a neat, brownish-gray beard, had a thin nose, and was clothed like a high-toned minister at the Sunday morning services of an aristocratic church. His speech was a vibrant baritone, and the words that came from him were uttered lightly.

He talked wittily, tossed ideas around jauntily, and enjoyed polite rabelaisianisms, as, for example, the time he said to his large class: "Gentlemen, you may talk about the pleasures of sexual intercourse, but as for me just give me a good, healthy movement of the bowels." The psychiatrist was kidding himself when he said that, but it sounded smart and his students laughed heartily and soon quoted it, so that another of the professor's off-color sentences became the property of the university and the city.

The professor was fascinated by his little, rather pretty, brown-haired, red-lipped, artistically dressed wife who froze up every time he came near her after bedtime. He had been married to her many months, and was still to possess her, probably the most exasperating experience that could befall a man who was otherwise in emotional balance and capable of a healthy sex life. He knew exactly what his wife's nervous ailment was, but his science couldn't enable him to reach that screw in his wife's head that compelled her to turn to ice when alone with him and that sent the muscles of her vagina into a spasm that resulted in a situation that was baffling and humiliating. But he continued to live with her—and hoped. She didn't dislike him. In fact, she respected him. She appreciated his knowledge, his worldly humor, his quips and smart obscenities.

Marie would see her husband off of a morning—perhaps at 8:30—and a half hour later she would be in my room which she'd enter

without even knocking. She usually found me asleep, for I was working nights, would leave the office between 12:30 and 1 in the morning, eat, and walk the full mile and a half to my room, where I usually got in a little after 2, after which I'd read and write for a couple of hours, turn in at 4 and try to sleep until noon. I didn't mind her early visits, nor did I mind being awakened. I could sleep until 5, if I cared to. She acted as though she belonged, when in my room, but when I saw her on the Avenue, or in any of the restaurants in the neighborhood, she'd ignore me if her husband was along.

THE PAN SEXUALIST

Ten minutes after I saw her for the first time alone in my room that morning I learned some revealing things about her. She was a pan-sexualist. She lived in many worlds of fantasy. She was a different person each morning, for she began coming at about the same time each day, Monday through Friday, as the radio says today. Now and then I'd take her to a show, if her husband was busy. We'd eat together at odd places, and sometimes we'd eat in her apartment. That kept on for weeks, and we never ran into her husband even once. We did bump into him weeks later and I found him pleasant, though he seemed to look at me with questioning eyes, as though he'd like to talk to me about this strange woman who was his wife and about whom he knew only one of her numerous characters—that of the frigid wife.

One morning she'd come into my room and pretend she was Maud, a girl of the streets. She'd talk tough and demand money for her kisses, which she took out of my pants' pocket. She took charge, telling me what each step of the way would cost me, and she collected in advance. The next morning she pretended that she was Gertie, another girl of the streets, and that I was her pimp. She'd throw down the money she'd taken from me the morning before and complain bitterly that business had been rotten, that the cops had been bothering her, that one man had struck her,

and that she was giving me every cent she'd hustled.

The next morning she was a coy, shy virgin. She came in with fear stamped on her face. I was a seducer who was trying to ruin her. "Oh, God, what shall I do!" Another morning she swaggered into the room and immediately started to throw off her clothes. Announcing that she was George Sand, that she was a transvestist and a dyke, she got into my things and walked up and down the room, like a man.

Another day she was an eight-year-old girl and I was a sex maniac. She acted like a child, with superb artistry.

Another time she told me I was a male prostitute and she would pay me \$5 if I would do as she ordered.

When she presented herself as a fetishist, she took my shoes and underwear to bed with her and played with them and handled them as though they were important parts of her emotional life, which, for the moment, they were.

She'd bring a whip with her and demand that her naked back be punished. She'd come rushing in with the demand that she be seduced, acting the part of a free-living college girl. She played a hundred roles, but never that of a frigid wife. That was kept for her husband alone. When she was with me she never was the personality she presented to her husband at home. Her pan-sexualism ran the gamut. She was everything.

Once she pretended that I was a bully who was chasing her with the intention of raping her. She rushed into the room, moved a heavy chair to the door, and held it there as though to keep me from entering, though I was in bed all along. When she saw me through the open curtains she said I'd slipped around the building and had entered through the window. She begged me not to kill her. She promised to obey my every order, if only I wouldn't strike her down. She crawled, she cried, she begged, she whined. Once she pretended she was my wife and that she had discovered another woman in my bed.

Late one afternoon the professor came to my room and, by his cordial manner, gave me to know that he

had no feelings against me, that he understood, and that, in fact, he approved of my behavior, and his wife's, for that matter. He told me the situation, which was just about what I'd understood the facts to be, said that he was her fourth husband and that she could well get along without him and go for a fifth, but that he didn't want to quit—at least, not yet. This problem puzzled, yes, baffled him, and he wanted to solve it. He felt that he might even win some happiness out of the struggle to learn just what her condition was and what might be done to turn her from a mound of ice into a passionate, receptive, lovable, desirable woman. Of course, he had more to offer her than I could ever even think of giving, assuming such a remote situation ever might arise. He was a distinguished, respected, admired scientist, a popular figure about town, handsome, rich, and in many ways attractive to women. I had no desire to keep her from becoming his real wife and lover. I felt no urge to "own" the woman. I entertained no notion of marriage, for, after all, she was about 14 years my senior, though she didn't look it.

When we became really friendly, I told him the things about his wife that he really wanted to learn. He had been living with a stranger. He asked many questions, and I tried to answer them honestly and candidly. After hours of this, the doctor came up with his plan and begged me to help him. He knew the Columbia professor down the hall, the one who occupied a small apartment each week end in order to entertain his colored mistress. He would get his permission to let me occupy the room when the professor's plan would be tried out. As a result, one morning I slipped into the apartment down the hall and let Marie's husband get into my bed, after drawing the curtains.

When his wife showed up he pretended to be asleep. This time she was acting the part of a neglected wife whose husband was paying her no attention. This would have to stop, she snapped. Her emotional life was being strained. She was sex-starved. Still acting, she slipped into the bed, where her hus-

band promptly went to great pains to prove to her that he hadn't really meant to be neglectful. The experience was a full one, the complete expression of emotional happiness between two lovers.

She never came back to my room again, though I saw her often with her husband. He beamed. I imagine there must be a chapter about this case in one of his big, fat tomes. I don't know everything that happened, but this I know: the Village gossip had it that she was off the dope. And it's my guess she was no longer a heap of ice. The professor's new science had paid off.

SHOWS

Covering the shows was pleasant, easy work, for again I was doing a job that I'd have done just for the fun of the thing. The stage, from early boyhood, was a passion with me, and in those days there was plenty to work up a lather about.

The other night I took in "Oklahoma!" in nearby Joplin, Mo., the greatest hit of this decade. I enjoyed myself only because I'm so friendly to the theater and so starved for shows that even second and third rate stuff will satisfy me, as though a gourmet who had spent most of his life tasting fine dishes should find himself stranded and hungry enough to eat and enjoy a meal of hot-dogs, a hamburger, a bowl of chili, a bottle of pop, and a Coca-Cola.

What, after all, was so great about this show? First, there were no laughs in it. Laughs have gone out of style in recent years. In "Oklahoma!" a few actors played laughless material for laughs, which is empty and pathetic. Except for Bobby Clark, where are the great comics?

The music of "Oklahoma!"—ah, the music!—well, what about the music? There are a few bright ditties, but not a single "Throw 'im Down McCloskey," or "Take It In Your Hand, Mrs. Murphy, It Weighs But a Quarter of a Pound." Even today's theater toilets are different, for I looked and didn't see the poem which opens with the simple, beautiful line, "Some come here to sit and think."

"Oklahoma!" as a story is thin

fare. That leaves the dancing—oh, think of it! Agnes De Mille's wonderful dances, well, pardon my burps, but I'll take just one Can-Can for all her danceless dances, for Miss De Mille manages to get along with a very minimum of dancing. She's a smash hit because she teases her audiences with hints of dancing that never come off. An honest strip-teaser does eventually appear with her pippik and pubic area exposed, but this De Mille stuff isn't honest because not once do the dancers really go into a dance. Instead, they always seem to say, "Stick around, buddy, and soon you'll see some dancing."

"HANLON'S SUPERBA"

The show I saw and admired as a boy—"Hanlon's Superba"—is still fresh in my memory. I still see the ballet of Humpty Dumpty—sittin' on a wall—and fallin', and all that sort of thing, while the "ballets" I saw only the other night have already been forgotten. Take the opening scene in "Hanlon's Superba"—there was entertainment that was clever and memorable. The stage was a huge frame. One of the Hanlon brothers steps before the frame and pretends he is doing calisthenics before a mirror. Of course, there's no mirror. A brother is behind the frame and he acts in closest coordination with the performer out front. A recent Marx Brothers movie made use of this device.

My sister and I saw the Hanlons on a pass in a Kensington theater as a reward for permitting two bright, cheerful, gay posters to go up in the window of my mother's little store on Germantown avenue.

"Hanlon's Superba" was an institution, like the Barnum and Bailey circus. It ran year after year, with new material being added to attract the old-timers. It was a better show than "Oklahoma!"

THE THEATER OF AN EARLIER DAY

A few months ago I wrote a short paragraph about "Hanlon's Superba," in which I said how I liked the show and wondered if others of my generation remembered it. I got at least a dozen letters from readers

who remembered and still appreciate the show, among them William J. Fielding. He had seen "Hanlon's Superba" some 45 years ago in Easton, Pa., when he was a boy of 14. Since then he has seen Belasco, Ziegfeld, George White, Earl Carroll, Billy Rose and other master showmen, including Morris Gest's "The Miracle," but, he adds, "none of them has ever over-shadowed 'Hanlon's Superba' in the galaxy of my recollections of things theatrical."

In those days a dime got one a gallery seat. For 75c one could get a good seat in the first balcony to see many of the best shows. I paid \$9.74 for two seats to "Oklahoma!," on which the tax was more than I used to pay for a ticket to see such old-timers as Irving and Miss Terry, the Sothens, Ward and Vokes, Richard Mansfield (in Shakespeare, Shaw, and Ibsen's "Peer Gynt," with music by the Norwegian master, Edvard Grieg), Robert Mantell (whose "Julius Caesar" included fiery, grand Fritz Lieber as Mark Antony, and who's still alive, but doing bits of trash in Hollywood), Otis Skinner, the Hanlons, Arnold Daly (in Shaw's "Candida"), Forbes Robertson, Joe Jefferson (in "Rip Van Winkle"), Kellar, the Magician, David Warfield (in "The Auctioneer"), William Faversham and his wife, Julie Opp, Viola Allen, Mrs. Carter, Mrs. Pat Campbell (hush-hush, the mistress of fat King Edward), Maude Adams, Julia Marlowe (who later became Mrs. Sothen), Constance Collier (in "Merry Wives of Windsor"), Louis Mann, Williams and Walker (remember Bert Williams' song about a game of poker, with pantomime?), Richard Carle, Frank Daniels, William H. Crane, Nazimova (in Ibsen), Thurston, the Magician, and Houdini. There were many others. The stage was alive, and within reach of the poor.

Take the stage of 1880 to 1910 and compare it with what we've had from 1910 to now—the old stage was better, more varied, and far less commercial. I remember Eugene O'Neill's father, James O'Neill, in "The Count of Monte Cristo" ("the world is mine!") and Ethel Barrymore in "Captain Jinks," and Tyrone Power in "The Servant in the

House" (not his Hollywood son), William S. Hart in "Ben Hur" (in which I carried a spear for 50c a night and stood close to heavenly actresses all painted up and smelling of grease and perfume).

What have we today? Frank Sinatra, Jolson, Cantor, Jack Benny, Fred Allen, Red Skelton, Bob Hope, Fibber and Molly. Heavenly days! And these punks make more in a year than any three artists mentioned above made in a lifetime.

There was a German stock company in a theater a few blocks from where we lived. It was on the south side of Girard avenue, near 5th or 6th street. I used to go, even though I couldn't understand what was said, because I loved to watch the actors move around on the stage and the people in the audience. When a German, his wife, three daughters and two sons came to the ticket-taker, they'd stop, bow, shake hands, exchange questions about their health and comment on the weather. The ushers welcomed them with more bows, handshakes, and cordial snatches of conversation. It was an occasion. Everything was neat, polite, orderly and formal.

American roughnecks went north a few blocks to the Kensington Theater, where we saw the most Rabelaisian burlesque shows (10c in the gallery) in an atmosphere of noise, smoke, yells, whistles, hisses, guffaws, stamping, and over everything the stench of urine, for there was no toilet and all peed against the rear wall. Experts recognized every kidney disease by the odors. The atmosphere was Elizabethan London, except that we had no orange girls. (Later I was to learn from Frank Harris that the girls who sold oranges to the men in curtained stalls also sold something else, and it wasn't cherries.)

In one show a burlesque queen comes out in white tights to her pippik, a blue jacket with a tin badge, and a policeman's hat. When she tried to arrest the drunken comedian he refused to be taken in unless he could first see her club, and when she admitted she had no club because she was a woman, the drunk came up with an entirely fresh proposition.

In one act, a comedian leaned

over; behind him leaned another clown, his head against a private part of the anatomy of the actor in front. All through the act the man in the rear held his nose and made signs to the audience as though to let us know the stench was something awful. The show was opened by a five-piece orchestra that did the "Poet and Peasant Overture" and closed with Sousa's "Stars and Stripes Forever." Such was my entertainment one night; the next it could well be Ibsen's "Ghosts," Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice," Shaw's "Man and Superman" (disliked by a member of the audience because he was in the restaurant business and thought "Superman" had something to do with dining), a Clyde Fitch comedy (swiped from a French bed room farce), "Zaza," "The Two Orphans," "Camille," "The Old Homestead," "Uncle Tom's Cabin" (with bloodhounds), "The Destruction of Pompeii," or "Bertha the Sewing Machine Girl."

THE JEWISH STAGE

Once in a while I took in the Jewish shows, and here the best show was the audience. Huge packages of food were brought along—salam, hardboiled eggs, pickled green tomatoes and cucumbers, legs of chicken, goober nuts, oranges, apples, bananas, bagels, rye bread, hard candies, and sunflower seeds. Boys went around with dozens of huge pretzels on a stick—they were at least six by 10 inches in size, weighed at least four ounces, and cost a penny each.

The audience yelled, screamed, roared, hissed one another for being noisy and hissed the actors for foul deeds, threw things at one another, talked all through the show, wept when some innocent character was wronged, and left the theater a sight. When the villain falsely accused the hero of having stolen the boss' hoard, the buttonhole-maker next me cried, "You're a goddam liar!"

Thomashefsky was the Mantell of the Jewish stage in those days. Jacob Adler was the Sir Henry Irving. The shows never got started before 9 o'clock, intermissions were

long, and the last curtain never dropped until after midnight.

The Jewish Theater was the old historic Arch Street Theater at 609 Arch street, home of the Drews and Barrymores. It dates back to 1828. My friend, Albert Mordell, visited Adler in his dressing room about 1911. Adler said to him, he wished he had such a euphonious name as Mordell to make famous with ease.

Jacob Adler, always the serious actor, never pleased me as much as did the Jewish comedians, who would sometimes burlesque a pretentious, poetic tragedy and then turn to the audience with the single yell: "Thomashesky!" I went for the "Katzkill Music Hall" and "Borschtcapades" type of entertainment, in which the comedians were screamingly funny and the closely unionized chorus girls, through a system of seniorities and priorities, held on to their jobs even when they became grandmothers.

One of these nameless comedians was to get \$5,000 from his father-in-law immediately after marrying the old skinflint's daughter. The groom kept his promise, but, after the ceremony, there was no offer to pay the agreed \$5,000. During the wedding supper, still no \$5,000. After hours of dancing, no \$5,000. The guests had all gone home, and still the old man had paid nothing. Finally, in magnificent anger, the groom pointed with his left hand to his fly, shook his right fist at his father-in-law, and cried: "Unless I get the \$5,000 now not one button will I unbutton!"

Much talk got around because of Jacob Adler's tremendous capacity for fertilizing willing females, with the result that his progeny were scattered all over New York, Philadelphia, Boston, and Baltimore. Now and then someone would approach Adler and introduce himself or herself as his son or daughter. Once, while the mighty actor was in his dressing room, a young fellow entered and said quietly, "I am your son." Adler gave him a quick look, muttered "So you are—so you are," turned to his manager, and said, curtly, "Give the little bastard a pass."

Once a week I went to Forepaugh's Stock Company on the east

side of 8th street, a few blocks north of Market street. Here I saw George Learock (also the company's director) do Svengali and Julia Sanderson (then about 17) sing "Sweet Alice, Ben Bolt." Here I saw George Barbier do Brutus, Fagin, and other heavy roles. I also saw Learock as Iago in "Othello," in "Michael Strogoff," and in "East Lynne" Learock, who also played Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, Cassius and Shylock, lived at 965 North Franklin street, half a mile from my home. I must have been precocious at the age of 9, in 1898, to enjoy high brow plays. Here again I enjoyed free tickets for the posters displayed in my mother's store.

THE MAN WITH THE FLEAS

I even took in a flea show in a freakish theater—a museum or museum that was patterned after Barnum's museum in New York of a half century earlier. It was located at 901 Arch street, at the northwest corner, and was known popularly as the Dime Museum, and the plays performed there were reviewed as being played in the 9th and Arch Street Museum. It originally opened in 1870 as The American Museum, according to data supplied me by my friend, Albert Mordell, Philadelphia lawyer and literary critic. Later it was called Wood's Museum. In my day it was the Dime Museum, and somewhat later it housed Dumont's Minstrels and then Emmet Welch's Minstrels. The third floor was the "Lecture Room," where on platforms human freaks were shown, and all sorts of oddities. There was a mechanical chess player (with a chess expert hidden in the armor), human embryos in bottles of alcohol, girls who showed everything they had up to their garters, a boy soprano, midgets, a giant, a hermaphrodite, a whiskered woman, a man with "rubber skin," a contortionist who put his mouth right between his legs and made me wonder, a fire eater, a sword-swallower, tumblers, acrobats, a one-wheel cyclist, a tramp comedian who brought lighted cigar butts out of his pants pockets, a juggler (eight balls in the air at one time), a marksman who could knock a cigarette out of a woman's mouth

by aiming his rifle behind his head with the aid of a little mirror, a strong man who aped the great Sandow and caught a cannon ball between his shoulder and head, a Scottish girl (bushel of fanny and peck of teats) in kilts who did a sword dance and the highland fling, a knife thrower, and the usual number of furtive fruiterers wandering from boy to boy trying to cop a feel.

The flea-trainer's show wasn't as good as his private talk, even though his insects pulled tiny chariots and ran races. The flea-boss was a German in his 50's, dark, thin, mustachioed. His daughter and her husband happened to be there. I was such a little, inconspicuous fellow that they paid no attention to me and went ahead with their family conference. I soon got the drift.

The son-in-law was jobless and her papa was fed up with having to keep them alive. "The trouble with you," said papa, "is you got no ambition. You just set on your ass and look to me for what it takes. I offered to get you started with a dozen of my best fleas, but no, it ain't good enough for you. You gotta leech on me instead of going into show business with fleas what I have already trained for you and make you a present for nothing."

A CHAMBER OF HORRORS

Anything that carried the merest hint of a show would find me there, even the wax figure show and chamber of horrors on the south side of Chestnut street near 7th street, and known as the European Museum, run by Lagrange and Jordan. This store was intended to bring patients to the clap doctor upstairs. The wax figures included one of Emperor Louis Napoleon who was shown with his imperial beard, his roly-poly figure, and most of his middle section exposed, for he was being treated by a urologist for some disorder of his plumbing system. Mechanical works made the Emperor open and shut his eyes, inhale and exhale, and in other ways show he was in great distress.

The figures of syphilitic men were ghastly, the sores being painted realistically to bring out the horrors

of the disease. I learned that many men fainted while looking at the living examples of their miseries. A barker approached all men and asked if the doctor could be of any use to them, and when told the onlooker didn't happen to have a venereal disease he'd offer to arrange with the doctor to cure us of masturbation, wet dreams, strain (whatever that meant), and impotence.

The chamber of horrors was impressive, and especially scarying was the section devoted to the torture chambers of the Spanish Inquisition, which showed the instruments and devices used on heretics and other enemies of the Catholic Church.

Nearby was an exhibition of the huge, terrific war paintings of the great Russian artist, Vereshchagin, who had gone to his death in 1904 when the Japanese torpedoed the Russian battleship on which he was a passenger whose job it was to gather ideas for future paintings.

Up at Wanamaker's was a chance to get a free look at an immense painting that seemed to be as big as the side of a barn, called "The Conquerors." Napoleon, Caesar, Hannibal, Alexander the Great, and other generals were on steeds, while to their right and left were long rows of naked soldiers, slain in battle for the glory of the conquering heroes. I stood there a long time and wondered if there was any limit to the wonders certain men could create.

Down at Lit Brothers' store, at 8th and Market, I often took in the free movie shows (then a vast and breath-taking novelty, of course) on the top floor, the one that hit me hardest being the burning of Joan of Arc at the stake. At about the same time—it may have been 1900—Gimbel's put in the city's first escalator, and that novelty was a long time wearing off. At about that time the word "Gimbelize" came into wide use, one of the brothers having been arrested for sodomy. No Philadelphia paper would report the news, but a New York paper had its special edition brought into town and sold its papers quickly at 25c per copy. The management put a sign in the store

warning employes not to discuss the scandal, which meant that no one was to "Gimbelize." Soon it got around that to Gimbelize meant to commit sodomy.

THE THEATER'S OFFSHOOTS

The performance of the man in a Child's restaurant, who made flapjacks in the front window, was a form of art that belonged to the stage, by my standards, and which I recognized at once as having considerable commercial value, for the sight of those beautiful pancakes, covered with syrup, moved me to want a stack, though too often I didn't have the dime. He worked easily, quickly, pouring the batter, looking for a moment at his audience (there always was one), shoving his flat, wide lifter under each cake, giving each a flip, and sending the finished order in to his customers. He was an artist.

Once, a tall, beautiful woman—adorned with many articles of clothing, fur-pieces, feathery hat, black, shiny muff, silk gloves, high and pearl-buttoned shoes, a frilly train that touched the sidewalk, a black lacy veil that rested on her perfect nose, and a diamond-studded hatpin—looked down at me as I stared in the gorgeous window of a fancy grocery store known as Acker's on Eighth street, between Arch and Race streets and a little over a block away from Forepaugh's. My friend, Albert Mordell, tells me the firm was known as Acker, Finley and Company and that one of the firm, A. Lincoln Acker became sheriff, and in February, 1949, he was still living. I was then about eight years old. She saw me staring at cream puffs, cinnamon buns, piles of hard candy (red, green and yellow, with white stripes), long, thin loaves of French bread, lovely boxes of chocolates, piles of coffee rolls, dressed turkeys in gay boxes, hams in red wrappings, mountains of canned goods, candy bunnies, and other articles in a bewildering array that made a warm, thrilling, enthralling picture. She gave me two dimes, which I used cautiously and which bought me a variety of wanted articles, including a nickel's worth of peanut brittle.

As I came near the door there was an uproar, a police wagon drove up, two high-helmeted, fat, mustached cops (models for the Chaplin-Keystone cops of a later decade) lumbered into the store, where they were received by the manager and other important executives. A crying boy of about 10 was grabbed by the cops and dragged through the crowded store (it was a Saturday evening) to the front door and out to the horse-drawn patrol wagon. Word went out to all of us—the crying boy was a criminal who had been caught in the act of stealing some sweets. My own molasses candy, gum drops, caramels and vanilla wafers tasted flat, even though they had been obtained by legal means.

A MECHANICAL MAN IN A STORE-WINDOW

This same store employed an artist—really a great, talented, gifted actor, I thought—who did his act in the store window. He pretended to be a mechanical man. His face was painted like the face of the groom on a wedding cake, but with more colors. He had sharp, red, round splotches on his cheeks, his black mustache was painted on, his eyebrows were painted over so that they looked like patent leather, his wig was shiny, black and parted in the middle, his hands were in white gloves, his movements were short and wavering, his hands moved in jerks a few inches at a time, his eyes stared straight ahead as though made of glass, the insides of his nostrils were painted a fiery red, his clothes were the last word in formality—everything about him suggested an automatic man who had been wound up, the way toys could be wound up and sent crawling or walking.

Everything was so precise about his, so realistic, that one could take him to be a robot, except for one thing that my sharp eye had detected. The skin of his neck acted the same way human skin wrinkles and moves. I knew he was a man, a great actor, an artist, even better than the flapjack performer down the street.

I waited until the mechanical man's act was finished. He stepped

slowly, mechanically out the window and walked carefully down the aisle to the rear, stopping briefly after each step. Then he disappeared, but I followed him and learned the truth, for there he was, sitting relaxed in a chair and smoking a cigarette. But I admired him all the more, for his pretending was better than the real thing: he was a showman, not a piece of machinery.

When I left the store I looked South and saw an electric sign clear across the front of a store. There were 10 letters in the store's name, and each letter went on and off in perfect rhythm. The letters would go on one at a time until the entire name was shown. The name was held a few seconds in lights and then started to dim out one at a time. I was sure some man was at a switchboard turning the letters off and on in perfect time. How he must have practiced to do such a perfect job! It was another fine show, and I watched it a long time.

Later I was told that the work of turning the lights on and off was done by a watch-like mechanism. I was disappointed. It seemed more wonderful to have a man do such a perfect performance.

The world was full of so many wonderful things. Everything was a show. I was always a part of a charmed, enthralled audience. I never lost the feeling that everything that I saw happen before me was part of a show.

In a hallway on a street between Market and Chestnut streets, there was a public card writer, who did fancy calling cards at a penny each, six for 5c. I had him do my name, which he wrote in a flowing, spencerian hand so popular then. He was a man in his middle 30's, with a flowing mustache, narrow shoulders, long, ink-stained fingers, and a thin body on which his clothes hung in deep, generous folds.

I loved to watch him about his work, for he was a great artist who not only wrote one's name on cards but did ornate announcements. A baby card had doves in the corners. A wedding card had a heart shot through by an arrow. A death card had a heavy black border, with an hour-glass that showed the last few

grains flowing at last to the bottom half.

He was all that was left of the public letter writers who worked at small tables in all the large cities of the world, in the days, up to the fourth quarter of the last century, when illiteracy was still so prevalent as to make the services of public letter writers necessary.

Such little stations for intimate communications usually carried the sign (especially in Paris), "The Tomb of Secrets." Servant girls, soldiers, peasants, laborers—all who couldn't write could still have their messages, mainly of love, penned for the eyes of desired ones.

I would stand and stare at the card writer and wonder what limits there were to man's talent for wonderful, beautiful creations. And, there was the tattoo artist on North 8th street, between Forepaugh's Theater and Acker's magnificent grocery store. He took up only a few feet near the entrance to a pool-room. Once I asked him to put an anchor on my arm, but he said I was too young, being only about 10, and that the job could be done only if I brought a note from my parents. I knew it would be useless to ask.

He had a vast repertoire, caused little pain, pricked his customers rapidly, and did exquisite jobs of coloring, especially with his reds and blues.

I watched sailors, soldiers, loafers, prostitutes, pimps, firemen, policemen, trucksters, and others, become the bearers of this marvelous artist's nude women, Old Glory, hootchy-kootchy dancers who did worldly twists when one's skin was properly jiggled, names or initials of lovers, and four-masted boats across huge, hairy chests. More delicate subjects could be handled by appointment in a private place, especially for women customers, one of whom—so I was told—ordered him to do a blue arrow, with a red head, which was pointed from her right hip to the public area.

The modest, quiet artist who did all these miraculous things was a shabby, rumpled-looking craftsman who was often picked up drunk in the gutter. He was devoted only to his art and to alcohol.

I'd stare at him and again I'd ask

myself how it was possible for people to do so many beautiful things. Everything to me was wonderful or beautiful, and often both.

Another artist I loved to watch was just a few doors from the tattoo artist. This superb, creative genius used wires made of silver, copper and tin-coated steel to fashion swans, doves, hearts, and other sentimental things. Those skilled, sure hands of his fascinated me.

Nearby a woman worked with a thin flame, which she aimed carefully and efficiently at squares of leather that served as table decorations and as pillow covers. With a thin pencil of fire she shaped Gibson girls' heads, and charming, sentimental slogans, including a request to God that he bless any home that might contain such an exquisite masterpiece. She had a high place in my gallery of geniuses. She was a star performer in my glittering world of endless shows.

For a nickel, one could aim a rifle five times at moving birds or pipes. Next door was a place that offered more thrills. A Negro stuck his head through a hole in a canvas at the rear of the store, and the trick was to hit him on the head with a baseball, which happened oftener when more than one customer played at a time. That meant more fun and drew greater crowds. When hit, he would yell louder than necessary, but he was a splendid, courageous sport and would cry defiantly for more hurriers. North 8th street, therefore, had brought a miniature version of the amphitheaters of ancient Rome, where gladiators fought to the death for the amusement of the crowds. People thought nothing of spending 10c, 25c, and once even 50c, for chances to strike a laughing, taunting Negro on the head with a baseball.

I heard someone say that he couldn't really be hurt because he rubbed a certain oil on his scalp, a secret concoction that enabled him to take the worst kind of punishment without so much as a single ache, and that his yells were just a part of the show. This relieved me, so that I was better able to enjoy the excitement, for I really didn't want that great and brave hero to get hurt.

Nearby was a man who offered to guess anyone's weight within three pounds, and if he failed one didn't have to pay him his 5c fee. I tested his wonderful, uncanny skill and had to pay.

I wandered by a shoeshine stand near the entrance of a cigar store, and saw a tall, curvaceous, blondish, splendidly dressed woman sitting on the throne having her shoes shined. A group of men formed quickly. It soon got around that she was one of the members of Sliding Billy Watson's Beef Trust, the Trocadero's most popular burlesque show. In that show she showed everything she had in beautiful skin tights, but here, on the shoeshine stand, the man who worked on her affixed a metal clasp which held the hem of her skirt to her ankles and thus prevented the ogles from stealing a free look at what was above. To me, it was wonderful to see such a vibrant, gorgeous sight—a woman sitting up there and having her shoes shined, something I'd never imagined I'd ever live to see. I was impressed when she gave the man an extra dime.

Behind her back, a man, who wore sporty clothes, nudged his friend and showed him his right hand, which had some sort of meaning, because the other man nodded and smiled wisely. The first man had put his thumb between his first and second fingers, which meant "frig" to us boys at school, so I assumed these men had a friggish interest in this member of Sliding Billy Watson's famous Beef Trust. The first man then held up two fingers, and the other man shook his head and held up all five fingers. This was an exchange of signals in which one man said she would cost all of \$2, while the other insisted that it wouldn't be a penny less than \$5.

Another free show that carried excitement, drama, suspense, tension, and struggle was the store on North 8th street, between Arch and Vine, where auctions were held offering bidders opera glasses, solid gold 18-jewel watches, sets of silverware, gorgeous albums, vanity sets, alligator suitcases, diamond rings, vases, stick pins, hand-painted pictures, statuettes, ivory elephants,

figurines, Persian rugs, brooches, necklaces and long, heavy watch-chains.

The auctioneer impressed me as the most distinguished-looking gentleman I'd ever seen off the stage. Bass-voiced, quick, alert, intelligent, faultlessly dressed, with sparklers on his fingers, in his tie, and on his magnificent watch-chain, the gentleman talked like George Learock—debonair, insidious, worldly-wise and persuasive. He had wit, scorching sarcasm, eloquence, sophistication, and a suave manner that branded him a perfect man of the world, a natural-born leader who could, were he so inclined, go high in public affairs.

I got so that I knew pretty well what things should sell for, and when someone jacked the bids up to \$5 for a pair of opera glasses I knew could be had for as little as \$1.85, I nodded wisely and told myself it didn't pay to be ignorant. Then I noticed that a certain two fellows were always in the crowd and were always among the bidders when the situation became critical and artificial measures had to be taken to pour a little inflation into the situation. Then I learned the meaning of the word "shill," and wondered why people could do such things to innocent, hard-working people.

The shills were the villains in this wonderful, free drama. The bidders were the innocent, lamblike, gentle victims of the villains, but the man who shouted the sales was always the hero in my mind because he was always trying to get nothing more than was halfway right, and that he was virtually giving the merchandise away, except when people, of their own volition, showed they were determined to pay more than the goods were worth.

Once my sister came with me, for I had told her that opera glasses of the most expensive make, with pearl trimmings, could be had for as little as \$1.85. She let me do the bidding, and in the excitement I forgot about the \$1.85 limit and pushed the offer up to \$3.45, at which price it was knocked down to me. I was so hypnotized with the excitement of bidding that I hadn't noticed at the time that the fellow who'd been bidding against me was

one of the two shills I'd seen many times.

Another wonderful source of pleasure was the narrow, long store in which sheet music was sold at a dime a song, after the beautiful, gifted, brilliant artist at the piano played pieces the customer had selected. There were thousands of songs on sale, and yet this charming, fascinating girl could play every last one of them. Just put a sheet of music before her and she'd go to work on it, grinding out the music that made sale after sale. How far can human genius go? Is there no limit? I never bought, for I needed my dimes for other things, but I worshiped her and heard her do hundreds of fine, touching, artistic, pleasing songs, the best being that thrilling masterpiece, "Love Me and the World Is Mine," which she played with force and enthusiasm, especially at the close, when she bore down and made the counter shiver.

I was always discovering new shows, fresh sources of entertainment and instruction. A small platform set up in an empty store (in which the "For Rent" sign still hung in the window) was used by a health lecturer, a young man who came right out and told us all about masturbation, wet dreams, venereal diseases, and the like, after which he invited questions, which he answered quickly and surely, and then offered books at 25c each, which sold readily, for the young man attracted scores of hearers and gave many lectures each afternoon and night. While he was resting, his partner, another young man, came on all naked except for a tiger's skin that was barely big enough to cover his member. He was the world's most perfect man—tall, handsome, with a beautiful body that would delight the greatest sculptors. His muscles rippled easily under his skin and he made them do wonderful things as he ordered them to bunch here and sink there. With one move his chest would rise many inches and double in size, and then his belly would be drawn so far back that he seemed to have nothing below his ribs.

He demonstrated exercisers, which were attached to the wall and which

he pulled in and out. He showed how to produce a rhythmic rat-tat-tat on a punching bag. Weights were whirled easily, and six men stood on a plank that was set across his belly. He showed what could be done with dumbbells and explained that they accounted for his bulging arm and shoulder muscles. After 15 minutes of demonstrations he spent another 15 minutes trying to sell the items he had demonstrated, and with some success. This was a show that was exciting, dramatic, entertaining and educational. Here were more wonderful and beautiful people who could do things that were little short of miracles. How I admired them!

GAY STREET SCENES

One day it rained and the organ grinder waited near the front of the store, for he didn't want Peter—his monkey—to catch cold and maybe die of pneumonia. Even inside the store, Peter, held snugly under his master's coat, shivered and looked out at the world with wide, wondering, frightened eyes. He let me hold the monkey for a while and I could feel the little fellow tremble. I gave him a piece of banana, which made him less afraid.

Across the street was another Italian waiting out the storm—the balloon man. He had dozens of them attached to a huge basket, and as he sold them he replaced them with fresh supplies, which I liked to see him blow up. On sunshiny days, he always brought a moment and movement of cheer, with his yellow, red, green and blue balloons. Little, eager hands would reach up for them. I thought how wonderful it was to make one's living by going from street to street and getting all the children excited.

I also liked a third Italian man who carried a stock of paper pinwheels, which his wife and children made while he was out peddling. They also were in gay colors and made children ask for money to pay the pinwheel man for what he was selling.

And there was the novelty store up the street, where we bought bags of marbles, including fine aggies that one boy said were almost as beautiful as his father's glass eye.

Our street games went in waves, and before the marble season was over half the nail on my right thumb was worn away.

No matter what I might be doing I'd stop to watch the huge colored woman who came through once a day crying "Sof'-Shell Balt'maw Crabs!" She was tall, fat, and shiny black. She smiled to me and gave me an oyster cracker, of which she carried a bag. She was dressed in a gingham dress that covered her like a tent. A colored handkerchief—red, with green dots—was wrapped around her head. I saw her many times, but never saw her sell a single soft-shell Baltimore crab. She kept her stock in flat pans wrapped in towels.

On the way to and from school, on cold winter days, there'd be a little, old woman huddled against a tiny charcoal stove on which she roasted chestnuts, at 5c for a small bag. She made the air fragrant as her tiny fire roasted the little brown chestnuts to the point where they burst open. Even the burned ones—there'd be a few now and then—were delicious. The old woman's hands were black from handling roasted nuts and pieces of charcoal, but there was something clean and wholesome about those grayish, blackish, gnarled, bony hands, because they helped make warm things that felt good when we tasted and swallowed them.

In the summer there was the hokey-pokey man, who pushed a white cart with red wheels, over which he kept a big umbrella that was striped like a barber's pole. A penny bought one of his delicacies. Then would come the watermelon man, on whose pushcart there was a cake of ice and on which he kept many generous slices of watermelon, which were inviting in their fresh red, green and black colors, and which cost a penny a slice. Sometimes he'd also offer thin slices of fresh pineapples, also at a penny a slice.

Then a Jewish peddler would come along with pickled cucumbers, black, ripe olives (which he sold in bulk), huge pretzels, and sticks of whole apples dipped in a fiery red goo that became hard, bright and sticky. On the side, and as a secret

enterprise, he sold untaxed whisky at 85c per quart, many of which my father bought, and he was a fastidious judge of whisky.

Then came the peanut and popcorn man, who pushed a big contraption on which he both roasted his peanuts and popped corn. When his mechanism was working full tilt a thin stream of steam came through a whistle and made a noise that was pleasant.

Down at the corner, near the saloon, an Irishman set himself up in business against a wall, where he stacked hundreds of oysters around and on a cake of ice. He'd open them right before his customers' eyes, and hand over an oyster on a half shell, ready for the patron to swallow. He kept catsup, horse-radish, slivers of lemon and tabasco sauce on hand for discriminating customers who wanted a lot when they ordered five whole oysters for a nickel. I loved to watch him put the edge of an oyster against a tiny anvil and give it a wallop with a heavy, steel opener. He did the job like an expert, never having to give an oyster more than one blow, and when he jiggled his knife between the shells to separate the halves, he never had to give more than a single jiggle to get the job done. The man's hands would get cold and blue, but he worked fast and hard, for sometimes he'd have three or four customers to serve at one time. He had black stockings on his hands, which he wore from over his wrists down to his fingers, leaving only enough of his fingers exposed to get his work done.

He was a Civil War veteran and didn't have to be afraid of the police for doing business on a public street. He had fought at the Battle of Gettysburg, and when he wasn't busy he told us about that terrible battle and what he did in it. The battlefield wasn't far from Philadelphia, so we felt close to the war. He wasn't over 55 years old.

In those days parades of Civil War veterans were tremendous affairs, lasting hours on Broad Street. I looked for the oyster man, but he was lost in the crowd. On one corner we were offered large ham sandwiches in heavy, round buns,

for 3c each. For hours, the men on the wagon sold sandwiches that contained measurable portions of meat just as fast as they could get them made and handed out.

Wherever one went in Philadelphia in those days, "He's a Civil War veteran" was a password to jobs, favors, immunities and rewards. The veterans paraded in perfect order, their steps bouncy. Few of them were fat. None were bent and old. The generals and other big brass rode in open carriages. They were really old, some of them in their 80's.

If I knew of a funeral of a Civil War veteran I tried to attend, because I loved to see the honor guard line up at the open grave to fire three times, first taking the precaution of yelling to us kids at their side: "For Chris' sake, you kids get the hell back out of the way or I'll shoot your goddam heads off!" The bang! The sharp, crisp orders, the click of the rifles—"Ready, aim, fire!"—the quick drill, the formalities—life had learned how to make a show out of death.

ITALIAN FUNERALS

And those wonderful Italian funerals in the south part of town, with magnificent hearses, horses in mourning, carriages full of flowers, and bands playing Chopin's "Funeral March," to which I marched slowly and solemnly, my hair on end because of the shivery beauty of the music. I loved the wail of the clarinets.

An Italian funeral was always the best show in town. There were black coffins for old men, violet-colored coffins for old women, gray coffins for middle-aged people, and white coffins for young people. The pallbearers wore black suits and black gloves, except for the funeral of a child, when the gloves were white.

CREATORE AND DAMROSCH

I recognized some of the musicians at the funeral. They were members of Creatore's band, which played in the city parks, and which I often took in. Creatore was my favorite because he was an explosive, temperamental, fiery, tem-

pestuous, raging, rip-tearing conductor who went into spasms when he directed his 35 men in something loud and fast, ending with a set of weavings, jumpings, duckings and head-shakings that pulled us kids out of our seats in order better to see the way Creatore's long, black hair got mussed up.

I heard Walter Damrosch a little later at Willow Grove, where the streetcar company hired him and his orchestra in order to bring crowds to the park. Here I got my first experience with great, beautiful, classical, exciting, romantic, symphonic music by Wagner, Beethoven, Tchaikovsky, and other masters. Creatore was for the roughnecks who didn't have carfare to go to Willow Grove. Damrosch was for the intelligentsia, and his evening crowds were social events, at which beautiful women and handsome men had entire evenings of the best kind of pleasure for a few dimes, after which they indulged in refreshments that cost another few dimes.

A summer crowd in the open-air pavilion was like something by Renoir. The women wore long, lovely, colorful dresses, while the men wore straws, blue coats and white pants. Life was an endless picnic—beautiful, lovely, stimulating, kindly, smiling. The people did such wonderful things and formed fascinating patterns in pairs and groups.

There was no hatred, malice, violence, cruelty, ignorance or brashness at these concerts. The world seemed peopled by men and women who actually liked one another. There were no frowns or grimaces. There were no set, harsh faces. People smiled and laughed and said nice things to each other. One could move around without furtiveness, without fear. Fine music had tamed the savage breast.

It didn't take me long to learn that while Creatore put on a livelier show, Damrosch made better music. Damrosch was then not over 40 and one of the country's first Wagnerites. From him I learned how to see new beauties in music, as brought out in Tristan and Isolde, the Ring of the Nibelungen, and scores of other masterworks. It was necessary only to expose me

to the best. Something in me always responded.

Damrosch often was gabby, especially at afternoon performances, and would make cute little speeches, which delighted me because the man was so attractive, so handsome, and his speech was so quaint. Often a Damrosch concert meant a free lecture thrown in.

The fact that he could make me feel the beauty of his great music without having to resort to Creatorian contortions taught one pre-adolescent that it isn't necessary to scream in order to make sense. Doors were opening before me. I saw new horizons, wider worlds. Before long I was reading better things, and meeting boys and girls with whom one could talk about things that counted. By the time I was 13 years old I was beginning to reach out for the world's best in literature, music, the drama, thought, sculpture, ideas and ideals.

AN AFTERNOON AT THE ZOO

A few years before my introduction to Damrosch and good music, school was out for a whole day. We were to spend the day at the zoo in Fairmount Park and were being given free rides on the street cars and free tickets to the zoo itself. I had seen elephants, giraffes and other animals with the Barnum and Bailey circus, but they were just fleeting glimpses from far away. Here we 11-year-olds could nestle up right at the bars or windows of cages that held long, terrifying pythons and other reptiles, frightening alligators, beautiful lions and tigers, amusing, devilish, implish monkeys, and hundreds of other animals.

We followed the caretakers as they went from animal to animal at feeding time, the most exciting time at a zoo. We saw a whole basket of fish thrown to seals, who caught them in mid-air. We saw a chunk of meat thrown to a lion and I guessed it must have weighed at least 25 pounds.

Nature had made so many surprising things, and all of them beautiful. I saw beauty in all living things, even the wild boar, when everyone else insisted it was ugly. To me he was picturesque, fascinat-

ing, dangerous, admirable. I didn't expect all animals to have the romantic beauty of a gazelle or a deer. I liked the varieties that nature offered—every kind of beauty, some charming, some terrifying.

It was wonderful to hear the lions roar when they saw the men pushing the cart that held their meat. The birds, with their magnificent colors, their gorgeous feathers, their lovely forms, held me in silent awe. Then we saw the red- and blue-assed baboons, and we laughed at such a funny sight and wondered why nature wanted them to be just that strange color, though I remember saying at the time that the red and blue colors in themselves were lovely and would have looked marvelous on a bird's tail-feathers. The idea of putting such vivid colors on a baboon's fanny—of all places—proved, in some manner, that nature can have a sense of the comic.

The zebra's stripes charmed me. I got up close and studied the black markings around the lovely animal's head and noticed how careless nature was in drawing her lines. At a distance they looked so precise, but when I examined them closely I was amazed to see how indifferently the lines really had been drawn. It rather meant that things of beauty don't have to be perfect. The artist works wonders with what comes to hand.

For a while we watched the enormous elephants and wondered why nature wanted them to be so heavy, and shapeless, and monotonous, but when I saw one elephant walk around, I noticed how graceful his movements were, how light and cautious his step, how softly he moved his tons of meat and bones. Then I saw the lovely, little foxes, and wondered why nature wanted them to be so small. It was all so puzzling.

My head reeled with unanswerable questions. But this I knew—not a single animal I saw in that zoo was ugly to me. Everything in the world was beautiful—except certain neighbors near 1326 Germantown avenue who thought dark thoughts, who hated, who cursed, who threatened and struck the helpless, and were glad because

they were able to make others suffer. I could understand why a larger, stronger animal would live off a smaller, weaker one—it was nature's way of letting him survive, but I couldn't understand why a big man could threaten and bring pain to a child, a girl, or a woman.

I knew how poor they all were, and how they drank whiskey, pint after pint; how they took off their hats when the priest came walking down the street; and how they'd fall to their knees when before the priest at the church, where they were taught to hate all "Christ-killers." I could see how the lovely things—music, books, civilized gatherings—could tame and make beautiful all these unhappy, vicious, menacing, human animals, but I didn't know how they could be brought to such things, or how such things could be brought to them. All I could see was the end result—the brutality that seemed grown into their bones.

AN AFTERNOON IN THE COUNTRY

One summer's noon, when I was about 11 years old, I walked down to Girard avenue and over to Fifth street, where I took a street car marked "Fox Chase." I knew Fox Chase was the end of everything that's Philadelphia, that it was the country. I wanted to see the country, not as it's in a trim, neat park, but as nature made the country. I carried a paper bag, in which my mother had put some hard-boiled eggs, slices of jellied bread, an apple, an orange, and a banana.

After a long ride, we were at the end of the line. I walked north until the car station and a few park buildings were out of sight. I was really in the country. There was no farm in sight, no barns, no railroad tracks, no fences. I was in a field, with a tree here and there.

The grass was high—up to my waist. I strode through the high weeds. It was a beautiful summer's afternoon and the sun was high. I tried to look at the sun but couldn't hold my eyes to it. I wanted to see the sun the way one sees it in the country and not as one sees it in the city—through holes in

a wall, through rows of houses, through windows and doors. I could see the sun and the whole sky above me, and for the first time in my life I realized how beautiful the sky was when one could see just the sky alone, with its soft blue color, its lacy, white clouds floating softly, seemingly just beyond the tops of the trees.

I knelt and looked at the wild grass as I let it pass through my hand. I studied the white petals of the daisies and the yellow center—such a cool white and such a vivid yellow. There were bits of purple flowers, shy pansies, scrubby, wild roses with sharp, long thorns, dust-covered sunflowers.

I wanted everything in that field to pass through my fingers so that I could look carefully at each thing, study its colors and smell each growing thing. I found a dozen new aromas. I saw hundreds of bugs, all of them living their little lives, and seeming to be doing it so competently and easily. I let my heel dig into the dirt and wondered if any other human being had ever touched that very bit of earth before.

It was the first time I had ever made myself a part of total nature and it felt good, and true, and beautiful. I rested back and didn't mind the tickling weeds or the threat of insects. I rested there a long time and then I ate slowly and thoroughly, nursing each morsel. Each bite tasted good. The air, the warmth of the sun, the busy silence of growing things and insects, the appetizing eggs, bread and fruit sent emotions surging through me, the feeling that at last I had come to feel the earth for its own sake, a thing of majestic, fresh, clean beauty. Everything was good.

I rested a long time, on my back, feeling and smelling the good earth. I had been born in a pile of bricks. I had spent all my life in rooms, passageways, alleys, and streets. Now, for the first time, I was in the thing from which I had grown.

I then got up, fully rested, and walked on and on, into the north. The sun had gone behind clouds. There were dark stretches in the sky. In the distance I saw flashes and heard rumbles. The romantic

aspects of nature had slipped away. Now came the storm, the wind, and the rain.

The water began coming down gently, a few drops at a time, and they made the dust rise as they hit leaves and shook tiny clouds of dust into the air. The dust smelled strange, but I understood—nature was giving its world a bath. Soon the hot dustiness was gone, for the rain increased in volume. I stood there and watched the drops come pouring down. I ran to a tree and grabbed it with both hands. The bark was still dry. The sturdy tree was strong, and quiet, and reassuring. I put both arms around it, and it felt good, and safe, and beautiful.

Soon the storm became vicious. I saw lightning strike in several places, but I wasn't afraid. I seemed to feel that my tree would protect me. The wind whipped rain into my face. The ground around the base of the tree became wet and cold. I got on the other side, where there would be less rain. I was getting wet to the skin. My hair was flat against my scalp and down on my forehead to my eyes. Cold water ran into my ears and eyes, and when I breathed, water came into my nostrils and mouth. Now the rain settled down to a quiet, steady flow of soft drops that were no longer driven by the wind. The storm became gentle again.

I decided to get started towards the car station at Fox Chase. I trudged through the wet grass and weeds, through the mud that gave to my heels. The rain kept patting my face gently. It felt good. I walked quickly and at last saw the little station. I waited, wet and cold, but happy and thrilled, for the street car that was to take me back to Philadelphia.

EUGENE V. DEBS

I first heard Debs early in the century, perhaps 1906, in Philadelphia, one Sunday afternoon, in the Grand Opera House at Broad street and Montgomery avenue, several blocks north of Girard avenue, on the west side. Debs drew a full house, mostly men. I was about 17, and I had long looked forward to this meeting. To me, Eugene V. Debs was just about the handsomest and

most impressive man I'd ever known or heard of. He was tall, thin, with beautiful features, a bit of a Roman nose, and the kind of baldness that never looks bad, especially on a tall, thin man. He had long, bony fingers, and when he had a point to drive home he'd point across the speaker's table straight at his hearers. I sat in a box for a good look at the show.

A beautiful young woman—Helen Ware, daughter of Ella Reeve Bloor—played a fine violin solo, and was greeted with great applause. She did Bach's aria for the G string as an encore, one of my favorite pieces. I looked upward while she played this noble composition and noticed, for the first time, that there were scores of tiny electric lights in the blue ceiling. The effect was of a blue sky and stars, which I thought was a pleasant architectural novelty.

Debs's speech was magnificent. He spoke rapidly, now at the top of his rather shrill voice, now a slow, soft baritone; now he scolded the workers for enduring the evils of Capitalism. He ridiculed the aristocrats, and I remember the scorn that he aimed at the rich American girls who were marrying busted European counts. He called them "counts and other no-accounts," which brought a quick, short laugh. He bawled out the Lehigh Railroad for selling him a ticket for a ride from some coal town—maybe Wilkes-Barre—to Philadelphia, and he had been compelled to stand up all the way.

He thundered against war, using a few sentences that I heard him repeat many times over a period of more than 25 years, to the effect that when he thought of a cold, sharp bayonet being forced into the quivering flesh of a fellow-human, his entire being recoiled with horror. It was the influence of Ingersoll, whom Debs admired. In fact, many years before, Debs and a few fellow townsmen in Terre Haute, Ind. (the city of his birth), had brought Ingersoll to town to deliver one of his great lectures on Free-thought. I forget what the lecture cost the group—perhaps \$300—and something went wrong with the weather, I believe, but at any rate

the hall was jammed, the expenses were more than met, and everybody was delighted, including Ingersoll himself, who liked to leave a profit for his sponsors to use in future work for Free-thought.

Debs always liked to use Ingersollian sentences in his speeches and writings, and he did the thing well, however short he may have come of the master himself. Debs was a leader, a man of tremendous emotional power, a symbol. He won audiences in a matter of minutes, and held them long after he was gone. He was a great vote-getter, because he knew how to express the deepest hopes of the inarticulate workers. Here's a sentence I heard Debs use again and again in speeches and writings: "When a policeman's club descends on a worker's skull during a strike, if he listens intently he'll hear ringing in his ears the echo of the vote he cast in the last election."

Debs was honest, candid, uncompromising, fearless, and always worthy of trust. He was the kind of leader who wanted his followers to be their own leaders. One of his pet epigrams was that any leader who leads the workers out of slavery can lead them back into slavery again. Probably his most popular sentence was this powerful and impressive utterance: "While there is a lower class I am in it; while there is a working class I am of it; while there's a soul in prison I am not free." He drew huge crowds everywhere.

People would drive many miles in wagons and buggies just to hear Debs. Speeches in those days had to be long. The audiences liked to settle down for at least two hours of oratory. Debs, a good vote-getter, ran for the presidency time after time, with ever-increasing support at the polls. His highest vote was near the million mark, which was pretty good for those times, and kept the press and politicians scared.

Debs was really fought. There wasn't any of that politeness you see nowadays when Norman Thomas runs for President on the Socialist ticket and draws editorial compliments from Wall Street organs like the *New York Times*. No capitalistic

newspaper ever said a friendly word about Debs, except when he died. The plutocratic interests knew that Debs was their enemy who didn't intend to grant favors, and wasn't looking for any.

DEBS, HILLQUIT AND BERGER

He was the leader of the more radical elements, but managed to work with the conservatives, meaning, of course, men like Hillquit, Victor L. Berger, and others. It was Berger himself who converted Debs to Socialism when he was in jail in Illinois because of the forthright way in which he led the railroad strike in the middle '90s. Debs at that time was just another trade-union leader. When he became a Socialist, he became really radical in politics and ideas of labor organization. He was one of the first American Socialists to come out for industrial unionism, as opposed to craft unionism, a revolutionary doctrine then as now.

Hillquit, Berger and other conservative, cautious Socialists didn't want to offend the American Federation of Labor and its almost reactionary leader, Samuel Gompers. I don't know how they did it, but they managed to keep the schism from becoming too open an issue. There was internal dissension, there was debate, but the Bergers, Hillquits and Debses managed to stick together. I imagine the credit goes to Debs's charming, winning personality. He could oppose a person and make him feel, at the same time, that he loved him as a friend.

Berger was the Socialist politician. Hillquit was the theoretician of the American Socialist movement—or at least a faction of it. But to return to Debs.

After the Philadelphia lecture, the comrades—about 20 of them—clasped hands and formed a circle around the speaker, so that the hundreds who wanted to shake his hand wouldn't overwhelm him. Debs walked around this circle, exchanging greetings and shaking hands through the openings made by the ring of stalwart comrades.

DEBS AND BRYAN

I could feel Debs's emotional tug. He had the ability to project his

personality. His hearers worshiped him. I remember, years later, being impressed the same way when I was near William Jennings Bryan in the courtroom in Dayton, Tenn., when "the Great Commoner" was leading the prosecution in the Scopes anti-evolution trial, one of the most farcical and tragic episodes in American cultural history.

Debs brought a light into his followers' eyes—the light of reason, Freethought, new ideas, progressive policies, social advancement, economic justice, mutual aid, comradeship, rationalism in the patterns of society. His appeal was to man's intelligence and reason, and he called for radical action. He asked for progress. He was a genuine leader in the direction of a superior civilization.

But Bryan, on the other hand, was a leader against science and freedom of inquiry. In politics, he was a pale echo of Debs's Socialist ideology, a reformer who wanted to patch up the capitalistic system and make it work, while Debs wanted to do away with the system. But Bryan had that personal something, that magnetism, that spark that lit fires in the eyes of his followers, but they were the fires of ignorance on the loose, the fires of bigotry, of fanaticism. His followers worshiped him the way Debs was loved by his followers—but what a difference! Debs's leadership was forward. Bryan's was backward, against cultural progress, against science, against free education, against unshackled research, against Freethought.

Bryan lived in the Dark Ages. His theology belonged to the 13th Century. He would use the powers of the state to crush heterodox thinking. He offered slogans that delighted the ignorant and the superstitious.

Debs never had Bryan's following; he never would have accepted it on Bryan's terms. Debs was a self-educated man who believed in freedom, and that was anathema in the mind of a bigoted, malicious supernaturalist like Bryan.

Bryan, so far as I know, never uttered a word in defense of Debs when the great leader was in prison because of his stand during the first

World War. Bryan was honored and praised during his entire public career by the ignorant, the illiterate, the obscurantists. He went from legislature to legislature in the Deep South (where he was most at home) and urged laws against the teaching of evolution, and won action in some cases, and praise in all instances. Bryan was never in danger of imprisonment. Debs became a Socialist in jail, and in his late years Woodrow Wilson compelled him to stay in prison for speaking his mind about the war.

DEBS IN PRISON

I saw Debs in prison, at Moundsville, W. Va. When he was sentenced to 10 years in prison for his Canton, O., speech (which I printed in full under the title, "The Debs White Book") he was sent on April 13, 1919 (after the war) to a state prison, though later he was transferred to the federal prison at Atlant. I was on the staff of the *Appeal to Reason*, in Girard, Kans., at the time, and wrote hundreds of columns about Our Gene.

Having always had a naive notion that great issues can be ironed out by talking things over in an article and getting the facts straight, or, in extreme cases, going to the trouble of publishing a pamphlet, I left for Washington to see Attorney General A. Mitchell Palmer about the Debs case, first stopping off at Chicago to call on Seymour Stedman for briefing, he having been Debs's chief defense attorney in the trial that resulted in Debs's conviction.

I met Seymour Stedman in his office. He was a short, chunky, red-headed, clean-shaven, plain man who had worked hard and worried long over his client. What had impressed Stedman was Debs's simple candor and dignity, even in the shadow of a prison term, for having dared to speak his mind under a Constitution that guaranteed such freedom.

Debs, said Stedman, had many technicalities he could have resorted to, had he been inclined to take advantage of little and big slips. For example, Stedman said, Debs could have made much of many minor misquotations in the stenographic

report of his Canton speech, but he refused to permit Stedman to make use of them. Yes, said Debs, the transcript isn't completely accurate, but it's correct in spirit, so please accept it without protest. Debs didn't want his lawyers to base his defense on technicalities. Debs's decisions tied Stedman's hands and shunted him into prison.

I then asked Stedman if he thought anything could be gained for Debs if I were to call on Attorney General Palmer and plead his cause. Stedman replied I could do no harm, and I might learn what Wilson's Simon Legree had in mind. He suggested that I approach Palmer as a friend of Debs and his attorney, Stedman, rather than as a journalist.

I was soon on my way to Washington, where I called on the Attorney General and got to see him in a matter of minutes after I said I was interested in the Debs case and that I was coming direct from a meeting with Seymour Stedman, Debs's attorney. A young man helped smooth the way. His name, I learned later, was J. Edgar Hoover, who was soon to be the whip in America's first great Red-hunt, the agent in charge of Palmer's infamous Red raids and persecution. Before entering Palmer's office, let me say, while I think of it, that some months later, J. Edgar Hoover, the boy wonder in charge of the drive to save the country from subversive elements, sent an agent of the FBI to Girard to interview and investigate me, and my assistant, John W. Gunn, a brilliant young man who was a fine writer, a clever thinker, and a constructive influence in my life. The FBI agent sent word to Gunn to meet him at the county jail in Girard, as though he were a criminal. John went, and when he met the agent he was busy with a barber who had, for years, worked and voted for Socialism. The agent—the august spokesman of the United States Government—greeted this barber with the cry: "Listen, you red-assed sonofabitch, if you don't cut out this goddam anarchism I'll lock you up!"

The same agent called on me a few hours later. He hadn't invited me to meet him at the office of the

sheriff, perhaps knowing I wouldn't respond to such an invitation. He was a typical cop—huge, illiterate, stupid, loud, threatening and terrifically patriotic. I was then about 30, and looked in my early 20s. I turned on my charm. I smiled broadly and let my voice vibrate tenderly. Why, yes, I happen to be a Socialist—have been one for about 15 years—and would like to see the government run the railroads the way it runs the postoffice. He smiled. After all, he was a police agent and I saw no reason to take him to my bosom. He had expected to see one who sought to overthrow the government by force and violence. He left me with the impression that all I wanted was to see the government run the railroads the way it was running the postoffice. I've never felt obligated to be candid with police agents. But enough of this. Let's get through that open door to A. Mitchell Palmer, Attorney General of the United States.

A. MITCHELL PALMER

I found Palmer to be a mountainous man who was built like a prize Poland China boar—surely 250 pounds, handsome in a way, impressive, a stuffed shirt and a time-server.

We got to the point quickly. I said I was one of the owners of the *Appeal to Reason*. Ah, that was good, he muttered; I wasn't there as a journalist but as a businessman. I wanted to correct him, but thought it might be better to say nothing. "Then," said Palmer, "I can speak freely." But, I interrupted, suppose I wanted to write an editorial or article on this Debs business. "Oh, that'll be all right," said Palmer, "if you'll submit the manuscript to me for approval before publication." I nodded, and we were off.

Palmer's haste was revealing. It was plain that he had had a belly-ful of Debs. He was fed up. He wanted an out. And I was his heaven-sent stooge. "If you care to," said A. Mitchell Palmer, "you can go to Moundsville and see Debs in prison. Tell him he can get his freedom if he will do just one thing—say he is sorry. Debs is a criminal. He isn't a political prisoner. There

are no such persons in our American system."

Debs, said Palmer, is just as much a criminal as a Negro bootlegger caught in the act of selling booze.

"Tell Debs to say he's sorry because he broke the law at Canton, O., and I'm sure the chief (Wilson) will turn him loose," Palmer said. I replied that I'd leave for Moundsville at once.

"And don't forget," Palmer called after me, "if you write anything, you have promised to clear your story through me." I nodded.

DEBS IN MOUNDSVILLE PRISON

That night I was on my way to Moundsville. At about 10 the next morning I saw the warden—a pleasant, obliging, kindly man in his 40's—and sketched the situation. He turned to his secretary and said, "This sounds like the real thing. Have this gentleman taken immediately to Mr. Debs." Notice, Debs was a Mister, not a number.

A few minutes later I was led to Eugene V. Debs's quarters over some sort of an engine room. He occupied the entire second floor to himself—an office, a living room, and a bedroom. It was pretty nice for a convict. Debs was in a blue shirt and duck pants, looking well and quietly tense for he knew in advance that I had come straight from an interview with his greatest enemy—second only to Wilson. I told him the facts with the utmost thoroughness, for I wanted no misunderstanding, but all along knowing how Debs would receive Palmer's cowardly proposal. "The answer is, No," said Debs, quietly; "I'd rather rot here for the rest of my days than make such a promise. I'm not sorry, I regret nothing, because I've committed no crime except to express my opinions under our Constitution. If I accepted such a degrading proposal I'd be confessing my guilt, something I refuse to do. I have committed no crime; I have no regrets; I am not sorry I spoke the way I did. That's the end of that. Now, comrade, let's talk about more pleasant things. Tell me what's going on in the movement, how's the little old *Appeal* doing, how are my old friends, how's Louis Kopelin?"

We talked for hours. He wanted to know about "the Wayland boys, dear Shoaf, lovely, sweet Grace Brewer, and her wonderful husband, George, and old Chap (who ran the Goss press that printed the *Appeal*) and all the other comrades." He was feeling well, his treatment was of the best, he had quarters in which he could live in comfort and write to the limits of his strength. This wasn't a prison; it was a fine hotel. The other prisoners were treating him with the greatest respect. Everything was swell, except that his wife hadn't even visited him once all the months he had been in this prison. Nor, coming to think of it, did she visit him while at Atlanta later.

DEBS'S FAMILY LIFE

Katherine—a huge, forbidding woman—said she couldn't bear the thought of seeing her husband in prison stripes. Of course, Debs never was in prison stripes, so that was out. She didn't see her husband because she didn't want to see him at all. There was no love. At the time Debs had fought the war on Socialist grounds, his wife had turned their home into a headquarters for pro-Germans, who took the position that the German side of the conflict was the right one. The Debs home had actually been turned into a propaganda center of the German-American Bund. Open propagandists for pan-Germanism had met in Debs's home, at the very time that he was attacking the war as an expression of Imperialism and Capitalism.

I had met Debs many times since that wonderful Sunday afternoon speech in Philadelphia. I had interviewed him in New York, before one of his mass meetings. I had seen him in a Chicago hotel room, I had spent many hours with him and his brother, Theodore, in the Debs office in downtown Terre Haute, but never had I heard him say a word about his wife, Katherine. I had never so much as had a glimpse of her.

The truth is that Katherine was ashamed of her husband. Eugene V. Debs wasn't a respectable citizen. The kind of people she liked criti-

cized Debs as a dangerous citizen. She wanted to shine in small-time society. She didn't believe that Debs could remake the world. It would be better if he were to accept the world, a ready-made world that seemed to meet the approval of sound, respectable citizens.

All Debs had to do was to see that just so much money was sent to Katherine each week. There was no love. Sex had long passed out between them. She wasn't his wife. She was the merest shell of a woman he had once admired.

It was rumored all those years I'd known Debs that he'd been hitting the bottle hard. If he did, it never happened in my presence. I saw him dozens of times in dozens of places, under many circumstances, and I never saw him under the influence of liquor or even in the presence of it. I doubt he often took much of the stuff, and if he did he certainly had plenty of reasons.

THEODORE DEBS

His wife wasn't his comrade. Only his grand brother, Theodore, was loyal to Gene, a loyalty that endured until they were parted by death.

When I interviewed Gene in his Terre Haute office (because Katherine didn't want Debs to bring his friends and comrades to the home), Theodore was always there to help guide the interviews, search for letters and material, and in other ways help his brother. Theodore's life was dedicated to his brother's cause.

Theodore was a little heavier than Gene, and a few inches shorter. He was bald, like Eugene, and unlike Gene, he swore endlessly. I don't object to profanity on moral grounds; my objection is based on considerations of intelligence. It just doesn't make sense to scold inanimate things when something goes wrong, and profanity belongs in that category. But that aside, Theodore gave his life to his brother's work. Theodore swore endlessly, and Gene enjoyed off-color stories. Gene had a Rabelaisian streak that wouldn't be denied. For months he carried a clipping from a newspaper (and showed it to all who came into his company) which told of a man who

had been forced into a fight with a policeman and had been compelled to fire "three sh-ts" into him as a measure of self-defense. Such things kept Debs laughing for months. He let all tellers of earthy stories whisper their tales in his ears, and he laughed at the end, whether the stories were funny or dull.

His attitude toward people was uniformly friendly. He had a way of overlooking unfriendly gossip. He hadn't a hint of malice in his nature. Even when he had cause for complaints he kept his mouth shut. He really loved all men and women. But there was no suggestion of Christianity in his make-up.

DEBS WAS A FREETHINKER

Debs, since the days of the Ingersoll visit in Terre Haute, in the last century, had been a Freethinker, though I confess we hardly ever discussed Freethought. We took that for granted. He never said a word for religion or Christian institutions, that I'm sure of. Debs was in Socialist politics, without being a Socialist politician. He might keep his mouth shut on certain questions, but he never turned hypocrite and praised the things he loathed. Debs, without the slightest doubt, was a quiet Ingersollian. He'd make a few sentimental references to Jesus chasing the money-changers out of the temple, but the Christian dogmas meant less than nothing to him. He'd talk about a newly born infant being a "miracle," but that was poetry, for he knew that the birth of a baby didn't entail anything that suggested a suspension of natural laws.

In 1917, many years after Ingersoll's death, Debs, in his "Recollections of Ingersoll," wrote:

"It was not only as orator that Ingersoll was without a peer, he was great, supremely great in all his conceptions of human relationships and in his outlook upon the world. He was as modest as he was great, as simple and as unassuming as he was lofty-minded and noble-souled. He had a heart great enough for a god and he over-

flowed with love and kindness for fellow men. He was the least selfish and the most generous and magnanimous soul I have ever known. Despite his bitter hatred of mind-dwarfing and soul-enslaving superstitions, or perhaps because of it, he had a profoundly reverent nature and was saturated in every fiber with the essence of true religion, the religion of love and service and consecration to humanity."

Debs, the Socialist leader, and Ingersoll, the brilliant Agnostic and orator, were close friends and admirers of each other. In a letter to Ingersoll's brother-in-law, C. P. Farrell, Debs, on March 13, 1889, wrote that he and his family loved Ingersoll "for his brave, noble and manly defense of the right and his vigorous, unceasing denunciation of the wrong, for his great, generous nature and because he has done more than any other man this world has ever produced, in any age, to improve the condition of common humanity and to leave this world happier, better and brighter than he found it." Of course, Debs wasn't as clear-cut an Agnostic as Ingersoll for the simple reason that he had never studied the subject with the same thoroughness that Ingersoll bestowed on it. Debs' career was labor and Socialist leadership; Ingersoll's was propaganda for Free-thought and campaigns of mass education against superstition and supernaturalism. Ingersoll appreciated Debs's fine efforts for the workers; Debs loved and admired Ingersoll for his work in striking at the shackles of intellectual slavery. Both were liberators.

Debs was great. Debs was beautiful. Debs was noble. Debs was a son of the Socialist movement—a self-made, self-educated worker who, with the aid of his Socialist comrades, had disciplined himself as speaker, writer and leader. My wife, Marcet, attended his funeral, and reported at the time that it had been a secular affair. Nothing suggesting religion or the supernatural had been permitted to intrude. He died, in 1926, a Freethinker, and he left his comrades as one.

DEBS AND THE APPEAL TO REASON

Debs had his sentimental side, but there was neither superstition nor supernaturalism in it. Along with sentiment, Debs had a practical side, but one which never became bogged down in mercenary impulses.

For years Debs lectured for the *Appeal to Reason*, for which he received only \$100 a week and expenses. For that modest pay he made many speeches each week in widely scattered places, speeches that were worth at least \$300 each.

The *Appeal to Reason* offered Eugene V. Debs's speeches to Socialist organizations at no charge, except, that the comrades had to buy so many *Appeal* subscription cards at 25c each. This meant that if a meeting was attended by 1,000 persons, each had to pay 25c for a subscription card, which entitled the purchaser to a year's subscription to the *Appeal to Reason*, a powerful Socialist weekly of huge circulation which was published at Girard, Kansas, in what was later to become the home of the Little Blue Books. This meant that the lecture was free. This also meant that the circulation of the *Appeal to Reason* grew by several thousand each week that Debs was on the road, and he spent years at that work. It's no wonder the *Appeal* built up so much circulation that it attracted the antagonism of the conservatives.

A Debs tour was a good circulation stunt, and some day it may be repeated. The man who thought up this Debs lecture device, with circulation prosperity for the *Appeal to Reason*, was that prince of circulation builders in his time, Fred D. Warren. Fred D. Warren, a little fellow with a wide grin and a soft voice, was a brilliant circulation man, though as managing editor of the paper he wasn't particularly brilliant. His successor, Louis Kopeilin, was a much abler editor, but, unfortunately, a poorer circulation booster, with the result that while he turned out a better *Appeal*, the paper's circulation went steadily down and down, until it threatened to break the publishers, the sons of J. A. Wayland, Jon and Walter.

Warren was a run-of-the-mine writer and a student of feeble caliber, but when it came to attracting new readers for the *Appeal* he was uncanny. The radical and progressive press needs such talents, but there are none in sight. I've always envied Fred his ability to line up new circulation. As a bookseller I've had pretty fair luck, selling hundreds of millions of books in my 30 years as a bookseller, but when it came to putting over my own magazine, *The American Freeman*, I couldn't make much of a showing. In the last 15 years, my paper has never had more than 65,000 circulation, while most of the time it was around 30,000. I just don't have the knack of the thing, but I'm trying hard to learn, and if I live long enough, by heck, I intend to beat this failing and come through as good a circulation man as I am a bookseller.

THE APPEAL ARMY

Warren knew how to build up what's now called audience participation. He put Grace D. Brewer in charge of a weekly column called "*The Appeal Army*," in which she saw to it that each *Appeal* reader who did anything constructive for the paper (adding new readers) was rewarded with a few lines of type. Put a man's name in a Roll of Honor and he'll make sacrifices of time and money. The *Appeal Army* never counted more than 40,000 members—all on a voluntary basis, of course—and they worked hard to jack up the paper's circulation. At one time there were only 6,000 workers in the *Appeal Army*, and still the subscriptions poured in. It doesn't take a great body to put over an institution if it carries emotional and inspirational appeal.

There never was anything like the little old *Appeal* before the days of Warren and "One Hoss" Wayland (the founding father) and there's never been anything like it since.

On some occasions, when Warren felt like it, he'd float a special edition, on some particular issue, that would bring in bundle orders that would boost the circulation by so much as a million copies. There's nothing like that today.

Grace's husband, George D. Brew-

er, helped on the lecture side of the *Appeal*. He delivered many speeches, met thousands of comrades, and did the paper a lot of good. Brewer was always an easy-going, gracious gentleman, who met the world with a smile—almost a cynical smile—and never missed a meal. I don't know where he came from, but he always made me think of a polite, gracious Southern gentleman with a quiet talent for disposing of rows of mint juleps.

GEORGE H. SHOAF

Warren's pet correspondent in the field was George H. Shoaf, a character out of the wildest work of imaginative literature.

Shoaf came from Texas, where his father had been a police chief in San Antonio, and he himself had been turned out to make the world bow to a winning, disarming, charming smile and a Texas brogue. Shoaf wrote in a workmanlike way, so Warren sent him out as the *Appeal's* roving correspondent, and wherever he roved hell broke loose. He looked a lot like a Methodist preacher fresh out of a one-building college. Hayseed seemed to drop from him. He was pure corn. But turn him loose on a story and he'd shake the world. Of course, he and facts were strangers. He had a prejudice against facts.

Samuel Butler once said that he didn't mind lying but he hated inaccuracy. Shoaf would build a story on a vast hoax, but saw to it that it was supported by the nicest regard for factual details. You couldn't help liking the rogue, all smiles and charm. Ladies fell for him in rows.

When he landed in Los Angeles, where the McNamara case was in full flower, he soon found himself up against a tough situation. Clarence Darrow, the defense attorney, somehow got it over to Shoaf that it looked bad for his clients, that they had pulled the job and might go to the gallows. Darrow's best hope was to get them sent up for life. He had a tough opponent, General Otis, of the *Los Angeles Times*, but Darrow was just as tough as Otis and each stood the other off until things began to pop, and then it was that Otis had the winning hand. Not only did he get Darrow's clients to plead

guilty and take life sentences, but he got Darrow indicted for attempting to bribe one of the jurors, a charge he could never make stick, though he tried heroically.

In that set-up, Shoaf resorted to the only tactic that looked good to him—a magnificent bluff. So he closed his months of attacks on Otis and defense of the McNamara brothers with a gigantic gesture. He left his hat in the hallway where he lived. He threw his papers and belongings around the floor of his furnished room. He left a mysterious note. He made it out that he was the victim of foul play because of his efforts on behalf of the McNamaras. Then he went into the hills of southern California, with a companion, to hide out for the duration of the storm. The *Appeal* ran wild stories about its "kidnaped" reporter, about the criminal activities of the Otis gangsters. And all along Shoaf was enjoying a cozy nest in the foothills near Los Angeles. Even George's father, the San Antonio police chief, investigated the case personally and reported to the *Appeal* that his son had been kidnaped and probably murdered. Later, the Otis outfit came on some letters Shoaf had written to a young lady after he had been kidnaped and probably murdered, and that story blew up with a bang. I wish Shoaf, if he reads this, would take one suggestion to heart. I beg him to write his autobiography and tell nothing but the truth. If he does that he'll write the greatest autobiography ever put into print. But will he? I doubt it. The man's a natural born romancer. He's been writing articles about his career these past 10 or 15 years, but they're all full of fiction, as though he had employed the ghost of Alexander Dumas as his ghost-writer. But he may, now that he's in his 70's, tear up all that old junk and get down to the plain, sober truth—and if he does that, his fame is established as long as autobiographical literature is read, and it's my guess that'll endure as long as humans read books. But, all this advice, I'm afraid, is wasted breath. He may misuse my hint and get to work on more magnificent, prodigious fairy tales. That's too bad. The

world will have lost a Boswell who might have turned on himself and carved out a great story. So much for Shoaf.

CHARLES LINCOLN PHIFER

There was another *Appeal* staffer I must touch on, though his name isn't known to fame. His name is Charles Lincoln Phifer, a little, pale, pork-colored, distressed staff writer who always turned out more stuff each week than two issues of the four-page paper could hold. He went at his stuff the way a bookkeeper goes about keeping records. He'd start at 8 in the morning, and work until 5, with an hour off for lunch, and, during those eight hours, he guided his lead pencil over page after page of $5\frac{1}{2} \times 8\frac{1}{2}$ -inch copy-paper. He never worked rapidly. He never loafed. He just worked slowly and steadily—eight hours each day—day after day—year after year—piles of manuscript, thousands of paragraphs, editorials, articles and pieces—and all so much excrement.

He was a spiritualist along with his Socialism, but that didn't hurt him any in that menage, for others were given to taking their problems to astrologers, according to Warren's successor, Louis Kopelin, a man who never stooped to such rubbish.

This Phifer and his Spiritualism were of the party of Marx, Engels, Kautsky, Liebknecht, Jaures, Debs, and scores of other Materialists and Atheists. If some article didn't stack up just right, Phifer would go into a trance and fetch his whoppers out of the ether. Louis Kopelin had enough integrity to fire the poor screwball, but he ended up on a good-paying job with Senator Capper (we called him Senator Crapper), who put him to work writing 3,000 words daily for his paper in Kansas City, Kansas. I suppose the little eccentric is dead now.

The founder of this peculiar institution, J. A. Wayland, died a few years before I showed up in Girard, in October, 1915, in response to an invitation from the new managing editor, Louis Kopelin, who had known me back in the *Call* days in

New York. He wanted me to take Phifer's place as a writer of editorials, articles and paragraphs, and he knew I'd never insult readers by bringing in such abortions as astrology, spiritualism, phrenology, and related forms of bunk.

JOHN W. GUNN

I showed up late one night and was met at the train by Kopelin and a young man named John W. Gunn, who then was in his early 20's. The three of us soon turned the paper from bunk to realistic good sense. John was a self-educated writer who should have gone far. He had a good, vigorous mind and a natural talent for writing. His wit was excellent and his learning wide. He remembered everything he'd ever read, seen or heard. He had a natural taste for finding the things that made sense and rejecting the things that suggested bunk.

Today, as I write, John is under doctor's orders to avoid writing and stick to the job of proofreading for a Kansas City firm of commercial typesetters. He has an arrested case of tuberculosis, after three years in the Union Printers Home at Colorado Springs, and his doctor says that writing will do to him what it did more than a half century ago to John Burroughs—make his head hot and his feet cold. I doubt he'll ever be a writing man again, but while he lasted he did first-rate work.

John is tall, skinny (he's put on some weight in the last few years), a little shy, often somewhat thirsty for alcoholic beverages—now moderate for reasons of health—and ever appreciative of good writing and clear thinking. He's a man who has never harbored a malicious thought. He had it in him to become a first-rate critic. His taste is discriminating and his judgments are intelligent. Truly, a civilized man. I'm glad I knew him and I'm ready to acknowledge his constructive, creative talents, and his good influence on me. I have learned much from him and I bow to his sure instinct for what looks like the truth and what looks like rubbish. He's probably reading

proof as I write this piece, much as Benjamin de Casseres did so many years in New York. John should be writing books. He could have been in the tradition of Hazlitt, Lamb and Stevenson. He's quick to spot a stuffed shirt and equally swift to recognize first-class ability. He's sincere, honest, simple, candid and civilized.

I found John particularly useful during the many months, after the first World War, that I used the weekly as a weapon in the fight to win amnesty for Debs, whom we properly considered a political prisoner and as such entitled to amnesty rather than a pardon, though I had to admit there was nothing in the law to support such an interpretation. In order to keep up public interest in the Debs case I sent John to Washington with instructions and money to open an office and conduct what I preferred to call the Debs Lobby. His main work was gathering material for weekly stories, which I printed on the front page.

TROTSKY IN GIRARD

First let me say that Leon Trotsky never was in Girard. He never got west of the Hudson River. The story—and it promises to live eternally—that he worked in Girard on the *Appeal to Reason* was a hoax. I tell it here because it belongs among the classics of credulity. Through the years, whenever Trotsky jumped into the news in any special way, that old Girard story was revived—and I suppose it'll never die!

The date of the Trotsky hoax was shortly after the Bolshevik revolution, at the time of the Brest-Litovsk peace conference. The original Trotsky-in-Girard story referred to news dispatches which stated that Trotsky had been late at one or more of the conference meetings, and the Girard-Trotsky story pointed out that he was up to his old tricks, for he had kept irregular hours when on the *Appeal* staff, not showing up one day till 4:30 p.m. and quitting right in the middle of a sentence when the 5 o'clock whistle blew.

This is the way the story came to

be written: One day, as John Gunn and I had an idle chatty moment in the editorial room, we were remarking on the odd yarns then current in the papers—just what they were I don't now remember exactly—describing Trotsky's apocryphal adventures in America. I think one story was that he had been a waiter in an East Side restaurant, possibly another was that he had run an obscure book store in Philadelphia—perhaps some roles more bizarre. Anyway, I casually, humorously remarked that it would be easy to start a story about Trotsky having worked on the *Appeal*; that if such a story were even hinted at, probably it would spread and grow and be confirmed and believed most wonderfully.

My light remark prompted John, in a day or two, to compose a tale of Trotsky's supposed Girard sojourn, in a fashion which mingled soberness with some absurdities, such as the foolish line that Trotsky had left Tulsa because he was "bored with the oil business." It was stated that Trotsky was continually embroiled with other members of the editorial staff, arguing about revolutionary aims and methods—particularly, it was said, he and the managing editor were always at it hammer and tongs. An epigrammatic denunciation of wage slavery was ascribed to Trotsky: "The tick of the time clock is the swan song of liberty." He was portrayed as a hell of an eccentric fellow; for instance, he liked to mystify others about his movements, giving out that he was going to spend the week end in Pittsburg but instead sneaking off to Fort Scott. John showed the tale to me, and I read it with much chuckling, and probably touched it up a little.

Then arose the question of how to get the yarn into circulation. We hit on Uncle Jimmy Cassin as the intermediary. He had a willing self-conceit, gentle and harmless but suggestible, that made him seem an ideal agent. John took Uncle Jimmy into a booth in Kloebs' restaurant and, swearing him to secrecy, unfolded this strange and confidential tale, ex-

plaining that for reasons of state, as it were, he knew the *Appeal* editors and management wouldn't reveal the story and might even deny it; but it was true—strange, strange, but indeed true—and then John handed him the manuscript, suggesting that the *Pittsburg Sun*, Democratic morning paper, would be a good medium through which to let the public have the story, Uncle Jimmy being a Democratic politician and we assuming, it may well have been, that the *Sun* would be an easier mark than the older and possibly more cynical *Headlight*.

Uncle Jimmy read the story and believed it or pretended that he did, was much impressed or appeared to be. "Just to think," he remarked in something like an awe-struck tone, "that Trotsky [heavily accenting the *sky*] actually walked these streets!" Well, John let Uncle Jimmy take the manuscript and a day or two later the story appeared as the leading editorial in the *Sun*, headed "Trotsky in Girard," taking up a column and a half or two columns. Then came the confirmatory reminiscences, the choice ones being still clear in our memory.

There was the candy-ice cream-chilli merchant (Henry Decker) who—voluntarily, of his own initiative—told John that he remembered Trotsky. He said you could tell right away he was a Russian, he was a giant of a man, his face all covered by a big, bushy, black beard.

Then a barber (Art Mason) told John that he remembered the man, too, and that he was a short, slender, dapper gentleman, very fastidious, and that Art shaved him regularly. Then John and I began to tap Old Chap's rich and varied vein of reminiscences, interviewing him (he ran the Goss rotary on which the *Appeal* was printed) for as long as we could keep straight faces, then retiring to the editorial office for the relief of uproarious laughter; and then, again and again, we would go out to the big press and get Old Chap to talking once more.

It was Old Chap who told us that once when some building caught

fire fighters, saying that as work-fire, Trotsky railed at the volunteers they shouldn't try to save bourgeois property; and that on another occasion, as a large group of *Appeal* employees were at the Frisco station waiting for a train to take them to some trade union celebration in Pittsburgh, a girl started singing "Nearer, My God, to Thee" and Trotsky interrupted the singing with a long atheistic tirade.

But the beautiful, brilliant prize among Old Chap's recollections was that of the day he saved Trotsky's life. As he told it, on a Sunday afternoon he was asked to accompany Trotsky to one of the nearby mining camps. The Russian explained that he was to attend a secret meeting, and that the Italian fellow conspirators with whom he was to meet were excitable, dangerous fellows and life itself might be in peril. Old Chap was instructed that if at the end of a couple of hours Trotsky had not issued forth from the house it would mean the worst and something should be done. Apparently the revolutionary exile left that up to his companion's wit, and Old Chap proved resourceful and worthy of the trust.

During the meeting, Old Chap passed the time agreeably in drinking beer in a house across the way; at the expiration of the two hours, he crept up to a window of the opposite house and saw that Trotsky was surrounded by a group shaking their fists and looking menacing.

Our hero rushed back to the beer joint and, borrowing a miner's large dinner bucket, he had it filled with foaming beer and returned quickly to the scene of danger. He had remembered an old Italian custom that when anyone entered a house or a room with a can of beer, it was the custom for the company to stand up; so, knocking on the door, Old Chap was admitted and at his entrance all the conspirators arose and in this polite diversion Trotsky slipped out with a whole skin.

Old Chap's memories furnished several other, shorter yarns for the *Sun*, which were published as news

stories, and by that time the story was on the wires and appearing in papers all over the country. J. I. (Jake) Sheppard didn't want to be left out, so he was quoted in an item in the *Kansas City Star* as saying that Trotsky, having come as far west as St. Louis, had written a letter from that city asking for a job at the People's College, a school then being run as a sideline by Jake, who was a prominent lawyer with a large practice. Just what disposal was allegedly made of the letter, or whether Trotsky was represented as having changed his mind, I can't recall; it was not stated that he had joined the staff of the People's College, but only that he had inquired if there was a position for him there.

When the story was clicking along at a lively rate, I said to John that the weak link in the chain was Charles Lincoln Phifer. As an old member of the *Appeal* staff, he could, if he chose, denounce the tale as a fabrication. One afternoon, as I was leaving the plant, I met Phifer entering and I decided to cast the die—I boldly put the question to him, as one, of course, who was merely an innocent inquirer, "What truth is there in this Trotsky-in-Girard story?"

To my delighted astonishment, the old fellow replied that there was "an element of truth" in it and he immediately supplied a defense for one possible objection to the story by saying that he doubted that Trotsky had worked on the *Appeal* very long—probably not more than a few weeks—and that he doubted if his name would be found on the *Appeal* books, as J. A. Wayland often would hire an editor, tentatively, for a few weeks and pay him out of his own pocket with no record made of the transaction.

Thus the story became invulnerable. If any one brought up the subject of payroll records, we could cite Comrade Phifer's glib and plausible explanation. Several years later, when Phifer was publishing his Spiritualist-Socialist *New World* in Kansas City, Kansas, he brought out a picturesque story of his own, not only recalling Trotsky-in-Girard but bringing in Rosa Luxemburg as having been a member of

the *Appeal* staff in the brave old days.

I once told John, some time in the 20's, that the advertising manager of the *New York Times* was showing me the paper's remarkable morgue (reference room and library) and, saying that they had a complete record of me and the Little Blue Books and the *Appeal*, he pulled out a section of a filing cabinet and out fluttered a clipping—the Trotsky story. More than 20 years after the story first saw the light, John was riding from Fort Scott to Girard and overheard two farmers talking in the seat just ahead. They were discussing Communism, and one of the old fellows solemnly said: "You know, all that was started right down here in Girard." "Is that a fact!" exclaimed the other. "Yes," was the assurance, "that man Trotsky started it all when he was a writer on the *Appeal to Reason* a long time ago."

Uncle Jimmy never peeped about his share in the matter. His silence can't be interpreted, in itself, as meaning either belief or disbelief. If he believed the story was true, he might have taken pride in disclosing his important role in bringing the truth to light. If he didn't believe it, he could still have pretended to do so and enjoyed the same glory. He knew, and he alone among outsiders knew, that the Trotsky story came from the hands of a member of the *Appeal* editorial staff—and he kept mum. The only explanation is that Uncle Jimmy was a man of honor. The whole thing was presented to him in confidence, and he kept the faith.

A. MITCHELL PALMER AGAIN

The expense of keeping John (and an assistant) in Washington was met by contributions from readers who approved of the paper's fight, and I remember that the amounts sent in were ample, for once. Quite a number of readers even sent in their Liberty Bonds. But here let me return to the Debs article I wrote after seeing A. Mitchell Palmer. You'll remember that I promised to submit my article to Palmer in advance of publication. This I did, and I waited week after week with-

out a word from Palmer. I wrote several times, but received no answer. Palmer simply took the position that I had no right to submit any kind of an article, let alone print one. I then met the issue head on.

I wired Palmer to the effect that if he objected to my article I'd be glad to have the same issue contain his reply, but that if he failed to answer it I'd have to assume that I was free to print my Debs story. I gave him several weeks' time, and again nothing happened. So I went ahead and printed the piece, and it went over big, for I had kept the readers informed of the Palmer situation and they were keyed up.

When it appeared, orders for bundles arrived in such volume that it was necessary to print several hundred thousand extra copies. Later, after Wilson left the White House, Harding took over the Debs case, and after some shillyshallying he finally gave Debs his freedom.

DEBS IN THE ATLANTA PRISON

Later, Debs told about the way the prisoners in the Atlanta penitentiary behaved when it got around that he was to leave. First let me explain that after my interview with Palmer, and Debs's rejection of the suggestion that he write the Attorney General he was sorry he had broken the law, the authorities in Washington decided that Moundsville was too much of a clubhouse for the world's most famous prisoner, so he was transferred to Atlanta, in the heat of summer, which Debs found especially bad because of the condition of his heart. In Atlanta he was denied the privacy the Moundsville warden had provided him, and he was given the works, but Debs never complained. He collected material for articles on the vile conditions in the Atlanta prison, which were syndicated after his release and which created a great deal of comment.

When he was ordered out, Debs packed his few belongings and started for the outside gate. On his way, he stopped every few feet to shake hands with hundreds of prisoners. When he reached the outside, several thousand prisoners were in every possible place that

could command a view of the departing Debs. He turned, waved his hat to the men, acknowledged their cheers, and walked away.

This reminds me of the time he was on a train pulling out of a station in Chicago after the great railroad strike Debs had led in the early '90s. I think he was on his way to jail, but of this I'm not sure. At any rate, he stood on the rear platform to wave to some friends, but, instead of seeing a few dozen men and women, he saw hundreds of railroad workers lined up on both sides of his train, each man holding at attention a pick, shovel or other tool. It was one of the most touching incidents in Debs's life.

When Debs returned to Terre Haute from Atlanta he was a sick man, with but a few years remaining, years filled with the pains of his heart condition. He spent many months in a health home near Chicago, but little could be done for him. His years of campaigning, his long speaking tours, his prison years—all had worn him down and sent him to his grave. My wife, Marcet, attended the funeral and wrote a stirring report about it for my monthly magazine, *The Haldeman-Julius Monthly*, later called *The Debunker*.

Debs was cremated. His funeral was strictly secular. No priest or preacher took part. Debs wanted it that way. He wanted to go away as a Freethinker. He had never made much of an issue of religion, but he had never compromised with his principles of Freethought.

Victor L. Berger and Morris Hillquit both spoke at the funeral. Both died not many years later, and they also had secular funerals, for both, like Debs, were Freethinkers, though, like good politicians, they didn't want their beliefs about religion to be confused with their Socialist activities. They held that religion was a private matter, whatever that may mean.

With Debs's death the Socialist movement started to hit the skids. It petered out gradually but inevitably. Today it's hardly more than a splinter movement. In Debs's day it was a force for social progress, a living, vibrant thing.

The old-timers were gone. The

newcomers weren't of the stuff of Hillquit, Berger and Debs. In fact, the leadership was taken over by an ex-preacher whose winning smiles and charming manners have won him the praise and friendship of the *New York Times*, capitalism's greatest newspaper.

Of recent years, the new leadership has given more time and energy to the baiting of the Soviet Union than to the work of propagandizing the principles of Socialism. It's a melancholy spectacle.

VICTOR L. BERGER

Berger, the Socialist politician, was a clear, effective writer, a widely read student of history, literature and economics, a scholar whose leadership in party circles, especially in Socialist Milwaukee, was accepted by the membership as logical, almost inevitable. He was a tall, heavy man, with a round, pleasant face. He liked to laugh and joke, and he always made it clear that he had tremendous respect for the opinions of Victor L. Berger. His was a pleasant, harmless, amusing conceit.

He won elections because he knew the game of politics. It was Berger who thought up and worked out the plan to have party workers visit each home in Milwaukee each Sunday morning and leave a leaflet, usually written by Berger. In certain neighborhoods the leaflets were printed in German, in others in Polish, and elsewhere in English.

This work, year after year, made votes for Socialism, and ended with his own election to Congress and the election of Emil Seidel (and later, Daniel Webster Hoan) to the office of mayor. Their administrations were good, from the very beginning. They offered clean, honest, efficient government, and Hoan, who was re-elected term after term, made a record that commanded national respect. His reforms were numerous and showed intelligent, resourceful leadership.

MORRIS HILLQUIT

Hillquit, on the other hand, was more the political philosopher than the grass-roots leader. He was the sophisticated type of Socialist, who

made it his job to see that everything in the record was to the good of the party, from platforms and resolutions to letters and speeches. A short, black-haired, lean man, Hillquit (who had landed in New York's East Side as a greenhorn from Russia and through sweat and ambition raised himself to a prominent place in the New York bar) was suave, educated, witty, slightly cynical at times, witheringly sarcastic at other times, especially when his policies were challenged in party circles, and a most effective writer of books and articles, a terrific debater, and a speaker whose lectures commanded large and respectful audiences. With all his sophistication he could never get his pronunciation straightened out. To the end, Hillquit insisted on making a "w" a "v."

Once I met him to arrange a series of 20 Little Blue Books on Socialism. He was to select the authors, assign the subjects, and edit the manuscripts. He refused to accept pay for this work, asking only that I pay the authors my usual fee, which I did.

In a few months I had the 20 manuscripts, and they included booklets by Algernon Lee, Upton Sinclair, Heywood Brown, Daniel W. Hoan, Norman Angell, McAllister Coleman, James Oneal, John M. Work, Fred Henderson, Paul Blanchard, Clarence Senior, Norman Thomas, Harry W. Laidler, Marion Phillips, and one or two others.

Later, Hillquit wrote me that he had checked one of my advertisements and had seen that these books on Socialism would, because of reasons of the alphabet, be listed close to a group of booklets that carried the heading, "Special Phases of Sex." The same would go for the catalogue.

Could I not, for the sake of the party, arrange to have the Socialist booklets, edited by Hillquit, appear quite a distance from any books on sex? He was afraid of the old charge of free love, so popular with anti-Socialist spouters. That's what I call being careful. The political-minded think about such things. The letter he wrote me would be filed with care, so that if, at any

time in the future, the matter of Socialism being advertised right next to booklets on Sex were to come up, Hillquit could show that an attempt was made to separate the two subjects. His mind worked that way. He was like Al Smith, in that he preferred to keep an eye on the record.

Theodore Roosevelt also was that way. He kept an elaborate letter file which he could use whenever something embarrassing came up about some political matter. It was so flexible that he could produce letters to support any side he thought should be endorsed.

Hillquit's prestige was world-wide. He knew every Socialist leader in every country. He usually was the delegate to international conferences. As a reporter, if I wanted names, data or pictures about international Socialist leaders or affairs, I could always get what I wanted by calling at Hillquit's busy law offices (where he'd stop everything to get what I came for) or at his home, where he worked and wrote in a well-stocked library.

In party circles Hillquit's greatest worries came from the simon-pure Marxists who fought tirelessly to keep the movement's doctrines pure. Hillquit never attacked Marxism—he may have been one for all I knew—but he insisted on a position of political expediency, on a program of social and political reforms, and this was treason to Marxism, so the Marxists thought, until Hillquit called attention to the fact that Marx's greatest political document—*The Communist Manifesto*—is given over, by about 50 percent, to a program of immediate demands, something Hillquit believed in.

He always insisted it wasn't enough to aim for a social revolution from capitalism to Socialism. He urged that the party should sponsor or support measures that are intended to serve the immediate interests of the working people. He made much capital of this fact, and, with quotations from Marx, usually defeated the Marxists, who never admitted defeat and always came back for more punishment.

Another sensitive and delicate is-

sue was the one of methods. The Marxists insisted that capitalism would never surrender its privileges voluntarily, that only social revolution could bring about Socialism, in which violence would, of necessity, be a part of the class struggle. Here Hillquit met the Marxists with quotations from Karl Marx's writings, in which the founder of scientific Socialism held that Socialism could be brought about by legal means in democratic, or near-democratic, liberal countries like England and the United States, and, if I'm not in error here, Germany and France.

Hillquit took the position that violence would be needed only in those countries that didn't respect civil rights, countries in which the institutions of free speech, free assembly, and the like, aren't permitted. Here again Hillquit always won his fights in the party meetings in New York City and elsewhere. He'd lose a skirmish now and then, but he always won the wars.

In party debates he was powerfully effective. He usually waited until the opposition had had all the say it wanted. He would listen quietly, a cynical smile on his attractive, intelligent face. Then, perhaps around 10 o'clock in the evening, he would get up to address a body that seemed hostile, for the opposition had pounded away for hours in driving home its points. But 15 or 20 minutes of Hillquit's sarcasm, blistering ridicule, cold logic and easy manners would bring a quick change in the membership, and when the issue came to a vote Hillquit usually won by heavy majorities.

These fights were meat to his ribs. He loved the party that he, Berger and Debs had helped organize. Even his profession (which he used mostly in behalf of labor unions) came second. In personal behavior he was quite bourgeois, though I never knew him to attack anyone because of what certain people might label as lapses from "morality." So long as a scandal didn't hurt the movement, it was none of his business. There was nothing of the moralist in him, and I'd say the same for Debs and Berger.

Hillquit was the boss because he

always won his debates—at least, he always won the important ones. He rarely mixed in other matters. It was of no interest to him who edited or wrote for the *Call*, the party's daily newspaper, so long as it served the movement the way the committee intended. He never threw his weight around. He never gave orders to party officials. He worked with, rather than over, the party functionaries.

VICTOR L. BERGER, SOCIALIST BOSS

Berger, on the other hand, was all boss. He mixed in everything, even to *Leader* reports that had nothing to do with political questions. He had to know who was to get what job. He was a political boss like any boss in the old parties, except that Berger was always honest and demanded honesty from others. There never was a hint of scandal in any Socialist administration he had anything to do with in Milwaukee. The police never were in cahoots with the underworld. There was no graft, no fixing, no pork barrel.

Berger was always the benevolent boss. For example, I've already said how we on the *Leader* always looked to him as the boss, for that's what he was. How he did this was simple, effective, and legal. The paper was floated with the money received from the sale of stock to thousands of men and women in the ranks. Hardly anyone owned more than a single share. But when it came to votes on the paper's policy, Berger always had his way because he had communicated with the stockholders and had obtained their proxies—the way any slick lawyer might work in a capitalistic corporation—and when it came time to vote, Berger always voted his own share of stock and I don't know how many other thousands of votes representing thousands of shares. His opponents—there were always a few—hadn't gone to the trouble Berger had taken, to get in touch with the comrades and get their proxies. Their single votes therefore never defeated something Berger thought should be done.

There were many complaints be-

cause of this proxy business, but it all was legal and according to the corporation's charter, so Berger smiled and went his way.

Berger had strict standards, and tried to live up to them. When I mentioned J. A. Wayland's name to him—this was in 1912 or 1913—he dismissed the growing *Appeal to Reason* as no asset to the movement because it accepted ads from a cancer quack. This was before the days of the Federal Trade Commission's crusade against cancer, TB, and other "miracle" cures in advertising. When I pointed out that his own *Leader* ran Peruna ads, he changed the subject to Gaylord Wilshire, another Socialist who had been making a stir with his *Wilshire's Magazine*, for which Upton Sinclair often wrote, but which Berger dismissed with a gesture of impatience because he used the columns of his publication to promote a gold mine. "We are attracting a lot of shady characters," said Berger, bitterly. Wilshire was his special dislike.

GAYLORD WILSHIRE

Wilshire, I imagine, was sincere about his sale of gold mine stock, for he showed that he owned a real mine. But, so far as I know, the mine never made anyone a dollar, and when the *New York World* started printing stories about Wilshire's stock selling scheme, he ducked out of the country. He stayed away long enough to get clear of this gold mine business and out of the reach of the *World's* most stubborn reporters.

Wilshire was of English extraction, a little above medium height, well made, and meticulously dressed along the most conventional lines. He wore glasses, to which he attached a black silk ribbon, it seems to me, though here I could be wrong. He wore a Vandyke beard, which made him look like a successful medical doctor. He was a sincere advocate of social reform, but his itching palm wouldn't let him resist the temptation to promote something that was a gamble for the suckers and a sure thing for Wilshire.

He did some things in Los Angeles real estate, and I believe Wilshire Boulevard was named after him. It

may have been a street through a cow pasture he then was promoting. This project occupied his time early in the century, when Los Angeles was still to become the metropolitan city it became so quickly after the movies invaded the district. After returning from abroad, Wilshire avoided New York—his magazine had been suspended at the time he was being "hounded by the capitalistic New York World," which, according to Wilshire, hated him because he was for the people and against Wall Street. I believe that even here he was sincere, though I don't offer sincerity as a defense, for, after all, even the goon who hits you with a lead-pipe and takes your watch is sincere about everything he does.

Wilshire spent the last four or five years of his life running a business that harmonized nicely with his personality. In the early 20's, Wilshire got hold of a contraption that looked like a horse-collar and that was called "The Magic Horse-collar" by Dr. Morris Fishbein, when I asked him about the therapeutic value of this gadget. Wilshire claimed this was his own invention and that when it was attached to an electrical outlet and the collar was put around one's neck, it would produce health-giving vibrations that would banish rheumatism, fatigue, lassitude, loss of appetite, and some 20 or 30 more or less serious ailments. It sold for \$56, and for a while he rode a huge wave of success.

He ran big ads in papers like the *Kansas City Star*, and for some years enjoyed a rush on an article that couldn't have cost him more than \$7.50 to manufacture. Granting a selling cost of \$25 per unit, he was in the big money again, and when he died in the 20's he was pretty close to being a rich man again.

THE RIP-SAW AND MELTING POT

In St. Louis, Mo., was another group of Socialists who worked up a lot of excitement over two publications—*The National Rip-Saw*, a rough and noisy monthly Socialist magazine, and *The Melting Pot*, a Freethought, anti-clerical magazine

that reflected the ideas, but little of the style, of Ingersoll. The Socialists who read the *Rip-Saw* also read the *Melting Pot*, though the publishers were anxious to have it known that, while the same people got it out, each had no connection or interest in the other. The two magazines worked up circulation, for those were the days of cheap printing, a time when the *Appeal to Reason* could be had for 52 issues for as little as 25c, while the *Rip-Saw*, a monthly, cost the subscriber the same or perhaps a trifle more.

The *Rip-Saw* carried a great deal of medical advertising and looked prosperous, but because of the magazine's war attitude it fell in a heap after the U. S. got into the first World War.

For a while Debs wrote articles for the publication, and some of them struck the government as too strong, so Postmaster General Burleson had it denied the mails, and that meant a quick death.

When the publisher saw the game was up, he wired me to come and salvage what I could. I hurried to St. Louis, where I decided that all I wanted was his mailing list of 175,000 subscribers, readers who could be won over to the *Appeal to Reason*, that is to say, those who weren't already taking the *Appeal to Reason*, for there was much duplication of circulation. I paid the owner \$400 for the names, shipped them to Girard, and believe I salvaged about 40,000 names out of his list, which was a fine bargain for the *Appeal to Reason*.

The *Rip-Saw* was murdered by the Wilson administration because Debs had been writing for it and because Debs already had been arrested for his anti-war speech at Canton, O.

KATE RICHARDS O'HARE

Another *Rip-Saw* writer was Kate Richards O'Hare, who was a popular lecturer and who had a following for her rather poorly written pieces. She was a tall, forbidding-looking woman in her late 40's, when I first saw her, and I don't remember anyone who could quite equal her in self-satisfaction about so limited a set of talents. Everything she wrote was a pure masterpiece. She was a

genius, and anyone who didn't recognize the fact was a fool or jealous.

It was about the time that Debs was arrested that Kate made a speech in which she allegedly referred to the mothers of soldiers as brood-sows. I doubt she ever said it, because I knew her to be almost fanatical in her feminism, and such a word could hardly come from her lips, but there were government witnesses, she was indicted, and sent to a prison in Missouri, where she served about two years before Washington ordered her release.

Those were the days when all radicals were hounded, and, if possible, jailed. Later Kate landed at Mena, Arkansas, and joined the teaching staff of Commonwealth College, a labor outfit with Socialist and Communist sympathies. Later some small-caliber county politicians, led by a local judge, went about the job of systematically smashing the institution, and after every conceivable legal maneuver and numerous acts of violence, the school was knocked out.

CLAY FULKS

One who stood his ground to the end was Clay Fulks, a hill-country teacher and excellent writer. Fulks came up to see me once or twice while he was working at Mena, and I developed great respect for his talents as a writer. He was especially proud of the fact that in a single week I had accepted and paid for four of his articles. His pieces usually were brief, informative, witty, and intelligent. H. L. Mencken must have been of the same mind, for he took at least a half-dozen articles by Fulks for the *American Mercury*.

When the college blew up, Kate went west and married a California rancher. Some months ago, in 1948, I saw in the press that she had died. She belonged to the tradition of Mother Jones and Ella Reeve Bloor, the latter being one who delivered thousands of speeches, mainly from soapboxes on street corners, in Philadelphia and elsewhere.

ELLA REEVE BLOOR

Once, back in 1906, Mrs. Bloor and I went to the gates of the Baldwin Locomotive Works on North Broad street, in Philadelphia, where she tried to make a speech to the workers who were out for the noon hour. She was yanked off the box and hurried off. I was standing on the sidewalk, but because a cop had seen me walk to the gates with her, he also took me along.

A few blocks away, at the police station, the fat-headed, bumbling cops delivered their two desperate prisoners to the desk sergeant, who said: "Mrs. Bloor, you and Emma Goldman give us no end of trouble. Why did you hold this meeting? You got no permit." Mrs. Bloor: "I needed no permit as an American citizen on an American street. No traffic was obstructed." Sergeant: "You'll put up \$2 for appearance tomorrow morning at 11 o'clock." Turning to me, he asked: "What were you doing there?" Me: "I was standin' on the sidewalk listenin' to this com-com-lady talk." Sergeant: "How old are you?" Me: "Seventeen." To the cop: "Was he just standin' there, peaceful like?" Cop: "Yes, but he's forinist the government." Sergeant: "How do you know?" Cop: "Because I seen him come there with this here woman." Sergeant, to me: "You can get goin'."

Mrs. Bloor was a little, dark-eyed, cheerful woman who had mothered I don't know how many babies—probably five or six—including the beautiful and talented violinist, Helen Ware. Socialism was her passion. Years later she wound up in the Communist Party, where I suppose she still is, for I believe she's still alive, albeit in her 80's, perhaps. A few years ago she was hitch-hiking across the country and dropped in on me here at the farm, where we had a long and pleasant talk about our days in the Philadelphia of about 40 years before, when I was in my teens and she was the mother of grown children.

Life had been good to her, and the years had touched her lightly.

She had always done exactly what she thought she was best fitted to do—make speeches for Socialism.

She stuck to that even though she had to part with I don't know how many protesting husbands, perhaps three or four. No husband could ever boss that smiling, stubborn, vigorous little ball of powerful muscles and sinews. For decades, wherever there was trouble, there you'd find Mrs. Bloor.

When she was working in Philadelphia, and I had the time, I liked to join her at her meetings, where I took charge of literature, took up collections, and made little speeches.

GEORGE R. KIRKPATRICK

Another speaker I liked to trail after back in those days of 1906 was George R. Kirkpatrick, without doubt the genius of the Socialist lecture platform. He was a dramatic, exciting, dynamic, vigorous and lively speaker. During the winter months he'd come to Philadelphia for 10 days or two weeks of lectures in the halls of the various Socialist branches scattered throughout the city. He wore a huge, fur-lined overcoat that must have cost all of \$80. It was part of my job to see that that coat wasn't stolen.

One of Kirkpatrick's most popular speeches was called "The Hypnotism of the Working Class," and that meant two hours of oratory, appeals to reason, wit, sarcasm, irony, poetry, verbal thunder and lightning, sound knowledge, the latest in science—and all for groups of workingmen, especially weavers in the Kensington mill district, where he always went over big.

He received, I believe, \$10 per night, plus expenses, which was my idea of a way to quick wealth. I heard that speech at least 50 times and if ever there had been need for an understudy I could have taken his place and given the talk almost word for word, minus, of course, the dramatics, the fireworks and the acting. The very name of the lecture fascinated me—"The Hypnotism of the Working Class."

Kirk was a tall, thin, pleasant-faced man in his late '30's, I'd guess. He died some years ago, and the report said he was in his '70s. When I knew him, Kirk looked like a college professor, and, coming to think of it, he was a teacher for years.

His appearance was a great deal like Job Harriman's. When he wasn't lecturing, Kirk was writing pamphlets, and they were powerful weapons of propaganda. His "War, What For?" sold edition after edition, all promoted from his little room on the top floor of the Rand School, then at 112 East 19th street, in New York City. He knew the officers of every Socialist local in the country, so it was easy for him to make arrangements with them to move tens of thousands of his books and pamphlets. He wrote to be read. He wrote to move people.

The Socialist movement never had a better propagandist by pen or voice. When he blew up a storm, it blew.

SOL FIELDMAN

Those were the days of great soapboxers, a form of oratory that is rough, tough, and something for dignified sissies to shy away from. Around 1905 and 1906, the north side of Philadelphia's City Hall had well-attended open-air meetings each Sunday night, with the best soapboxers in the country taking turns to bring economic emancipation to any workers who cared to listen.

Sol Fieldman comes to mind, a thunderer who weighed about 200 pounds, with a powerful physique, a massive head, an immense pompadour, a huge nose, a wide, liver-shaped mouth, and hands like bunches of bananas. His voice, which sounded like 10 foghorns and a thousand bugles, could be heard three blocks away in the days when amplifiers were still to be invented.

I considered him second only to Kirkpatrick in power and effectiveness. His physical strength seemed enormous. But I used to squirm a little when he let loose with his often-used expression, "Doncher-know!" Once I heard him say: "You men must learn to control your tools—and I don't mean the tool you're thinking of."

For little pay and hardly any thanks, men like Sol Fieldman, Ed Lewis, and his brother Tom, Oscar Ameringer, August A. Claessens, George Goebel, J. Stitt Wilson, Alexander Irvine, James F. Carey, John Brown, Wilkons, and others

would make from two to five open-air speeches a day, though some of them often found themselves scheduled to deliver their talks in large, well-attended halls, particularly Wilson, Ameringer and Irvine.

ALEXANDER IRVINE

Irvine was a handsome Irishman who looked like a hero out of a romantic novel. A liberal and radical preacher (who never, to my knowledge, discussed religion in his talks for Socialism) filled the Sunday night pulpit for several years around 1909. That interesting and admirable liberal, Dr. Percy Skickney Grant—tall, majestic-looking, humorous, tremendously dignified in speech and manner—turned over to Irvine the Sunday night meetings in his Church of the Ascension, near the Brevort on Fifth Avenue—a church that was usually half-empty, but supported by the most upish conservatives and reactionaries in the city.

Only a Grant could get away with giving over the Sunday night meetings in the church itself, and afterwards in the assembly hall nearby, to a Socialist who talked straight Socialism, who put his messages across with power, passion, fire, poetry, and shattering enthusiasm. The morning services for the rich were neglected, except for a handful of the rich; the evening meeting was jammed to the doors, with hundreds standing.

After Irvine's thrilling sermon, the meeting would adjourn to the nearby hall that was used for forums, and here the fireworks would begin, with every would-be philosopher, economist and political scientist demanding a hearing.

One little Irishman, who was a member of the Socialist Labor Party, a splinter organization, had the habit of interrupting every few minutes with the cry: "Quote your authorities!"

These forums were exciting contests that attracted attention for years, until Irvine was let out, for the usual reason, I suppose—that is to say, the powers-that-be had succeeded in compelling the Rev. Grant to call off his radicals. I

interviewed Dr. Grant several times and know he was not a Socialist, nor even a radical. He was a liberal who believed in old-fashioned American ideas of free discussion.

The girls were crazy about Irvine, because of his romantic looks and fiery nature. And I don't know that he was anxious to escape them, if what I saw from time to time was an indication. I speak out of envy.

JOHN BROWN

John Brown was strictly an outdoor soap-boxer. He was six feet four inches tall and built like a ramrod. When he walked the streets of Boston, where I first got to hear his speeches, policemen used to stare after him in amazement and admiration, so handsome a figure did he cut. He was the most mannish-looking man those cops had seen in many months.

ED LEWIS

Ed Lewis used to work for the Socialist party in Philadelphia by the week, and I suppose he never got more than \$25 a week for 15 or 20 speeches, for a speaker in those days was expected to hold a long evening meeting at some important street corner, and talk at the gates of big industrial concerns during lunch hour, when it was easy to attract audiences of 500 or even 1,000 hearers. Of course, there was always the sale of pamphlets, and the inevitable collection. Ed Lewis looked a lot like Jack London and made an effective soap-boxer because of his striking appearance (which meant there were always plenty of ladies in his audiences) and his slashing, biting wit and sarcasm.

JAMES F. CAREY

James F. Carey was more the office worker than soap-boxer. As secretary of the Socialist Party of Massachusetts, in a downtown Boston office, Jim Carey kept things stirring throughout his state and much of New England. He was a gentle, sympathetic, patient, kindly man whose humanitarianism showed itself in numerous acts of personal help to those who were in distress. He was a good touch for

a 10c beef stew. Jim Carey believed in changing the social system in order to achieve social progress, but at the same time he believed in diverting a part of the funds entrusted to him to help the individual victims of the system.

FRED LONG AND BEN HANFORD

Some of the soap-boxers of that first decade were already superannuated when I came to know them, but I heard glowing reports about their effective work at public meetings at street intersections. Two printers—Fred Long in Philadelphia and Ben Hanford in New York City—were especially admired.

Fred Long, when I knew him, was down with tuberculosis of the bones, and was being cared for by collections taken now and then at meetings of Socialist locals. He was widely read, had a fine, quick, energetic mind, and pioneered radical doctrines in the days when the country was, in the language of Bernard Shaw, still a nation of villagers.

Ben Hanford was Debs's running mate during one presidential campaign, delivered many speeches, and coined the name "Jimmie Higgins" to describe those loyal, hard-working, anonymous, modest comrades who got most of the work done, took care of the routine chores that go with open air meetings, distributed the literature, took up collections, and in other ways pushed the movement ahead, and believe me in those days the movement really was headed forward. By a little after 1910, it had a growing, influential press of more than 100 weeklies, a score of monthlies, and several dailies. One of its weeklies—the *Appeal to Reason*—built up its circulation to 600,000 and frequently issued special editions of more than 1,000,000 copies. These papers would never have grown strong if it hadn't been for those noble characters designated by Ben Hanford as "Jimmie Higginses," which, by the way, was to become the title of a novel by Upton Sinclair.

On the other hand, the worker who stuck to conservative ideas and would have none of the ideas

of Socialism was called "Henry Dubb," a name coined by a prolific, witty and talented cartoonist named Ryan Walker.

The thousands of Jimmie Higgins who helped build the circulation of the *Appeal* by selling subscription cards and distributing bundles of papers, leaflets and pamphlets from house to house were called The Appeal Army, a name suggested by Grace D. Brewer, who had charge of the volunteer (and unrewarded) workers who were willing to advance the cause.

Great picnics would be held in Philadelphia and other cities on Sundays, which often were attended by as many as 10,000 people. Beer and oratory flowed like Niagaras. All meetings were orderly, except when some cops or plainclothesmen would come around to stir up trouble. Then there'd be a swift, exciting "free speech fight" which usually ended in a victory for the ones who wanted the right to speak at street meetings. Sometimes a free speech fight would attract national attention, as was the case in San Diego, a few years before the first World War, when radicals had to fight for months to earn the right to use the streets, and hundreds were arrested and sent to jail.

Victor L. Berger hated such fights. His stand was that when the cops wanted the comrades to stay away from a certain corner it was better to do as they said, so long as other corners were available. This practical, rational advice was greeted with hoots by the more militant comrades who yearned to meet the enemy and defeat him. I remember one free speech fight in Philadelphia which resulted in the arrest of a number of comrades. In court later, in the huge city hall, the judge spoke about the crime of obstructing the "King's highway." He was using a legal expression that had come from old English law, in which the streets were described as belonging to the King and therefore must not be used except as the King would have them used. The judge meant by this that the King in Philadelphia was the People, and that the highways belonged to the People and not to the Comrades. One of the defendants arose and

shouted: "We beat the Red Coats oncet and we'll whip them again if they come back with this King's highway business!"

Those old-time soap-boxers had their stories, which they told many times and usually with effect. A collection of them would make a valuable book. I've printed several dozen myself, for I've long had in mind getting out such a compilation, but never got around to it. However, I'd write down each story as it came back to me.

Here's one that Sol Fieldman liked to use, and it always got a big laugh. He used it to point up his attack on the charities and philanthropies of the capitalists, answering the argument that the workers were being given forms of help that proved the humanitarianism of the capitalistic system. The story:

"A hunter and his houn' dawg got lost in the woods, and for days man and dog didn't have a bite to eat. At last, desperate with hunger, the man chopped off a piece of the dog's tail, reasoning that he'd never miss the bit and consoling himself with the thought that this would be better than killing the fine, expensive, lovable animal. He put the dog's tail into a can of water and cooked it. After eating the meat from the bone, the hunter looked at his miserable pooch and saw that if he didn't do something soon his loyal friend would surely die. So, out of the kindness of his big heart, he tossed the dog the bone from his own tail. Later, when a searching party found them and brought them back to civilization, the dog got up before his hound friends and made this touching assertion: 'My master is a generous, big-hearted, benevolent, magnanimous Christ-like character, for didn't he share his last bit of food with me!'"

Meyer London, labor lawyer, Socialist politician (he finally was elected to Congress) and soap-boxer—he was killed one day by a truck in a New York street—was another example of the self-made, self-educated foreigner who worked

hard to improve himself and succeeded. He had a powerful, sardonic humor, and a talent for happy phrases—for example, his calling the subway the poor man's taxicab—and he was popular on street corners or in mass meetings in Madison Square Garden or Carnegie Hall. In one of his soap-box talks he rose to exciting rhythms and captured his hearers with passages that had sweep, eloquence, and even touches of poetry. He was able to put over a passage like the following, and do it against the competition of a hundred different kinds of street noises:

"Man can kill other men many miles away; man can weigh the stars of heaven; man can drag oil from the bowels of the earth; man can compel an icy waterfall to cook his meals hundreds of miles from the stream; man can print a million newspapers in an hour; man can breed the seeds out of oranges; man can coax a hen to lay 365 eggs in a year; man can persuade dogs to smoke pipes and sea lions to play guitars. Man, in other-words, is quite an ingenious and remarkable package of physical and mental machinery.

"But when this astonishing person is confronted with one problem, he retires to his hut defeated. Show him six men without money and six loaves of bread belonging to men who cannot use it, but who want money for it, and ask him how six hungry men can be put in possession of the six surplus loaves, and watch him then. It is then that man attends conferences and appoints committees and holds elections and cries out that a crisis is upon him. He does a score of useless things and then retires, leaving in the shivering twilight the tableau of six hungry men and the six unapproachable loaves."

Ed Lewis, who as I said before, was popular in Philadelphia, often told his audience about a man and his mule, and it was effective propaganda. Who created such bits of folklore we'll never know. They seemed to come from all directions

and no one knew who thought them up. They just grew from speech to speech, and from speaker to speaker, each adding a word or a gesture. Ed Lewis was especially good when he gave the monologue of the man who trailed over the hill behind a mule drawing a plow and saying:

"Bill, you are a mule, the son of a jackass, and I'm a man, a proud man. Yet here we work, hitched up together year in and year out. I often wonder if you work for me or I work for you. Really, I think it's a partnership between a mule and a fool, for I sure work as hard as you, if not harder. Plowing or cultivating, we cover the same distance, but you do it on four legs and I on two. I, therefore, do twice as much work per leg as you do.

"Soon we'll be preparing for a corn crop. When the crop's harvested, I give one-third to the landlord for being so kind as to let me use this small speck of the universe. One-third goes to you, and the balance is mine. You eat all of your portion with the exception of the cobs, while I divide mine among seven children, six hens, two ducks, and a barker. If we both need shoes, you get 'em. Bill, you're getting the best of me, and, I ask you is it fair for a mule, a son of a jackass, to swindle a man—a lord of creation—out of his sustenance?

"Why, you only help to plow and cultivate the ground, and I alone must cut, shock, and husk the corn while you look over the pasture fence and heehaw at me.

"All fall and most of the winter the whole family, from Granny to the baby, picks cotton to help raise money to pay taxes and buy a new harness and pay the interest on the mortgage on you. And what do you care about the mortgage? Not a damn! You ornery cuss, I even have to do the worrying about the mortgage on your tough, ungrateful hide.

"About the only time I am better is on election day, for I can vote and you can't. And

after election I realize that I was fully as great a jackass as your papa. I sure wonder if politics was made for men or jackasses, or to make jackasses of men.

"Tell me, Willyum, considering these things, how can you keep a straight face and look so dumb and solemn?"

H. M. TICHENOR

I said a few things a little while back about *The Melting Pot*. One of its most popular writers was H. M. Tichenor, who came to visit me when his job blew up in St. Louis. He was a heavy, dark man in his early 60's or perhaps late 50's. He liked to write on two subjects—Socialism and Freethought, with the edge to Freethought. He was a materialist, an atheist, and an economic heretic. Self-educated, he was most happy when an editor would give him work.

When I saw him, in 1920, he already was a sick man, but he worked to the end. He would write in pencil in a large, bold, clear hand, on legal-sized yellow sheets. His manuscripts were almost as legible as typewriting. While he was here I gave him a batch of editorial assignments which he was to do at his home, the location of which has escaped me.

At the rate of one 15,000-word booklet per week, Tichenor turned out 14 manuscripts that I was glad to accept. All are still in my list. His first booklet (No. 184) went to press on February 21, 1921, was entitled, "Strange Primitive Beliefs of Mankind," and sold 105,000 copies to January, 1949. His second booklet, (No. 202) went to press on June 28, 1921, was entitled, "The Survival of the Fittest," and sold 115,000 copies. His third booklet (No. 204) went to press on July 8, 1921, was entitled, "Sun Worship and Later Beliefs," and sold 85,000 copies. His fourth booklet (No. 207) went to press on July 15, 1921, entitled, "Olympian Pagan Gods," and sold 75,000 copies. Then, during 1922 and 1923, came the following Tichenor titles and sales: No. 183, "The Life of Jack London," 80,000. No. 123, "Madame DuBarry: King's Mistress," 130,000. No. 124, "Rein-

carnation Theory Explained," 110,000. No. 322, "Buddhist Philosophy of Life," 120,000. No. 323, "The Life of Joan of Arc," 105,000. No. 338, "The Story of Emerson's Philosophy," 40,000. No. 157, "Plato's Republic: The Ideal State," 80,000. No. 320, a condensation of Machiavelli's famous book, "The Prince," 50,000. No. 397, "Irish Fairy Tales and Stories," 95,000. No. 398, "More Irish Fairy Tales and Popular Songs," 60,000. In all, I distributed 1,135,000 Tichenor books from the early '20s to the beginning of 1949, which is good.

Tichenor died in 1923, and his passing didn't create a ripple, as happens so often with little known, hard-working, tireless, productive penmen. I wrote an editorial about Tichenor at the time of his death, in which I used the unfortunate word, "hack-writer." I meant that Tichenor was a regular, steady, reliable producer of manuscripts. I use the same word about myself, and have used it in print a number of times. It's my word for a writer, such as Tichenor and I happen to be, who writes because it's his job to write, who never creates a sensation, who manages to avoid the glare of publicity, who does his job as well as he knows how, who is satisfied if what he does is workmanlike, who never considers himself an artist or a genius—in short, journeymen. We're hack-writers. But you should have seen the letters I got when that editorial reached my readers. Scorching letters told me I was slandering the dead. I was doing nothing of the kind. I was merely describing a type of writer—one who writes because it's his job to write.

Tichenor has been dead about 26 years, and the only words of his that are still being read are the ones he did for me—about 210,000 words of readable, entertaining, educational material. Everything else he wrote, so far as I know, has gone to that long sleep that will never know an awakening. It's the fate of those armies of unsung, unheralded, unknown "hack-writers." They work hard, and when they're gone, their words go with them.

I don't wonder what'll happen to

the tens of millions of words I've turned loose. They'll go the way of all flesh. The paper they're printed on will crumble to dust and another hack-writer will be gone forever, words and body. I'm a materialist, and as such I don't believe man has a soul. I believe we're material bodies. I don't know anything about a spiritual nature. I don't know anything about anybody's spiritual side. All I know is that we have bodies, and I believe that when we die we're dead—and a mighty good idea that is, because the notion of an eternity of this inadequate little machine is absurd. Our bodies crumble to dust, and that's the end. Our words die on our lips. Our words on paper wither away, except those few words from our geniuses, but even their words are doomed to ultimate extinction, for that is the fate of all words, as it is the fate of all bodies.

Such a philosophy isn't crass and harsh. I think it's merciful. We do our best to put meaning into our lives while we're living. We may snatch a few years of "immortality," because of the work we have done. Isn't that enough? Why continue the farce for eternity? That doesn't make sense. I don't believe in an eternity of punishment, and with equal humaneness I don't believe in an eternity of repose in some castle that belongs to the Ethereal Esquire. I've never regretted my oblivion before I was born, so I refuse to fret over the oblivion that will follow my death.

CHARLES J. FINGER

Speaking of hacks, let's take a look at Charles J. Finger, an Englishman who had worked as some sort of minor executive for American railroads, had lived in distant places, including Patagonia, knew England's Fabians, Freethinkers, and major authors, had found himself working at the job of junking a railroad in Arkansas, had decided he'd return to a certain spot some day to write—and did that very thing.

He bought an abandoned farm about 8 miles west of Fayetteville (the home of the University of Arkansas), put a house on it, moved in his 6,000 or more books, and at

long last went to work as a writer of stories, essays, articles, editorials, travel pieces, memoirs, reviews, and the like. This happened pretty late, after the first World War, when he was in his 50's.

He was about five feet eight, weighed perhaps 190 pounds (which meant he carried a neat, respectable layer of fat around his midriff), was English in a curt, bluff way, wrote voluminously, and raised a family of kids, the exact number being beyond me for I never stopped to count. There could have been five. I visited him in the early 20's, driving down from Girard, a ride of about 125 miles.

I had just bought a new Packard and wanted to give it a spin, so I headed for Finger's farm of stumps and boulders, and some Tamworths. Why he went in for Tamworths in a country that knows only the Poland China, Chester White and Red Jersey was beyond my knowledge, Tamworths because they sound so though I imagine he turned to English, and probably are, though I confess my knowledge of the nationality of hogs is meager.

I always found Finger amusing, from the very first day he dropped in on me at the farm some time in 1920, hardly more than a year after I'd begun my series of Little Blue Books. In fact, Finger was one of the first authors I took on to do original Little Blue Books. Up to then I had been picking up material in the public domain, beginning with the very first title, "The Rubaiyat," and the second title, "The Ballad of Reading Jail," and ending with national proverbs, a series I'd picked up in England.

Finger had a way of obeying that impulse to get going when something moved him, his favorite method of travel being on the thumb. He'd carry a heavy, gnarled stick, tie a red kerchief around his neck (for romantic looks, I thought), keep his tieless shirt open at the neck, and go hatless, of course. He had a brisk, clear-cut way of getting along with people.

Finger was editing a little monthly magazine, *All's Well* (with all of 800 circulation), which I enjoyed because it was full of Finger's own readable, amusing stuff. He was

given a little to pompous speech, and that manner often got into his writing. He was, in short, a lovable, charming windbag. His slight eccentricities and romantic poses were harmless; rather, they were a show in themselves. He looked like something that sat not far from the table Dr. Samuel Johnson ate and drank at in 18th century London. I have to put it that way because I always felt he was a literary man who was within sight of the best, but who had to take a side seat and could never feel that he was quite a member of the inside clique.

One day he dropped in at the farm when I was being visited by Upton Sinclair. Upton, the ultimate essence of politeness and consideration, mentioned something about Fabian Socialism, to which Finger replied that he knew all the Fabians there were to know, including the great Shaw himself, and the Webbs, of course, and H. G. Wells, but that they were all wrong because they preferred to dispense with that splendid, workable, efficient system of government, the kind supplied by Britain's royal family.

To meet a simon-pure royalist in the home of a believer in democratic Socialism was a surprise to Sinclair, who, when he got the chance, whispered to me: "Who is that strange, freakish character who's pining for the end of republicanism in this country and the return to monarchy?"

I answered that he was a new author who was going to do some writing for my list.

"Well," said Sinclair, with solemn earnestness, "I hope you'll watch that queer bird's manuscripts or he'll be putting over royalism and King Georgism on a part of the American public, who, I'm sure, have no patience with such rubbish. Imagine meeting a person in Kansas who comes up with a plea for the British ruling family. I'm shocked."

I promised to keep a sharp eye on him, as I'd keep one on Lenin and Trotsky (then much in the news) if they were to show up in Girard and try to convert me to Communism, dictatorship and violence, though, so far as violence in Rus-

sia was concerned, I conceded its necessity because of the lack of facilities for democratic, legal changes. And Trotsky did show up in Girard, after a fashion, as I've told.

I didn't have to worry about Finger's royalism, for he was the kind of fellow who was quick to sense how an editor felt, and, if possible without complete surrender of honor and integrity, work within the framework of the boss's pet notions, principles and prejudices. He did a fair amount of writing for me from 1920 to 1924, starting modestly but getting into his stride in 1922, and hitting it hard until 1924. In all, he did 30 books for me, and I noticed, in his autobiography, which a New York publisher brought out about five years after he finished his work for my list, that he was grateful to me for two things—I gave him the fullest freedom (after agreeing on titles and subjects in advance), and I voluntarily raised his pay 50 percent after he had done only a few manuscripts.

Finger tried heroically to live the romantic life he loved to write about. He never butchered a beef; he would tell me he had just "slaughtered an ox." He loved to repeat, again and again, how he had divided men into three classes—men of thought, men of action, and men of emotion. I wasn't enough of a psychologist to pass an opinion on this division, and I'm sure Finger didn't know a lot more. It sounded good, it was impressive, and so he'd throw it out whenever he was given the chance, which was often, for I came on that profound observation while visiting in New York, people solemnly quoting it to me as having come from the great Finger himself.

The truth of the matter was that Finger was another Tichenor, another hack (and again I speak respectfully, almost reverently), except that Tichenor acted like a hack while Finger preferred to put on a show and give the impression he was something of a genius, which he wasn't. In fact, he wasn't even a first-class writing man, if one editor may express an opinion on the manuscripts turned in by one of his authors.

I have dealt with authors who turned in beautiful, perfect, flawless copy; and I've dealt with authors who turned in manuscripts that meant the hardest kind of toil to get the things in printable shape. Finger belonged to the latter. He couldn't spell, he couldn't punctuate, and his typist was a neurotic who should have been scrubbing floors, for she couldn't type a line without two or three errors.

Finger was above such trifling details. After all, what are printers, proofreaders and editors for? He was the artist; we literary butlers and valets were supposed to clean up his messes, and we did that very thing. It would be hard to impose on me that way now, for I demand that my authors shall turn in copy that's clean and done in a workmanlike manner.

Finger's way of being a hack would have been annoying if he hadn't been so funny at it. His poses didn't fool anybody but himself. I knew exactly where he picked up his material and knew how much work he had to put into a manuscript. He didn't do an hour's original research, because he lacked the facilities in that gopher-trap of a farm in Arkansas. He was a sparrow like the rest of us, but dressed up like a redbird.

Finger was the self-deceived literary man who expected the world to bow to him as another Joseph Conrad (he did sea stories), another Walter Pater (he did literary essays), a Gibbon (he did historical works), a great humorist (he did studies of Mark Twain and some other humorists) a Spinoza (he did profiles of Mahomet, and other characters), a Sherlock Holmes (he did a condensation of a huge book about historic crimes and criminals), a great authority on world politics (he did a manuscript on Teddy Roosevelt), a Marco Polo (he lived in Patagonia in a lighthouse and wandered in many parts of the world), a Cellini (he was an artist and adventurer), an outstanding individualist (he wrote a book for me about Thoreau), and many other kinds of genius.

The truth was, he was a fair-to-middling workman who never wrote

anything that a thousand other writers couldn't have done as well or better. But he was so harmless about his posturings that I rather liked him for them. I like a grand phony. If a man's to be a stuffed shirt, then let him put in plenty of stuffing and do a good job.

I valued Finger as a useful, informative, helpful, readable author, and the record supports my notions as an editor. I have made a check of the print orders and find that up to January, 1949, I've sold 2,455,000 copies of Finger's Little Blue Books, an excellent showing. Of course, it wasn't Finger's name that sold even 10,000 of these books. It was the titles. If the list had been handled by some other author, or by 30 other authors, the result would have been the same, because the public bought so many of the booklets because the subject matter was attractive.

Finger's list supports my assertion that when titles are selected with great care the chances are they will remain in print permanently. Of the 30 manuscripts Finger did for me from 1922 to 1925, not a single one has been withdrawn. I'm sure the sales record, compiled from actual print orders, will be of interest to writers, editors, publishers, and other persons who deal with the public. Here are the facts:

141 Facts About Napoleon, first printed on July 11, 1923, sold 110,000 copies.

149 Historic Crimes and Criminals, June 2, 1922, 174,500.

150 Queer Facts about Lost Civilizations, May 15, 1922, 171,500.

188 Lying Adventures of Baron Munchausen, January 19, 1923, 83,500.

289 Pepys' Diary of Intimate Revelations, June 2, 1922, 115,500.

301 Sailor Chanties and Cowboy Songs, April 4, 1923, 72,500.

326 Hints on How to Write Short Stories, August 21, 1922, 161,500.

327 The Ice Age in the Earth's History, November 17, 1922, 69,500.

328 Life in London in Addison's Time, November 24, 1922, 30,000.

339 Thoreau: Who Escaped from the Herd, August 22, 1922, 50,000.

394 Boswell's Life of Johnson, August 30, 1923, 55,000.

395 Cellini: Swordsman, Lover, Sinner, August 3, 1923, 44,000.

412 Mahomet: Founder of Arak Faith, August 9, 1923, 69,000.

432 Tragic Life of a Homosexual (Oscar Wilde), July 6, 1923, 120,000.

442 Oscar Wilde in Candid Outline, July 16, 1923, 65,000.

471 Wisdom of Confucius: Chinese Sage, November 9, 1923, 117,500.

482 Five Weeks in a Lost Balloon (Jules Verne), November 19, 1923, 84,000.

483 A Seaman's Battles: Privateersman, November 23, 1923, 40,000.

485 A Voyage to the Moon (Jules Verne), November 19, 1923, 93,000.

496 Hints on How to Write Plays, December 26, 1923, 65,000.

513 Famous Travels of Marco Polo, January 23, 1924, 75,500.

516 A Book of Real Adventure, January 28, 1924, 117,500.

517 Mark Twain: Philosopher Who Laughed at the World, January 28, 1924, 60,000.

537 P. T. Barnum: Great Circus Owner, February 20, 1924, 40,000.

538 Robin Hood and His Merry Men, January 30, 1924, 82,500.

558 Book of Great Pirates, April 23, 1924, 80,000.

565 Magellan and His Voyage Around the World, July 28, 1924, 35,000.

604 Theodore Roosevelt and the "Big Stick," November 10, 1924, 55,000.

763 Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy, April 13, 1925, 20,000.

819 A Book of Strange Murders, April 28, 1925, 123,500.

FRANK HARRIS

My first personal contact with Frank Harris took place when he was editing *Pearson's*, at which time he took notes for an article about me, or rather, as he put it, a "portrait," or what today's *New Yorker* would call a "profile." I call such a job a "piece." I saw Frank Harris at his office, which was in his bookstore on lower Fifth Avenue, and his home—a frilly thing with lots of ironwork out front—three or four blocks west. This was in 1923, when Harris was almost through living in this country and was preparing to leave for the Riviera, where he was to spend his remaining years, always hard-up, always bitter about the way he'd been treated, always resentful over the neglect of his

genius, though he could point to many admirers, including Bernard Shaw, H. L. Mencken and George Meredith.

Harris liked to tell me how he had let Meredith read his stories, including "A Mad Love," "Montes, the Matador," "A Daughter of Eve," and "The Miracle of the Stigmata." One of these—I forget which, but it may have been his "Montes"—Meredith described as the greatest short story ever written, which I think is a wild, reckless appraisal. Harris wrote some good short stories—he told me several times that he considered himself, first and foremost, a short story writer—but they weren't the greatest the world ever produced. The Woman Taken in Adultery, in the Bible, Harris said, was the greatest short story ever written, which is another wild, reckless statement. The incident, and that's all it really is, can't even be called a short story, but Harris had to have an opinion on everything, in which he was much like myself.

Frank Harris was a short man, not over 5 feet 5, and weighed not over 145 pounds, with a good head of dark hair (surely dyed), a cavalryman's mustache, piercing eyes, a little belligerent, and a voice that sounded like Chaliapin shouting out of a cave. His voice was deepest bass, vibrant, room-shaking.

He roared when he picked up a piece I'd written in which I'd said Ingersoll was a great American thinker. Rubbish! Emerson was the only thinker America ever produced. I've always appreciated Emerson, who was one of my earliest mentors, but I've also appreciated the great Agnostic, because I liked his style, and, above all, his mind-liberating ideas, which have influenced my entire life. Once, I heard a huge, deep-breathing society lady, who could have been the chairman of the local Browning Society, ask Harris to name America's greatest poet. Without hesitation, Harris boomed, "Walt Whitman!"

"Oh," beamed the dowager, "I'm so glad to hear you say that. Don't you just worship his 'Captain, My Captain'?"

Harris boomed right back at her:

"Madam, Whitman's 'Captain, My Captain' is a hatful of s—t!"

Harris used his store as a lecture hall two or three evenings a week, where he talked mainly about literature. He'd draw 50 or 60 hearers, who paid 50c each to hear him put on a show—the only word that described his performance. One evening I attended a Harris lecture with Charlie Chaplin. Harris, Chaplin and I had eaten a good dinner up in Chaplin's suite in the Ritz-Carlton, at which time Harris had consumed a quart of excellent wine. Charlie and I also had had something to drink, but not in such a quantity.

Harris wasn't drunk, but he was plenty high. When he got up to face his small audience, he wobbled a bit and then started to bawl out England because of the ugliness of its trees. Harris presented an old-fashioned appearance, even for the early years of the third decade of our century—what with a white vest, a heavy gold watch chain clear across his powerful chest, his high, stiff collar and reddish tie—and up there he looked much like a bantam rooster out to whip the biggest cock of the barnyard.

"Those trees—those goddam trees—wind-blown, twisted, bent, gnarled—oh, those trees!" Harris roared.

Then he struck a pose to let us know just what those trees were like. Harris' round, neat rear was stuck straight out from under his coat. His left shoulder was shoved up near his jaw and then aimed off in an eccentric direction. His right hand, finger pointing, was aimed northeast, and his left hand, finger pointing, was aimed a crazy southeast. Then his right leg came up off the floor and he stood there for almost a minute on one foot.

The great Chaplin himself couldn't have made a funnier picture. The audience laughed. Pleased, Harris did the thing all over again, as an encore, repeating how much he hated England's miserable, stunted, goddam trees. We broke into applause, Charlie clapping the loudest.

Realizing that he had hit on something that was really good, Harris, still feeling that quart, repeated the act. But there was one

couple that was offended by his goddams, so the man and woman got up and left in a huff. "Probably Englishmen!" Harris yelled after them; "goddam Englishmen! They drove me out of their ugly country and now they're hounding me even at my lectures!"

The fellow stopped at the door, looked back, and snapped: "Shut that big mouth, you whisky bari-tone!" And he slammed the door. Harris jumped a foot in the air. "That's what I have been enduring all my life! I've been persecuted, banned, threatened, worried, robbed—all my life—and now, in my old age, I have to stoop to talking to Yahoos like you—I mean like the one who just left—in order to keep a roof over my head. I'm going to leave this country and live in France!" Pointing at me, the half-tight Harris blurted: "And you, Haldeman-Julius, will pay my way. You must. I can't stand it here. I can't stand it in England. I want to live out my years in a free country, France."

Harris had handled much money in his time, but he had always been a high liver and a daring taker of risks, so he would hit the skids often and end up broke. And here he was really broke, but spending \$20 for a meal every time he ate at the Brevoort, which was often. It easily cost him \$50 per day to live, and when he didn't have it he'd borrow it, or sell some precious letters, books, manuscripts, drawings, relics, or souvenirs of a long life spent with the world's celebrities. One afternoon I had lunch with Harris and his wife at his home west of Fifth Avenue. He drank another quart of wine, dipped chunks of bread in olive oil, and ate a huge bowl of sliced onions soaked in some dressing he'd made a few minutes before.

Harris was particularly sore at those critics who let out sly hints that they thought he was a liar when he claimed to have met practically every celebrity from Ruskin and Carlyle to Winston Churchill's father (who died of syphilis, according to Harris) and Queen Victoria's little, but later fat, Edward. He had discovered Shaw, Wells, and I forget what other celebrities. He had tried to rescue Oscar Wilde a

few hours before his disastrous trial by getting him over to France. In New York, among the intellectuals, it was the style to laugh at Harris and say that he'd met every celebrity except Jesus Christ.

The truth is, Harris really met all the people he wrote about. What was so wonderful about that? Harris himself was a celebrity and other celebrities went out of their way to meet him. I believe that's the truth, but I don't necessarily believe Harris always told the truth when he quoted the people he interviewed. He claimed to keep notes, and I don't doubt he did, but he was an artist with a fine imagination, and when he didn't have a good story he didn't mind making one up. But everything he wrote about the great figures of his day was true in spirit, even if he did put words in their mouths. If they didn't say exactly what Harris claimed they said, they certainly could have. If you read a portrait by Harris you get a picture of a living person, even when his piece is shot through with inaccuracies. That's why his two-volume life of Oscar Wilde is such a good book. It's the portrait of a living person, and yet we know now that some of the things Harris wrote about never happened. They could have happened.

Harris is supposed to have done some pretty wicked things while editing a certain kind of periodical in London, and the police are supposed to have given him a chase, with the result that he fled to the United States. Harris denied these charges. He said he had never tried to shake down any high political figures in the British government. When he said a man like Churchill's father was syphilitic, it wasn't done to make someone pay up in order to get the story suppressed; it never was even submitted to anyone. It just appeared in print, and then the fat was in the fire. How could blackmail enter such a situation? Certain people are always ready to accuse plain-spoken editors of using their position to collect blackmail. I have no reason to believe that Harris was guilty of such an offense.

The thing to remember about Harris is that he turned out in

London the best weekly literary magazine in the world, *The Saturday Review*. He had the greatest contributors, including Bernard Shaw and H. G. Wells. He had the highest standards. He rendered tremendous services to good journalism. It doesn't make sense to say that such an editor went in for blackmail. I heard the charges made dozens of times, but never saw a shred of supporting evidence. If Harris was a blackmailing journalist I never found out about it. I knew he was unreliable about money, that he'd borrow without intending to pay back, that he'd sell the same book to two or more editors, that he'd obligate himself for goods and services and then blandly ignore the bills, but he did all those things because he was used to his \$20 meals (including wine) and had to get the money somehow, but that never included blackmail, so far as I know. I don't believe Frank Harris ever held out a good story because someone had paid him to suppress the piece.

The day after that lecture on England's trees, I met Harris again, this time at his home, and we discussed ways to include some of his works in the Little Blue Books. We ended with eight titles, and they're still in my list. His "The Man Shakespeare"—considered by some critics as being the greatest book ever written on Shakespeare—I agreed to issue in four Little Blue Books. Of course, it was sheer madness, but I couldn't resist getting that magnificent book, even though I knew I'd lose money, that the booklets would never sell. They have always sold poorly, but they haven't been withdrawn because I couldn't have the heart to do such a cruel thing against fine literature. I paid Harris \$500 for this book, and brought out the four Little Blue Books in May, June and July of 1923, and since then the total sales have been a little less than 40,000 sets, almost 1,500 each year. I had better luck with his other works, which, by the way, cost me another \$500, and here the money was well spent, considering the commercial side of the transaction. No. 17 "Has Life Any Meaning?" has sold 133,500 copies up to January, 1949. Harris'

best-selling short story is No. 746, "A Daughter of Eve," which was first published on January 7, 1925, and by 1949 sold 105,000 copies. Another good seller is No. 1176, "A Mad Love," first published on February 15, 1927, and by January, 1949, sold 66,000 copies.

These two good sellers have that precious element of love in the title, with "A Daughter of Eve" ahead because that suggests something wicked, and all the world loves a wicked woman. Good, virtuous, chaste women are respected, but wanton women are read about. "A Mad Love," sells much less than "A Daughter of Eve," because it suggests romantic rather than sinful love.

The other three books of short stories by Frank Harris each sold 20,000 copies from 1925 to 1949. Their titles are 745, "Montes: Matorador and Lover," 923, "The Magic Glasses," and 924, "The Miracle of the Stigmata."

Two volumes of Harris' "Contemporary Portraits," first published in 1923, sold only 40,000 copies each. In all, I've sold 587,000 copies of eight Little Blue Books by Frank Harris, which is good.

Of course, if I had brought out Harris' autobiography I'd have sold hundreds of thousands of copies, if I could keep the censors away, which I couldn't, of course. People have gone to jail for even importing that book from Paris. I don't see why, because it's a fine work and should be read. True, it says things not found in other autobiographies—especially about Harris' pattern of sexual behavior that the Kinsey Report describes as "oral contact." But don't conclude from this that Harris was a homosexual. He was strictly butch, though he attracted great and little homosexuals, including Oscar Wilde himself.

Harris got to be sensitive about this and always went to great pains to let it be known that he was strictly for women as love partners, and while he had no prejudice against people who preferred homosexuality, he preferred not to share in the practice. His oral contacts—or cunnilingus—were with women only, and the attitude of modern psychiatry is that it makes no dif-

ference what a man and wife do together, that no one is concerned except the two lovers, and that such behavior should never be frowned on or branded illegal. If the Kinsey Report is true—and I believe it's 95 percent accurate, at least—oral contacts between men and women are common, and the fuss made over Frank Harris' candor in telling about his behavior is hypocritical. When telling me of his forthcoming autobiography, he said: "A cunning linguist gets more out of sex by bringing up the senses of taste and smell."

After reading Mailer's "The Naked and the Dead," I don't see how Harris' autobiography could be considered legally "obscene." This young, brilliant novelist has said everything, and oftener, that Harris did in his abused, hounded book. My copy came through the post-office. Harris' autobiography has to be bootlegged. I predict that before long even Harris' "horrible" autobiography will be published openly, without fear of action by the smut-hounds and suppressionists. Martyrs like Frank Harris have prepared the way. Yes, Harris literally, was a martyr to the cause of good literature. He suffered for his belief in frank, honest expression. He had to get his book printed through secret means, but he has pioneered and before long his brutally treated autobiography will be brought out openly and without fear of persecution.

Frank Harris never was as great as Frank Harris believed him to be, but he was always a good, sincere, talented writer. I liked, admired and respected him.

CHARLIE CHAPLIN

When Harris and I saw Chaplin in his rooms for the second time, the comedian had holed up in order to avoid a process-server. Charlie was having the usual trouble with one of his wives. She was willing to give him his divorce for \$2,000,000 while Charlie wouldn't pay more than \$300,000. Later they settled for \$600,000. Meanwhile, he said grimly, "I'm going to stay here until I get prison pallor before I pay off the way they ask." The few times he

got out, Charlie would sneak out by way of the freight elevator.

Charlie's usual trouble was to play around with jail-bait, and then have to meet a determined papa or mama, who demanded and got a shot-gun marriage because of a de-virginized daughter. After that it was just a question of time how long it would take for the inevitable divorce. Charlie was particularly annoyed by his current wife because of her habit of sitting before him and quietly pulling her waist out and taking long looks at her teats. She'd do this three or four times in five minutes, continuing her conversation or listening quietly while she took in the sight.

Charlie, who was worth \$20,000,000, never paid off in advance, which would have been the easier thing to do. He always resisted, even to the point of marriage, and then paid 10 times more than he should.

When Konrad Bercovici visited me here at the farm shortly after the second World War, he told me about his suit against his erstwhile friend, Charlie, for the work he had done on the story, "The Dictator," which Bercovici claimed he had written but for which he had received no pay.

Konrad told me he would have been satisfied with \$5,000, out of respect for their old friendship, but when Charlie rejected him entirely, he demanded millions. I took it on myself to write a letter to Charlie in which I told him that it was clear that Konrad had really done work on "The Dictator," as he had on several earlier pictures, and that I knew he'd rather not see the case go to trial. I told Charlie I was sure that \$5,000, or perhaps a little more, would satisfy Konrad. Charlie preferred to see the thing through to the actual holding of a trial, but when Charlie's attorneys saw the strength of Konrad's case after he had spent several days on the witness stand, they grabbed at the chance to settle, with the result that Charlie paid Konrad \$96,000, when a more give-and-take attitude would have saved him about \$90,000. Charlie's stubbornness has always cost him plenty.

But these matters aren't import-

ant, though they annoy those who admire Charlie's art. Chaplin the artist is superb, but it's my opinion that he would have retained his hold on the public if he hadn't gone in for elaborate, full-scale pictures and had stuck to his earlier things, the shorter productions that reached for bellylaughs, and usually got them. The riotous, slap-bang, coarse comedian of the old days clowned in a way that was a joy and while I admire Charlie's respect for advanced ideas and appreciate his passion for social progress, I don't think he translated them into his medium of art with the same effectiveness of his earlier pieces.

The trouble, as I see it, is that Charlie made altogether too much money. I believe in seeing artists well paid, but the idea of being able to pile up \$20,000,000 because of a rare talent is absurd. He would have worked longer and harder with an income of \$1,000 a week, instead of turning himself into a big financier.

I've never considered Charlie to be anything more than a great clown, and his grandiose ideas are bunk. It's the old hokum about the vaudeville comedian pining to play Hamlet. Rubbish. He should do his funny turns because he knows how to do them, and he should leave the so-called higher things to others.

Charlie, as a low comedian, was a genius; as a high-toned perfectionist he always missed fire, except when he'd permit the old Charlie Chaplin to peek through. Charlie's job was to make the world laugh, and, when he stopped giving first consideration to that, he deserted the medium he was best able to work in.

At that, the Chaplin pictures of the last 15 years have always been miles above even the better things Hollywood does. But that isn't the Charlie the world grew to love.

We still pine for that little, bewildered, defeated, frustrated, wistful waif who feared cops, who was the butt of big bullies, but who, by the use of his wits, managed to survive. Money, I believe, was the root of Charlie's evil—too much money, with resultant dignity, aloofness, social prestige, and whatever it is that too much money does to little people more used to poverty and hunger.

I'm not preaching against money. I like it. But it has to be kept where it belongs. One mustn't let money rule. Money, beyond a certain point, is a poison.

When one has a great talent and that gift brings him money, the accumulation of money beyond the requirements of decent living and future security works to destroy the original talent that produced the money. I'm not pleading for artists to shiver in cold garrets and eat an occasional carrot. I'm not asking artists to give their talents to commercial-minded managers. I'm merely suggesting that care must be taken not to let money destroy its superior—the talent of a great artist.

Cole Porter makes more money in a single year than Beethoven made in his entire life-time. Beethoven would write a symphony for \$200, and be glad to get the work. Porter can make \$100,000 off a single song. Beethoven, making less, worked more, and died great. Porter builds fancy estates in California and Vermont, staffed with dozens of servants the year around. He has a big place in New York. He has villas in the Riviera, palaces in Italy, hires yachts for Mediterranean cruises, throws parties that cost tens of thousands of dollars, and in other ways tears through fortunes made by a thin, pretty, sweet talent.

I consider Cole Porter a sick man when he must behave the way he does with the money earned by his songs. Such appalling exhibitionism can mean only one thing—he needs a psychiatrist to bring him to the level of good sense. The same doesn't apply to Charlie Chaplin, because he doesn't go in for stupidly lavish living. He lives well, but within reason. His is the miser-complex—the piling up of millions and millions, hoarded carefully until, even two decades ago, he had \$20,000,000 salted away for his old age. Charlie too is a sick man about money. Charlie and Cole should get together and see if they couldn't work out a sane code for rich artists, who are something of a problem, though not as serious as the problem at the other end of the scale, where fine artists have a hard time getting enough to eat.

WILLIAM J. FIELDING

Since we're back on the good, old, reliable subject of sex, let's do a good job of it and talk a little about the master sexologist of all Little Blue Book authors—William J. Fielding, author of 29 titles in the list. Since the early 1920's to January, 1949, Fielding's Little Blue Books have sold to the pleasant, consoling tune of 4,491,700. That's a good showing, considering that most were sold as a result of being merely listed in my complete catalogue. Fielding's books are often deleted from advertisements in magazines and newspapers. In fact, I'd say that Fielding's booklets get into hardly more than 10 percent of all advertising placed in magazines and newspapers.

The main protests come from Catholics, who have been organized to pester publishers whenever they print an advertisement containing any of my educational, scientific, mailable, intelligent, dignified works on sexology. I've already quoted the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States, in which it was said, in so many words, that there's no such thing as an obscene subject; obscenity can be found only in the treatment of a subject, in its terminology and not in the subject itself. This means that books on homosexuality, transvestism, fetishism, bestiality, sadism, masochism, voyeurism, and the like can be written about and yet not be classed as obscene and therefore declared unavailable.

William J. Fielding, Margaret Sanger, Havelock Ellis, D. O. Cauldwell, Freud, and other sexologists have never written a single word of obscenity. They have, in all their writings, striven for a clean, enlightening, adult, civilized discussion of a subject that suppressionists insist is obscene under all circumstances.

Progress has been made. When I brought out my early titles the Supreme Court hadn't yet made its epoch-making decision regarding obscenity. This came more than 10 years after I got going. I pioneered, prepared the way, and when the Kinsey Report came out in 1948, there wasn't a ripple of protest,

there were no shouts for suppression—and the book is amazingly plain-spoken in many places.

This couldn't have happened if I hadn't prepared a large public for such works and defeated the suppressionists in their efforts to gag me and drive me from the field as a publisher of scientific, educational books on sexology. But the Catholic censors manage to terrorize many magazines and newspapers into censoring my titles or rejecting the ads entirely. They do this by means of organized campaigns of instructed letter-writers. And such tactics work in some instances, but I predict the day will come when even the most conservative publishers of standard publications will pay no attention to these enemies of free thought, free inquiry, and free speech.

The reason I've published so many sexological works is because I felt the work had to be done, and since the standard publishers preferred to ignore the field, or give it only occasional attention, I made it a part of my program to give the best and most up-to-date sexologists a hearing. At that, while I have done the best job in the country as a publisher of sex books, they represent less than 10 percent of my list of titles, which goes to prove that I have my mind on things other than sex.

Fielding did most of his work for me from 1924 to 1926. He had written several clothbound books on sexology, which are still in print. Then he did these 29 sex books for me, followed by a Freethought work entitled, "Shackles of the Supernatural," which I published in my series of larger books—and that was all. He has done little since then, so far as I know. When I first met him in New York, I found him to be a pleasant-faced, youngish, almost tall, well-built, soft-voiced, good-looking man in his late '30s. I'd say he's about my age now—60—or perhaps a little older.

Writing sexological books has always been an avocation with Fielding. His livelihood is made in some capacity connected with the Tiffany Estate, which is housed in the same building that the great jewelry firm uses to cater to those who are ready

to pay \$5 for a gold hair-pin or \$500,000 for a pearl necklace. The country's most popular sexologist works every day in Tiffany's, on Fifth Avenue.

ISAAC GOLDBERG

Isaac Goldberg, who died about 10 years ago, was, second only to Joseph McCabe, my pet author. I'm sorry I never met him, though I first got to hear about him as early as 1916, when, not many years out of Harvard, he and his friend, Henry T. Schnitzkind (Henry Thomas), edited a Socialist weekly in Boston, Mass., and an excellent paper I thought it was at the time. Of course, if there was a paper around I was sure to be in it, so if the curious will look up the files of Goldberg's paper they'll find some of my pieces, especially paragraphs, in some issues.

Then I heard that Goldberg was lecturing at Harvard on Spanish, Portuguese and Latin American literature, a subject on which he was a life-long expert. He was my senior by two years, having been born in 1887.

While still a boy he received a chest wound during a rough game and it never healed. For the rest of his life he had that open sore which always required attention, for drainage had to be maintained. He lived a quiet life as author, critic, newspaperman, essayist, biographer, and lasted almost to his 50th birthday, which was something of a stunt, considering his damaged chest.

During the last 20 years of his life he worked like a man possessed, and every line of it was honest, sound journalism. He was a man about my own size, 5 feet 6, and weighed probably 140 pounds. He wore a Chaplin mustache, had a thick head of hair, loved music, was always kidding, and got a lot of fun out of his too-short, but full, life.

When I got my Little Blue Books started he was one of my earliest authors, probably second only to Finger in actual point of time. But he was already at work as the book reviewer of my weekly, for which he turned out at least a column and a half of excellent material each week

and for which he was paid \$10 per issue.

The Goldberg department attracted a group of appreciative readers. Many of his pieces were reprinted in my larger format, the 5½ x 8½ inch booklets that I then called the Big Blue Books, and which sold from 25c up.

The 25 Little Blue Books he did for me began with his guide book to the Gilbert and Sullivan operas (the subject of his first clothbound book, if I'm not mistaken), and was published in December, 1923. From then until 1929 (but mostly during 1924, 1925 and 1926) Goldberg did 25 booklets at \$100 each, along with his weekly column. Then I switched him to my bigger volumes, where he did much good work.

Here again is an author who has never seen one of his books withdrawn from my lists of Little and Big Blue Books.

Among his larger works—all around 60,000 words—are "The Dictatorship Over the Intellect," "What Does the Catholic Church Want in America?" "What We Laugh At—And Why," "Backsliders to God," "The Sexual Life of Man, Woman and Child," and others.

I've missed Goldberg a thousand times since his death. His loss put me back. I still feel the need for his brilliant mind, easily carried learning, good humor, high standards, and careful, but unstilted, writing.

He turned out copy that was a joy to this editor. Instead of working over a Goldberg Ms., I had nothing to do but sit back and enjoy it. How few Goldbergs there are! Most writers, even among the best, demand much from their editors, for many of them don't seem to care what their Mss. look like or how much sweat they demand from their editors.

I printed millions of words by Goldberg and never had occasion to question one of his assertions, facts, dates, and the like. He was accurate, sure-footed, firm, reliable. Here was an Atheist, Materialist, Humanist, Socialist, esthete, critic, and lover of life, who worked regular hours as a writer each day, and yet somehow the word "hack" never comes up when I talk about him.

He was always the artist, the conscientious judge of the best work done by geniuses past or present in literature, poetry, the drama, thought, music, philosophy and biography.

In all, since December, 1923, until January, 1949, I sold 1,396,800 Little Blue Books by Isaac Goldberg, which is good, considering that the list contains only 25 titles. One of his Little Blue Books—No. 897, "How to Enjoy Good Reading," sold 250,000 copies, but this high figure, in great measure, resulted from the fact that the title had special promotion in a high school set I sold around 1930 and which found great acceptance among the young people. Another title in the high school set was 1021, "Italian Self Taught," which sold 114,000. If it hadn't been for the fact that these two books were included a part of the time I sold my 50-volume set of High School Books, the books just mentioned might have sold not over 50,000 copies. The rest of the Goldberg books received the same advertising that was given the average Little Blue Book—that is to say, it was listed in my catalogue. A title sells because it appeals to the buyer, and that's about all. With these facts in mind, here are the Goldberg titles and what they did:

213 Havelock Ellis' Plea for a Sane Sex Life, first printed on May 22, 1925, 55,000 copies sold.

444 Slants on Life, December 31, 1923, 25,000.

470 Jazz Music: What It Is and Means, June 7, 1927, 15,000.

475 Gilbert and Sullivan Opera Guide Book, December 27, 1923, 30,000.

489 Realistic Short Stories of Jewish Life, December 27, 1923, 63,000.

507 How to Understand Richard Wagner, January 14, 1924, 30,000.

519 How to Enjoy Rabelais' Lusty Humor, February 1, 1924, 20,000.

530 Camoens: Soldier-Poet-Lover, March 12, 1924, 32,500.

540 Brightly Colored Tales of Passion (translations of stories by Remy de Gourmont), February 8, 1924, 136,000.

541 French Love Stories of Many Hues (Remy de Gourmont), February 8, 1924, 113,500.

582 Splendid Nights in Paris, July 28, 1924, 42,500.

611 H. L. Mencken: Antichrist, November 10, 1924, 30,000.

646 The Spirit of Brazilian Literature, January 27, 1925, 35,000.

732 The Spirit of Jewish Literature, March 19, 1925, 20,000.

733 Brazilian Love Stories, March 21, 1925, 37,500.

803 Costa Rican Love Tales, April 24, 1925, 20,000.

859 How to Enjoy Good Music, May 19, 1925, 72,500.

897 How to Enjoy Good Reading, August 5, 1925, 250,000.

984 Harmony Self Taught, April 20, 1926, 76,000.

1005 How to Enjoy Orchestra Music, July 11, 1926, 64,000.

1021 Italian Self Taught, August 24, 1926, 114,000.

1358 How to Acquire Good Taste, April 17, 1926, 43,000.

1379 President Harding's Daughter, May 10, 1929, 78,500.

1481 The New Immorality, November 29, 1929, 15,000.

1528 Getting Into Print, August 6, 1930, 17,500.

Nos. 540 and 541, translations of short stories by Remy de Gourmont, are remarkable, in that they never received more than mere listing in catalogues and in advertisements in magazines and newspapers and still sold well over 100,000 each. It's the American's tremendous curiosity about the Frenchman's curiosity about love, marriage, divorce, romance, vice and sex. Of course, it's wicked of the French to make sex so appealing, and wanton of Americans to listen to them—but those are the facts. And I doubt human beings will ever be different. Sex is, always has been, and always will be, the first interest of all healthy men and women, and, let's add, boys and girls. And I see no reason for wanting to change such an attitude. It's healthy, its warming, its pleasant, it's interesting, it's really normal, it's intimate—and it's here to stay. Take sex out of art and literature and what'll you have left? Censors and suppressionists may thunder and bawl and scratch and scold, but they'll never suppress this interest nor will they ever suppress the literature that appeals to those who are curious about love and sex. The

super-good people will never give up, I imagine, but they'll never win. They'll win skirmishes now and then, but the war will go to sex, always.

DR. D. O. CAULDWELL

How long Fielding will hold first place I can't say, because a new figure has arisen in the field of sexology—Dr. D. O. Cauldwell, an M.D. who devoted many years to private practice, and then quit it to devote himself to writing just a little more than two years ago. During that time he has written almost 100 books of 15,000 words each, along with some magazine work—a total of almost 2,500,000 words. It's too early to give a report on Cauldwell's sales, but they are substantial and will surely outsell Fielding many times over, because Cauldwell has done a much more thorough job, covered far more ground, and brought out discoveries in our pattern of behavior unknown to the sexologists of 25 years ago.

Fielding was years ahead of his time, but time has a way of creeping along, and his place as the nation's most influential sexologist will, I'm sure, eventually go to Dr. Cauldwell, omitting Dr. Kinsey because his surveys are limited in scope compared to the wide-ranging research conducted by Cauldwell.

Dr. Cauldwell, who visited me with his charming wife, Lorene, in the summer of 1948, is still in his early 50's, so we may look forward to a world's record for one man's writings in the field of sexology. I don't care to make any predictions, but I do feel that before he gets through he'll have covered every phase of sexology and brought to light everything new we've learned about the sexual behavior of humans.

Dr. Cauldwell is above medium height, neatly put together, with a crew haircut (probably carried over from his days as an army surgeon), in perfect health, strong, merry, congenial, polite, sympathetic, patient and eternally interested in what all humans do and feel. His wife is a little woman, perhaps 15 years his junior, who works with him loyally and tirelessly, for his

correspondence is enormous, it being a fact that the world's eccentrics, nuts, screwballs, queers and odd fish converge on two men—Dr. D. O. Cauldwell and the author of these pages. If they don't come to see us, at least they write. Dr. Cauldwell is far more patient with them than I am, for he takes time out to write fully to all who ask for advice or who present their emotional problems for his comments.

The Cauldwell influence is growing. And the man himself is growing, for only three years ago he was a practicing physician with limited experience as a writer. Now he has written almost 100 15,000-word books and plans scores more.

HOW FIELDING'S BOOKS SELL

If I can't give a report on the sale of Dr. Cauldwell's books because they haven't been in print long enough, I can and do want to tell what happened to the 29 titles by William J. Fielding, with their total sale of 4,491,700. Of his 29 titles, only two were commercial failures, in that they sold fewer than 20,000 copies each. To pick 27 big sellers out of 29 tries is pretty good picking, if I do say so myself. Here's the record:

190 Psycho-Analysis Explained, February 25, 1921, 330,000.

217 Puzzle of Personality, July 14, 1922, 239,500.

401 Woman the Warrior, April 25, 1928, 10,000.

447 Auto-Suggestion: How it Works, June 26, 1923, 182,200.

449 Auto-Suggestion and Health, October 28, 1927, 27,500.

529 Woman, the Criminal, March 29, 1928, 24,500.

536 What Women Beyond 40 Should Know, December 1, 1925, 41,500.

653 What Every Boy Should Know, May 29, 1924, 217,500.

654 What Every Young Man Should Know, June 20, 1924, 432,500.

655 What Every Young Woman Should Know, October 27, 1924, 400,000.

656 What Married Men Should Know, October 27, 1924, 445,500.

657 What Married Women Should Know, October 31, 1924, 493,500.

688 Teeth and Mouth Hygiene, January 24, 1925, 63,000

- 689 *Woman's Sexual Life*, January 24, 1925, 357,000.
 690 *Men's Sexual Life*, April 13, 1925, 382,000.
 691 *Child's Sexual Life*, May 19, 1925, 89,000.
 692 *Homosexual Life*, August 1, 1925, 139,000.
 901 *Woman: Eternal Primitive*, June 17, 1927, 30,000.
 904 *Sex Symbolism*, August 15, 1925, 72,500.
 907 *Sexual Obsessions of Saints and Mystics*, December 1, 1925, 50,000.
 950 *Determination of Sex*, October 31, 1925, 67,000.
 996 *Dual and Multiple Personality*, March 12, 1926, 41,500.
 1051 *Cause and Nature of Genius*, September 3, 1926, 40,000.
 1052 *Nature of Our Instincts and Emotions*, July 23, 1926, 52,500.
 1353 *Unconscious Love Elements in Psycho-Analysis*, April 15, 1929, 17,500.
 1556 *How the Sun's Rays Will Give You Health and Beauty*, October 22, 1930, 68,500.
 1563 *Marvels and Oddities of Sunlight*, November 20, 1930, 45,000.
 1569 *Boccaccio—Lover and Chronicler of Love*, November 5, 1930, 39,000.
 1608 *Facts You Should Know About the Art of Love*, February 17, 1931, 94,000.

UPTON SINCLAIR

I knew Upton Sinclair some years before he ever knew me. I was in my teens in Philadelphia, around 1907, when Upton Sinclair was living in a Single Tax colony not many miles from Broad Street. Sinclair had already aimed at the country's heart and hit it in the stomach with his fine novel, "The Jungle," which I read soon after it appeared.

I remember being told the amazing fact that the book was selling at the rate of 1,100 copies a day, that Teddy Roosevelt had called him to the White House to talk over his exposure of the Chicago packing houses, and that the President, at Sinclair's suggestion, had appointed a committee to look into the charges, one of the investigators being Mrs. Ella Reeve Bloor, of whom I've already written.

One paper said Sinclair was sure

to make \$60,000 in royalties. Then came big stories in the newspapers about Sinclair's troubles at the colony, where the novelist had played tennis on the Sabbath and had been arrested for violating Delaware's blue law. There was excitement when Sinclair was sent to jail for 24 hours.

A few years later, when I was on the *Call*, I heard that he was editing a hefty anthology, to be called "The Cry for Justice," a work at which he was being helped by Clement Wood, a writer who did many Little Blue Books for me more than 10 years later. I wrote a friendly review that attracted Sinclair's attention, and ever since we've worked together on numerous literary projects. We've been in almost constant touch for about 35 years.

Shortly after the first World War I serialized several of his books, including his powerful and useful "Brass Check," the greatest exposure of American journalism ever written. I also ran his "Mammon-art." And I don't remember how many other books.

I did 10 of his works in Little Blue Book form, and later, starting in the middle of the second World War I began issuing Sinclair's longer works in my larger format, until now I have 25 titles in that list, including "Boston," an 800-page novel, "Oil!" a 525-page novel, "Brass Check," 446 pages, "American Outpost," Sinclair's book of reminiscences, "Damaged Goods," "Our Lady," "Marie and Her Lover," "Limbo on the Loose," "The Book of the Mind," "The Book of the Body," "The Book of Love," "The Book of Society," "A Giant's Strength," "Profits of Religion" (a study of supernaturalism as a source of income and a shield of privilege), "No Pasaran!" (They Shall Not Pass), "The Flivver King," and some other titles.

I annoy him by scolding because of his gullible acceptance of the Psychical Research rubbish and the Dr. Rhine hogwash, but he insists I'm too prejudiced to appreciate his view. As I'm all right otherwise, he refuses to quarrel with me. He lets me sputter out on a limb, which is hard to take because there's no

percentage in scolding someone who just smiles back at you.

I blame his wife for turning him into an innocent believer in the cavortings of the spookologists. I may be wrong here. Anyway, he defies all rational, sane, realistic influences and tells the world that Psychological Research is the real thing and that we Materialists are all wrong. I hope this is the last time I'll ever talk on this wretched subject again. I've mumbled for years without effect, so let me pass on to other things and pray with me for strength never again to mention my friend's weakness.

I've already written words of praise for Sinclair as novelist and pamphleteer. His personality is already well known to the average reader, so I'll pass that over, except to say that he is uniformly pleasant and polite, which arouses my envy, for I'm not uniformly pleasant and polite. I have a way of scolding even my oldest friends if they do things I don't like, as I've been doing for years because of Sinclair's support of the notions of—whoops, there I caught myself in time or I'd have gone into my old speech about—well, we'll let that pass. He is a genuinely cheerful person, and that bright spirit gets into his writings, so that one comes to enjoy his endless zest, lightness, and charming humor. He's a good writer.

We often take Sinclair for granted, until, reading a few pages of one of his things, we're brought up with a start, for here's a writer who more than knows his business. Every writer—beginning or arrived—should study Sinclair from time to time. I think the nearest perfect thing he ever did was that charming novel, "Our Lady," a story in the tradition of Voltaire, and I know no higher praise to offer a storyteller.

Sinclair, who looks a little like Woodrow Wilson, has taken good care of himself, and even now, when he's close or at his 70th year, he's trim, athletic, and smart looking. He wears his clothes well, something that great clothes-horse, Adolph Menjou, can't do with a tenth the Sinclairian ease. I can notice and appreciate such things

because I have no talents in that line, usually buying the first tie, shirt, hat socks, or suit that's shown me, and letting sales people boss me around something terrible.

Sinclair has wisely withdrawn from all activities that drain his strength and keep him from doing the one job he's best qualified to do—write books. He wasted years of his life making speeches, running for public office, thinking up new political programs, when all along he should have stuck to his job, the only job that's important for Sinclair to do—write books. It took him a long time to get around to that sensible idea, and that means we're to see more books by Sinclair, for he looks good for more years of creative writing.

Upton Sinclair's 10 Little Blue Books, in about 25 years, have sold 386,000 copies, as follows:

234 Can Socialism Work? September 21, 1921, 55,000.

583-588 (six Little Blue Books devoted to "The Jungle"), May 14, 1924, 30,000.

589 The Pot-Boiler, May 12, 1924, 30,000.

590-591-592 The Millennium, April 24, 1924, 30,000.

594 The Overman, April 29, 1924, 40,000.

630 The Second-Story Man, May 9, 1924, 70,000.

631 The Naturewoman, December 8, 1924, 28,000.

632 The Machine, March 31, 1925, 30,000.

634-635 The Captain of Industry, December 16, 1924, 29,000.

1690 Socialism and Culture, October 13, 1931, 13,000.

JOSEPH McCABE

I come to my pet, Joseph McCabe. I have already told what I think of him in a hundred articles. Not a month passes without at least one piece in which I tell why I consider Joseph McCabe the generation's greatest thinker and scholar, and I mean this literally.

If I had done nothing in my entire career except to associate myself with McCabe and give him hundreds of editorial assignments, if I had only raised the money to pay for his Mss. and brought out his works in the most voluminous series

of volumes ever done by one author and brought out by one publisher, if I had done nothing more than bring McCabe's talents to the attention of what has grown to be a world-wide audience—if I had done only these jobs, I believe I'd have established myself as a force for mass-education and enlightenment, with immediate and constructive effects on the thinking portion of the population. My association with McCabe has been enough to build a career for anyone.

I knew from the first conference which resulted in a stream of Little Blue Books that began to really get going in 1926—I knew from that time, 23 years ago, that I had captured the world's most unorthodox thinker, the best popularizer (in the finest meaning of that abused word), the most sincere seeker for the truth, the most determined enemy of obscurantism and mysticism, the most eager destroyer of myths and lies in the fields of history and religion, the most loyal and enthusiastic worker for Freethought, Rationalism, Atheism and Materialism, the clearest writer and thinker on subjects that are difficult and technical, the most cordial hater of verbiage and bunk, the most tireless fighter for democracy and freedom. I never doubted this a moment during all the years he has worked for me, and still—despite his 83 years—working for me and turning out Mss. that compare with the best he ever did in younger years. In fact, a review of his most recent works will show that he is now at the very peak of his powers.

As for the facts of his life, I ask readers to study his charming autobiography, which I published under the title, "Eighty Years A Rebel," in which a dozen pictures of the early and recent McCabe are reproduced. As for his ideas and teachings, I can only refer my readers to his published works, so vast in number that many pages will be required to merely list the titles of his Little Blue Books and his numerous larger works that he did for my presses. I question there's been anyone during the entire history of printing who has even approached McCabe in the quality of pages printed and can even begin to com-

pare with him in the quality of his writings, his scope of learning, his breadth of interests, and his expertness in many difficult fields. McCabe's 121 Little Blue Books are listed below, giving titles, date of publication, and quantity sold, the grand total being 2,347,000:

109 Facts You Should Know About the Classics, January 29, 1931, 79,000.

122 Debate on Spiritualism, August 5, 1920, 111,000.

297 Do We Need Religion? May 31, 1927, 31,500.

354 Absurdities of Christian Science, April 21, 1927, 25,000.

365 Myths of Religious Statistics, May 25, 1927, 10,000.

366 Religion's Failure to Fight Crime, May 27, 1927, 20,000.

439 My 12 Years in a Monastery, July 11, 1927, 70,000.

445 Fraud of Spiritualism, November 4, 1927, 14,000.

446 Psychology of Religion, November 4, 1927, 20,000.

477 Nonsense Called Theosophy, January 12, 1928, 15,000.

841 Future of Religion, June 11, 1927, 24,000.

1007 Revolt Against Religion, April 22, 1926, 25,000.

1008 Origin of Religion, April 19, 1926, 46,000.

1030 World's Great Religions, August 2, 1926, 36,500.

1059 Myth of Immortality, June 25, 1926, 32,500.

1060 Futility of Belief in God, July 20, 1926, 30,000.

1061 Human Origin of Morals, August 4, 1926, 29,000.

1066 Forgery of the Old Testament, August 3, 1926, 30,000.

1076 Morals in Ancient Babylon, September 3, 1926, 34,000.

1077 Morals in Ancient Egypt, September 30, 1926, 30,000.

1078 Morals in Greece and Rome, July 28, 1926, 50,500.

1079 Phallic Elements in Religion, September 8, 1926, 39,500.

1084 Did Jesus Ever Live? September 8, 1926, 59,500.

1095 Sources of Christian Morality, September 8, 1926, 20,000.

1102 Pagan Christs Before Jesus, September 28, 1926, 23,000.

1104 Myth of the Resurrection, September 28, 1926, 25,000.

1107 Legends of Saints and Martyrs, December 21, 1926, 20,000.

- 1110 How Christianity "Triumphed," October 2, 1926, 22,500.
- 1121 Evolution of Christian Doctrine, November 26, 1926, 22,500.
- 1122 Degradation of Woman, November 18, 1926, 55,500.
- 1127 Christianity and Slavery, January 28, 1927, 22,500.
- 1128 Church and the School, December 20, 1926, 20,000.
- 1130 Dark Ages, January 10, 1927, 33,500.
- 1132 New Light on Witchcraft, November 16, 1926, 25,000.
- 1134 Horrors of the Inquisition, December 21, 1926, 39,000.
- 1136 Medieval Art and the Church, November 26, 1926, 20,000.
- 1137 Morrish Civilization in Spain, January 19, 1927, 20,000.
- 1140 Renaissance; European Awakening, January 10, 1927, 20,000.
- 1141 Reformation and Protestant Reaction, December 21, 1926, 20,000.
- 1142 Galileo and Medieval Science, December 20, 1926, 22,500.
- 1144 Jesuits: Religious Rogues, February 3, 1927, 30,000.
- 1145 Religion in French Revolution, May 6, 1927, 15,000.
- 1150 Churches and Modern Progress, March 7, 1927, 20,000.
- 1203 Seven Infidel U. S. Presidents, May 4, 1927, 30,000.
- 1205 Paine's Revolt Against Bible, March 15, 1927, 20,000.
- 1211 Conflict of Science and Religion, March 24, 1927, 20,000.
- 1215 Ingersoll, Great Agnostic, May 31, 1927, 20,000.
- 1218 Christianity and Philanthropy, June 2, 1927, 20,000.
- 1224 Religion in Great Poets, May 24, 1927, 20,000.
- 1229 Triumph of Materialism, June 7, 1927, 20,000.
- 1237 Beliefs of Scientists, June 15, 1927, 24,000.
- 1243 Failure of Christian Missions, May 25, 1927, 20,000.
- 1248 Lies of Religious Literature, June 9, 1927, 20,000.
- 1262 Is Evolution True?, April 12, 1928, 10,000.
- 1450 Do We Live Forever?, July 25, 1929, 57,000.
- 1455 The End of the World, July 25, 1929, 22,500.
- 1486 Are Atheists Dogmatic?, November 26, 1929, 7,500.
- 1487 A Manual of Debunking, December 3, 1929, 8,000.
- 1490 Is Einstein's Theory Atheistic?, November 25, 1929, 5,000.
- 1501 Mussolini and the Pope, December 3, 1929, 33,500.
- 1502 Why I Believe in Fair Taxation of Church Property, September 3, 1930, 10,000.
- 1509 Gay Chronicle of the Monks and Nuns, August 19, 1930, 43,000.
- 1510 The Epicurean Doctrine of Happiness, August 19, 1930, 10,000.
- 1515 Love Affair of a Priest and a Nun, August 18, 1930, 53,000.
- 1536 Facing Death Fearlessly, August 19, 1930, 17,500.
- 1539 A Debate with a Jesuit Priest, August 19, 1930, 11,000.
- 1543 Is War Inevitable?, September 9, 1930, 29,000.
- 1550 How People Really Lived in the Middle Ages, September 22, 1930, 16,000.
- 1559 Can We Change Human Nature?, October 22, 1930, 36,000.
- 1561 That Horrible French Revolution, January 5, 1931, 31,000.
- 1762 What is Wrong With the World, December 24, 1942, 10,000.
- 1763 How An Ape Became Man, December 13, 1942, 10,000.
- 1764 The Evolution of Animal Life, December 24, 1942, 10,000.
- 1765 The World We Live In, December 24, 1942, 10,000.
- 1766 The Body Machine and How It Works, January 4, 1943, 10,000.
- 1767 The Mysteries of Embryology and Heredity, January 4, 1943, 10,000.
- 1768 The Plant World Simplified, February 17, 1943, 10,000.
- 1769 Has Man a Mind?, February 17, 1943, 10,000.
- 1770 Man the Creator, May 1, 1943, 10,000.
- 1771 The Wonders of Modern Chemistry, May 4, 1943, 10,000.
- 1772 How Religion Began, May 4, 1943, 10,000.
- 1773 Philosophers and Their Dreams, September 2, 1943, 10,000.
- 1774 Real and Unreal Moral Law, September 4, 1943, 10,000.
- 1775 How Christianity Grew Out of Paganism, September 4, 1943, 10,000.
- 1776 The Ancient World, October 12, 1943, 6,000.
- 1778 The Middle Ages, October 12, 1943, 6,000.
- 1779 Truth About the Rebirth of Civilization, October 13, 1943, 6,000.

- 1780 Asia's Great Atheist Religions, October 15, 1943, 6,000.
- 1781 Skeptics the Great Leaders of Progress, October 15, 1943, 6,000.
- 1782 The Making of the Modern World, October 16, 1943, 6,000.
- 1783 Lies and Bunk About Racial Superiority, October 16, 1943, 6,000.
- 1784 Asia and Its Problems, October 19, 1943, 6,000.
- 1785 Japan and America, October 19, 1943, 6,000.
- 1786 Russia in the Light of the War, October 20, 1943, 6,000.
- 1787 Socialism and Capitalism, October 20, 1943, 6,000.
- 1788 Evolution or Revolution, October 22, 1943, 6,000.
- 1789 Can We Change Human Nature?, October 22, 1943, 6,000.
- 1790 Sham Fighting About Matter and Spirit, October 23, 1943, 6,000.
- 1791 Freethought and Agnosticism, October 23, 1943, 6,000.
- 1792 The Literature of Myths and Legends, October 25, 1943, 6,000.
- 1793 Great Poets and Their Creeds, October 25, 1943, 6,000.
- 1794 The Theaters and the Cinema, November 11, 1943, 6,000.
- 1795 Pessimism in Modern Literature, November 11, 1943, 6,000.
- 1796 Modern Fancy Religions, November 26, 1943, 6,000.
- 1797 The Futility of All Mysticism, November 26, 1943, 6,000.
- 1798 Fundamentalists and Superior Believers, November 26, 1943, 6,000.
- 1799 Is Our Age Degenerate?, November 26, 1943, 6,000.
- 1800 The Crying Need of School Reform, November 29, 1943, 6,000.
- 1801 This Question of Democracy, November 29, 1943, 6,000.
- 1802 The Man and the Woman, November 30, 1943, 6,000.
- 1803 What Is the End of Life? November 30, 1943, 6,000.
- 1804 A Debunker Looks at Marriage, December 1, 1943, 6,000.
- 1805 Should the World Federate?, December 1, 1943, 6,000.
- 1806 H. G. Wells and His Creed, December 2, 1943, 6,000.
- 1807 Is America Religious?, December 2, 1943, 6,000.
- 1808 Death Control and Birth Control, December 3, 1943, 11,000.
- 1809 Bunk About Free Will and Strong Will, December 3, 1943, 6,000.
- 1810 The Materialistic Determination of History, December 4, 1943, 6,000.
- 1811 Man Today Faces His Greatest Opportunity, December 4, 1943, 6,000.
- 1828 Bunk About Marriage, December 22, 1947, 10,000.
- 1831 Sex Life in Russia, December 22, 1947, 10,000.

Joseph McCabe, at 83, is still a tonic. What a man! I know thousands join me in wishing him many more years of writing. McCabe, doughty old warrior, is still fighting the grand battle of Freethought, education, truth and freedom. It's wonderful to hear that he's well, but, after all, the chap is getting along. We know the Devil has overlooked him, and we pious ones are praying that he'll continue to lay off, for we need that powerful mind, subtle humor, charming wit, and fine literary craftsmanship. If only me could hit the target another 10 or 15 years! Let's pray long and hard. The Devil's been reasonable so far, and maybe he'll keep hands off until this warrior finishes at least 20 more books. McCabe's brain is more vigorous than ever before in his long, useful life. If only the heart, stomach, kidneys, and miscellaneous organs could keep going full tilt while that brain continues to pour out its wisdom, knowledge and understanding.

When I first met him, he was in his early 50's and I was in my early 30's. We've been working together almost 25 years, and what a fruitful quarter-century it's been. Just look at the immense list of books he's done for my presses. There's his monument, and I believe it'll endure. I was warned McCabe's hard to get along with—cranky, testy, curt, and all that sort of thing. Well, I can say, after almost 25 years, that we never exchanged an unfriendly, discourteous word. I've always found him sprightly, peppy, enthusiastic, cheerful, considerate, gracious, generous, and appreciative. In short, always a gentleman. On my part, I've always given him liberty of expression. Of the millions and millions of words he's written for me, I've never changed a single sentence. I've never rejected a single manuscript.

And I've never regretted giving him leeway and arranging to have him turn his entire literary output into my hands. It's been a perfect collaboration.

The only liberty I've taken with McCabe, during all these years, was to suggest ideas for books, and I'm proud to say that he's yet to turn down one of my editorial suggestions. It pleases me to be able to say that never once did my admiration for his ability fade.

My main regret is that this long teamwork must end before very long. But I know we'll pull together right to the last mile. My other regret is that there's no one to take up where he leaves off, at least to my knowledge. Maybe there's a young fellow somewhere, perhaps in his early 20's, who's of the stuff that a McCabe's made of. I hope I'll have brains enough to recognize his talents when I come on them, and I hope I'll have sense enough to work with him. I'm not any too optimistic, but I'm not entirely pessimistic. It could happen. And then, when he's in his middle 50's, and I'm up where McCabe is now, he may write a piece telling the world what a great guy I was to join with him in the task of bringing enlightenment to the Man in the Street. Me may even pat me on the back and say I was a bit of the all right. That'd put new ginger in my ancient glands and maybe rejuvenate me so I'd be able to keep up the pace for another decade or two before leaving for my place near the gem-studded throne of the Ethereal Esquire.

I've always been a hard worker, because I enjoy doing the job at hand. My monument, like McCabe's, will be a seemingly endless list of good books—thousands and thousands of them. It's been a good show. I've enjoyed it. And I hope the last curtain won't be sliding down until I, like McCabe, become so worn down that I won't be able to do the job that's waiting to be done. That's the time to kick off—when the work that needs doing can't be done. No, this is no farewell.

I'm feeling fine, eat well, consume my share of highballs, enjoy farm life, like to have interesting people

come to the house, collect paintings, read, write, plan new ideas for my authors, sleep soundly—in short, I like being around. I'm still curious about ideas. Yes, life's worth living. People tell me I don't look my 60. Now and then some stranger asks me to introduce him to my father. But that doesn't happen as frequently as it did 10, 15 or 20 years ago. Yet, it does happen, and I'm pleased, though I sometimes suspect I'm being spoofed.

Only one thing disturbs me. The good people have stopped praying for me. In the old days I used to get letters each day, in which pious souls told me I was headed for Hell but that they were asking Jehovah to go easy with me. Either they've given me up as a hopeless sinner or they think I'm so close to the jumping off place that it's practically too late to put in a good word for me.

Recently, a priest asked me, in all seriousness, what I got out of life. I told him I found life worth living, because I enjoyed good music, fine pictures, great books, beautiful thoughts of truth and freedom, sane living, warm showers each morning, pleasant home life, charming people, lively talk, exchange of ideas, adventures among the masterpieces left by the world's greatest thinkers, good bellylaffs, plays of sharp wit and worldly humor, beautiful women, tall glasses of orange juice, fresh trout shipped in from the Rocky Mountains, smoked turkey, slices of salty lox, black bread smeared with home-made butter, freshly manufactured eggs, crisp bacon, slightly burned toast, roast duck, thick steaks, German fried potatoes with hints of onion, lofty poetry, plays, magnificent orchestras, letters dictated by my grandchild, huge stacks of orders for Little Blue Books and my other publications, checks that never bounce, accounts that always pay on the dot, honest, friendly neighbors, litters of pigs, brand new calves, ducklings, lambs, chicks, ample crops of corn, wheat, oats and sargo, lofts jammed with hay, silos pouring over, newly plowed land, the first green of winter wheat, the rustle of corn that's ready for the

cornpicker, cats that beg for food at the back door, dogs that eat well and then sleep quietly near the fireplace, oak and walnut logs that burn for hours and make the house smell sweet, the reds and yellows of the elms near my bedroom window in early November, the first chirps of spring, my wife's lovely garden, the house and fields mantled in snow, the reflection of the moon in the duck pond near the house, soft-voiced old people, laughing children, roosters welcoming the dawn, hens clucking, wheat ready for the harvester, milk that was grass five hours before, reveries before the fireplace, another highball, the long yawn that says it's time to turn in. . . . I wouldn't exchange them for that Man of Gawd's hell-fire, eternal damnation for infants, purgatory, disgusting exhibitions of superstition and intellectual cowardice, hypocrisy, hatred of truth and candor. I'm not ashamed to be a son of this world. It's the only one I know about.

I am making an exception in McCabe's case and giving the titles, dates of publication, and copies sold of the works he wrote for my list of larger books, $5\frac{1}{2} \times 8\frac{1}{2}$ inches in size, ranging from 15,000 to 60,000 words and selling for 25c to \$1 per volume. I'm doing this because McCabe's heaviest work has been done for this larger series, though his 121 Little Blue Books can't properly be called a minor achievement. Where McCabe's 121 Little Blue Books contained a total of about 1,500,000 words, his 40 volumes in what I called by the general title of "The Key to Culture," listed by separate titles below, contained 1,200,000, and this literary project was but the merest beginning. In all, McCabe did 122 larger books, with a total word-count of about 6,100,000, and with sales amounting to 1,892,200 copies. In all, McCabe received more than \$100,000 in compensation.

McCabe, like all my other authors, didn't work on a royalty basis. I have always preferred to buy all Mss. on an outright basis. Here's the list of McCabe's larger works 122 titles out of a total list of 737 titles, which shows to what extent I early decided to let McCabe

keep writing book after book, practically without halt since the very first Little Blue Book McCabe did for me. Adding McCabe's 1,500,000 words in his Little Blue Books and his 6,100,000 in his larger books, he did a total of 7,600,000 words, more or less, all done in about 23 years. Is there anyone else who did the same kind of work and in such quantity? I repeat: McCabe has written immense quantities of Mss., but I insist that each word was put down with the utmost regard for style, logic, accuracy, inquiry, research, organization of material and general readability. And, while I think of it, let me mention an interesting fact about the books of this man who, in my opinion, is the world's greatest scholar: not in a single instance did he resort to footnotes. I never told him not to use them, but since he didn't I'm delighted, for I believe that most of them are affectations of authors who would pretend to scholarship. A good writer can get along without footnotes. I don't pose as a good writer, but even I have written some 20,000,000 words without once slipping in a footnote. Footnotes are like having to run downstairs during the first night of a honeymoon.

Here are McCabe's larger books which he did for me:

Man and His Submission to Being Ruled, June 26, 1928, 12,000.

How Man Acquires and Spends His Money, July 10, 1928, 12,000.

Story of Economic Ideals in Man's Social Status, July 24, 1928, 10,000.

Manual of Money and Wealth, August 7, 1928, 9,000.

Story of Human Social Ideals, August 21, 1928, 12,500.

Facts About Great Writers of Antiquity, August 30, 1928, 9,000.

Great Writers of the Middle Ages, September 11, 1928, 9,500.

Important Facts About Modern Writers, September 17, 1928, 9,000.

The Writers of Today and Their Message, September 20, 1928, 9,000.

Ancient Art Summarized and Explained, November 9, 1928, 8,000.

Medieval Art Summarized and Explained, November 12, 1928, 9,000.

Modern Art Summarized and Explained, November 14, 1928, 8,000.

The Art of Thinking and Reason-

ing Logically, November 16, 1928, 12,000.

The Complete Story of Philosophy, November 21, 1928, 10,000.

Manual of Human Morality, December 20, 1928, 10,000.

The Story of Human Education, January 15, 1929, 10,500.

All About Psychoanalysis, February 1, 1929, 12,000.

Important Facts About the Progress of Science, February 12, 1929, 13,500.

What Sex Really Is, May 13, 1929, 17,000.

Antagonism Between the Sexes, May 15, 1929, 17,000.

Women and Marriage, May 16, 1929, 18,500.

Abnormal Aspects of Sex, June 13, 1929, 19,300.

Women and the Creative Urge, June 14, 1929, 17,000.

What is the Mystery of Woman, June 17, 1929, 16,000.

What Should Be Taught About Sex?, July 1, 1929, 17,500.

The Quest for Sexual Happiness, July 5, 1929, 16,000.

How Man Made God, October 2, 1930, 3,000.

What God Cost Man, November 12, 1930, 3,000.

How Philosophers Made God Respectable, November 12, 1930, 3,000.

God, the Deists, and the Philosophers, November 14, 1930, 3,000.

Science Conducts God to Its Frontier, November 17, 1930, 3,000.

God of the Middle Ages, November 13, 1930, 3,000.

Morals in Early Medieval Europe, July 17, 1930, 7,500.

Morals in the Arab-Persian Civilizations, August 23, 1930, 7,500.

The Moral Life of China and India, August 26, 1930, 7,500.

Life in Europe in the Later Middle Ages, August 29, 1930, 4,000.

Morals in the Renaissance Period, September 2, 1930, 4,000.

The Effect of the Reformation on Morals, September 10, 1930, 4,000.

Morality in the 19th Century, September 20, 1930, 4,000.

The Changing Morals of Today, September 22, 1930, 5,000.

Foundations of the Universe, August 15, 1927, 15,000.

How the Universe is Constructed, August 29, 1927, 16,500.

The Globe On Which We Live, September 12, 1927, 16,000.

How Life Sprang From Matter, September 26, 1927, 16,000.

How Life Developed, October 16, 1927, 16,500.

Marvellous Kingdom of Plant Life, October 31, 1927, 16,000.

Marvellous Kingdom of Animal Life, November 14, 1927, 13,000.

How the Bodies of Animals are Constructed, November 28, 1927, 16,500.

Man's Mastery of Life, December 12, 1927, 14,000.

Story of the Evolution of Man, December 26, 1927, 15,500.

Life Among the Many Peoples of the Earth, January 9, 1928, 15,500.

Human Body and How It Works, January 23, 1928, 15,000.

Human Body and How It Grows, February 6, 1928, 15,000.

Myriad Mysteries of the Mind, February 20, 1928, 15,500.

Beginning of Man's Story of Himself, March 2, 1928, 13,000.

Wonders of Ancient Egypt and Babylon, March 20, 1928, 17,000.

Splendors of Greece and Rome, April 3, 1928, 14,000.

Strange Civilizations of China and India, April 17, 1928, 15,000.

True Picture of Europe in the Middle Ages, May 1, 1928, 15,000.

Story of Rise of Modern Europe, May 15, 1928, 12,000.

Dawn of the New Age and Birth of the Modern Spirit, May 29, 1928, 12,000.

The History of America, June 12, 1928, 12,000.

Sketches of Abelard, Saladin, Frederic the Second, Roger Bacon, 1931, 10,000.

Sketches of Boccaccio, Gutenberg, Lorenzo the Magnificent, Leonardo da Vinci, Michael Angelo, Columbus and Copernicus, February 12, 1931, 10,000.

Sketches of Wycliffe, John Hus, Erasmus, Luther and Richelieu, February 21, 1931, 10,000.

Sketches of Rabelais, Montaigne, Cervantes, Bruno, Shakespeare and Galileo, March 16, 1931, 13,000.

Sketches of Francis Bacon, Descartes, Cromwell, Moliere and Milton, April 2, 1931, 13,000.

Sketches of Spinoza, Newton, Peter the Great, Locke, Montesquieu

- and Frederick the Great, May 15, 1931, 13,000.
- Sketches of Voltaire, Rousseau, D'Aranda, Franklin and Diderot, June 25, 1931, 13,000.
- Sketches of Gibbon, Kant, Adam Smith, Washington, Mirabeau and Paine, June 22, 1931, 13,000.
- Sketches of Jefferson, Goethe, Schiller, Pestalozzi, Watt and Beethoven, June 23, 1931, 13,000.
- Sketches of Napoleon, Byron, Shelley, Bolivar and Robert Owen, June 23, 1931, 13,000.
- Sketches of Pushkin, Mazzini, Victor Hugo, Karl Marx, Carlyle and Heine, July 3, 1931, 13,000.
- Sketches of Lincoln, Wagner, Darwin, Ibsen, Renan and Spencer, July 15, 1931, 13,000.
- Sketches of Nietzsche, Pasteur, Haeckel, Burbank and Anatole France, August 27, 1931, 13,000.
- Appeal to Reason, No. 1, February 26, 1935, 7,000.
- Appeal to Reason, No. 2, April 22, 1935, 7,000.
- Appeal to Reason, No. 3, May 25, 1935, 7,000.
- The Vatican's Last Crime, October 14, 1941, 13,500.
- How the Pope of Peace Traded in Blood, October 10, 1941, 13,500.
- The Pope Helps Hitler to World Power, November 1, 1941, 13,500.
- The Vatican Buries International Law, November 30, 1941, 13,500.
- Hitler Dupes the Vatican, January 7, 1942, 13,500.
- The War and Papal Intrigue, January 10, 1942, 13,500.
- Pious Traitors of Belgium and France, January 12, 1942, 13,500.
- The Pope and the Italian Jackal, January 14, 1942, 13,500.
- Newest Discoveries in Astronomy, April 15, 1937, 8,000.
- The Failure of Fascism, June 14, 1937, 8,000.
- Economic Gains of the Soviet Union, June 15, 1937, 8,000.
- Nazism and the State of Germany, July 14, 1937, 8,000.
- The Causes of Civil War in Spain, July 15, 1937, 8,000.
- Imperialistic Japan and Its Aims, July 27, 1937, 8,000.
- Emancipation of Modern Life and Letters, August 9, 1937, 8,000.
- What America Could Produce and Consume, August 23, 1937, 8,000.
- Television—What It Is and How It Works, September 16, 1937, 8,000.
- Man a Million Years Ago, September 20, 1937, 8,000.
- Economics, the Science of Getting and Conserving Wealth, October 21, 1937, 10,000.
- How the Talkies Talk, November 11, 1937, 10,000.
- Your Body and Its Functions, November 15, 1937, 10,000.
- What Vitamins and Diet Will Do For You, November 16, 1937, 10,000.
- Women Who Become Men, December 15, 1937, 10,000.
- Earliest Man in America, December 16, 1937, 10,000.
- Our Wonderful Glands, December 18, 1937, 10,000.
- The Wonders of the Atom, December 21, 1937, 10,000.
- What War and Militarism Cost, December 23, 1937, 10,000.
- How the Roman Catholic Church Really Began, December 31, 1929, 9,000.
- How the Pope's Power Was Made and Enforced, March 27, 1930, 9,000.
- How People Were made to Submit to Papal Power, March 27, 1930, 9,000.
- Height of Papal Regime of Vice and Crime, April 1, 1930, 9,000.
- Truth About the "Reform" of Rome, April 2, 1930, 9,000.
- Roman Catholic Intrigues of the 19th Century, April 7, 1930, 9,000.
- The Ancient World, December 3, 1930, 9,000.
- The Wonderful Greco-Roman World, December 9, 1930, 14,000.
- The Greco-Roman Civilization, December 15, 1930, 15,000.
- Sketches of Tai-Tsung, The Caliph Muavia, Liutprand, Charlemagne, Abd-Al-Rahman III and Otto the Great, February 6, 1931, 10,000.
- An Outline of Today's Knowledge, May 2, 1932, 10,000.
- The Bloody Story of Anti-Semitism Down the Ages, May 6, 1947 10,000.
- Life of Chiang Kai-shek, July 12 1944, 10,000.
- Debunking the Lourdes "Miracles," April 10, 1928, 9,000.
- The Dumbness of the Great, February 20, 1948, 10,000.
- Eighty Years a Rebel, November 12, 1947, 15,000.
- The Epic of Universal History October 5, 1948, 10,000.

Futility of Basic Religious Ideas, January 15, 1937, 10,000.

Getting the Most Out of Life, October 1, 1941, 9,000.

Great Ideas Made Simple, December 11, 1933, 10,800.

The History of Flagellation, July 2, 1946, 8,000.

History and Meaning of the Catholic Index of Forbidden Books, November 17, 1931, 6,500.

A History of Satanism, October 6, 1948, 2,000.

A History of The Second World War, January 10, 1946, 12,500.

A History of the World Since 1918, December 14, 1936, 4,000.

Hitler and His Gang, October 24, 1944, 9,000.

How Atomic Energy Will Affect Your Life and Future, June 25, 1946, 10,000.

The Inferiority Complex Eliminated, November 1, 1940, 7,500.

Is the Position of Atheism Growing Stronger?, August 4, 1948, 10,000.

The Lies and Fallacies of the Encyclopedia Britannica, July 24, 1947, 15,000.

The Life of Joseph Stalin, April 10, 1944, 11,000.

The Life of Roosevelt, April 18, 1945, 10,000.

The Life Story of Robert Owen, January 27, 1948, 2,000.

The Meaning of Existentialism, August 9, 1946, 3,000.

The Menace of Mysticism, January 5, 1947, 3,500.

Rome Irreconcilable With Democracy, April 14, 1946, 4,500.

The Rhythm Method of Birth Control, October 20, 1933, 25,100.

Atheist Russia Shakes the World, February 7, 1942, 13,500.

Fascist Romanism Defies Civilization, February 21, 1942, 13,500.

The Totalitarian Church of Rome, April 8, 1942, 13,500.

The Tyranny of the Clerical Gestapo, April 16, 1942, 13,500.

Rome Puts a Blight on Culture, April 20, 1942, 13,500.

The Church, the Enemy of the Workers, June 4, 1942, 13,500.

The Church Defies Modern Life, June 9, 1942, 13,500.

The Holy Faith of Romanists, June 12, 1942, 13,500.

How the Faith is Protected, July 9, 1942, 13,500.

The Artistic Sterility of the Church, July 13, 1942, 13,500.

The Fruits of Romanism, July 16, 1942, 13,500.

The Encyclopedia of Essential Knowledge, Volume 1, March 30, 1948, 2,500.

The Encyclopedia of Essential Knowledge, Volume 2, April 20, 1948, 2,500.

The Encyclopedia of Essential Knowledge, Volume 3, June 5, 1948, 2,500.

The Encyclopedia of Essential Knowledge, Volume 4, July 7, 1948, 2,500.

Are the Latest Discoveries in Science Giving Support to the God Idea? January 17, 1936, 5,500.

Upton Sinclair Finds God, May 12, 1936, 10,500.

Is the Philosophy of Dialectical Materialism Out of Date?, May 18, 1936, 10,500.

A Critical Review of the Latest Claims That Are Supposed to Give Validity to God Idea, June 26, 1936, 11,000.

Reason or Faith—Which Shall Prevail?, June 30, 1936, 11,000.

Christianity's Social Record, September 3, 1936, 11,000.

The Absurdities of Christian Religion, November 3, 1936, 11,000.

Does Atheism Rest Its Case on Logic?, November 4, 1936, 11,000.

Would a Godless World Make for Social Progress or Decline?, November 5, 1936, 11,000.

Morals of the Savage, July 6, 1930, 7,500.

Morals of the Ancient World, July 7, 1930, 7,500.

The Phallic Ancient Civilizations and Cult of Love, July 9, 1930, 6,000.

Morals Among the Greeks and Romans, July 15, 1930, 6,000.

The Story of the World's Oldest Profession, March 2, 1932, 24,500.

The Truth About the Catholic Church, July 16, 1926, 13,000.

Vice in German Monasteries, July 25, 1937, 10,000.

Book of Popular Superstitions, September 6, 1932, 9,000.

Book of Isms, July 6, 1945, 6,500.

Life of Winston Churchill, April 17, 1944, 6,500.

Biographical Dictionary of Ancient Medieval and Modern Free-thinkers, May 1, 1945, 7,000.

H. G. WELLS

H. G. Wells I've never met, but I've had dealings with him over many years. He lectured in the middle west several times, but I never was able to make connections. However, Wells became one of my early authors and while he didn't turn in a long list of titles, after the way of Joseph McCabe, he was an asset to my project and I was happy to welcome him. The early Wells titles in the Little Blue Book series were all short stories and represented his style during the last decade of the 19th century. They were first printed in England and they attracted much attention because of the young author's brilliant use of scientific themes and material. The business side of the Wells booklets was handled by Mrs. Wells. I found her pleasant to deal with and reasonable in her prices. Wells wrote me once that he was like a doctor—he charged what he thought the patient could pay.

During the second World War Wells got in frequent touch with me because he was excited over his plans—one of a long line—to remake the world, something that had become an important part of his career. Wells and I had a jolly time swishing letters across the submarine-infested Atlantic. In one of my epistles I mentioned "our wonderful air mail service," which drew a hoot from the world's greatest utopian. "After censorship and so forth," he wrote, "your letter gets here today, 22 days after your date." Well, his letter was sent on September 24 and got here on October 5, which is a little better. I think it's wonderful that any kind of letter gets across any kind of way. Of Joseph McCabe's last 20 war-time manuscripts, one was lost—5 percent. That's a lot, but, at that, 95 percent arrived. In one of my letters to Mr. Wells I invited him and his family to visit me at my farm, suggesting that he remain long enough to reconstruct the literary habits of this melancholy world. Frankly, I invite anyone to my farm if he strikes me as half-civilized; and if he's a celebrity that I admire I pour it on. Mr. Wells picked up the suggestion with this charming

reply: "I can't come to Girard for a long time because London is still the center of interest for world affairs and particularly for my affairs and objectives. As for bringing my family, it includes roughly about 20-odd essential people, including 7½ grand children (which will be eight next March), an indispensable biologist, an indispensable housing expert, a woman official in Delhi, and the breeder of a herd of perfect cattle. You would have been surprised if we had all packed up and converged on Girard. (Two of the grandchildren are in Australia.)"

A few years before his death, Wells sent me the Ms. of "The New Rights of Man" and promised another, "Phoenix, or How to Rebuild the World," which was giving him some trouble. Let him tell it in his own words:

"When I'm in difficulties with a book, I try the element of surprise. I attack it at an hour when it isn't expecting it. I learned this lesson from my own sex life. Along after 50 I was beginning to slow down sexually, my main difficulty being the matter of erections. I guessed (properly) that it was partly psychological, and in this I was right. My trouble was with my regularity, the same as with my writing. When I went to my desk at 9:30 each morning, it was to write; when I went to my wife's bed, it was the last act of a long day, when I might be fatigued. So I switched. I would suddenly creep up on my wife in the sunshiny morning and tackle my book at midnight. Try it. It worked with me. But try it on your own wife."

In the first edition of his popular and generally useful "Outline of History," Wells let loose with a howler when he said that Christianity "broke the fetters of the slave." But when Joseph McCabe called his attention to the record, Wells had the falsehood deleted when the book went to press again. It's odd how even a Rationalist and Freethinker of Wells's stature could fall for such a piece of pious propaganda. During his last years, Wells's anti-clericalism and anti-

religious attitude became increasingly aggressive and forthright.

McCabe pointed out to Wells that "neither Jesus, nor Paul, nor any Father of the Church, though slavery was the greatest evil of the Roman world, even pointed out that slavery was a crime," though their new religion taught the brotherhood of man under the fatherhood of God. McCabe also showed Wells that the Church never condemned slavery until "the rising tide of abolitionist sentiment in modern times compelled it to recognize this elementary principle of social ethics."

Wells's Little Blue Books have never been sensational sellers, but I'm glad to retain them in the list because they're fine reading and deserve to remain in print. At that, the fact that 10 titles by Wells sold 456,500 copies up to January, 1949, indicates that publishing stories by Wells means good music on the cash register as well as a lift for literature.

161 Country of the Blind, January 4, 1920, 113,000.

165 Discovery of the Future, January 17, 1921, 110,000.

925 The Empire of the Ants, and Other Stories, December 18, 1925, 49,000.

926 The Obliterated Man, and Other Stories, December 14, 1925, 37,000.

927 The Stolen Bacillus, and Other Stories, December 21, 1925, 20,000.

1660 A Woman's Heart, June 27, 1931, 31,500.

1661 The Man Who Could Work Miracles, June 27, 1931, 16,000.

1662 Valley of Spiders, June 29, 1931, 31,500.

1663 Treasure in the Forest, June 26, 1931, 29,000.

1664 A Slip Under the Microscope, June 27, 1931, 19,000.

When speaking of Wells, Bernard Shaw's name usually comes to mind, and here we meet another author who stands with the best and whose example serves to explode that ancient bit of bunk about the desirability of avoiding first-class literature and appealing to the public with the pulp and comic book type of "literature." My record as editor and publisher shows hundreds of

instances in which the finest works are gladly received by the Man in the Street. Shaw, who has been in my list much longer than Wells (his first Little Blue Book was issued in 1919, the year the series got started) is represented by four titles, of which 438,500 have been sold, as follows:

26 On the Humor of Going to Church, December 8, 1919, 135,000.

135 Socialism for Millionaires, October 12, 1920, 68,000.

180 Worldly Epigrams of Bernard Shaw, February 13, 1921, 77,500.

215 The Miraculous Revenge, July 22, 1921, 158,000.

THE POWYS BROTHERS

John Cowper Powys' eight Little Blue Books have sold a total of 994,000, which is extremely good, but here we find three Powys titles used in my successful High School set of 60 booklets, of which I sold more than 300,000 sets at \$2.98 each in full page advertisements that appeared in the newspaper during a sale period of about a year and a half. The first three titles listed below were used in this high school set, the first one, No. 112, and the third, No. 435, went into almost all sets sold, and the second, No. 414, went into about a third of the sets. Had the three titles not received such special promotion they might have sold 30,000 each. The little set of figures below is interesting for the light it throws on how a high-brow critic can find an unusually large public for his rather difficult works. The record:

112 Secret of Self-Development, January 12, 1927, 330,000.

414 Art of Being Happy, September 5, 1923, 138,000.

435 Digest of 100 Best Classics, July 11, 1923, 368,000.

448 Estimates of Great Original Geniuses, October 9, 1923, 30,000.

450 Calls to Imaginative Conflict, October 9, 1923, 30,000.

451 Masters of Erotic Love, October 16, 1923, 20,000.

453 A Sailor (Joseph Conrad) and a Homosexual (Oscar Wilde), October 9, 1923, 35,000.

1264 Art of Forgetting the Unpleasant, May 31, 1928, 42,500.

John Cowper Powys' gifted

brother, the late Llewelyn, has two Little Blue Books in my list, which have sold a total of 55,000 copies. Llewelyn was a firmer Freethinker than his better known brother, and a far greater stylist. He wrote more than a half dozen books, all of them gems. I hope to be able to bring them out before long. Llewelyn deserves readers, and intelligent readers deserve to have access to such a charming, stimulating, delightful author. Tuberculosis took him off while he was still only in middle life—a severe loss to literature. He was a worldly, rabelaisian, earthly character, who loved life, beautiful women (among whom he was proud to list an African belle who was of the color of ebony and whom he found to be a delightful partner in the eternally fascinating pantomime); he was a nature-worshiper, a poet who wrote many exquisite pieces about the moods of nature, and, tirelessly and effectively, a propagandist for Freethought and a hater of obscurantism and supernaturalism. His two Little Blue Books sold as follows:

534 *Mystic Materialism*, February 4, 1924, 35,000.

702 *A Book of Intellectual Rowdies*, March 10, 1925, 20,000.

MY OWN BOOKS

Since I'm giving away so many trade secrets about my authors, it's only fair that I should expose my own record as the writer of books that are offered for sale in even competition against the titles of my other authors. For years it's been a standing joke around this office that any book that carries my name as author is bound to be a poor seller. True, 27 volumes of "Questions and Answers" contain most of my writings that I did over a period of 13 years, and they've never sold well. In fact, I have to give the entire set away as a premium to subscribers who send in \$4 for four years of my *American Freeman*. I printed only 5,500 copies of each book—128 large pages, containing about 80,000 words—and, after about 13 years there are quantities of the original 5,500 copies still in stock. This hurts, because I'm proud of these 26 books. They contain an immense amount of material on po-

litical, economic, social, radical, Freethought, religions, clerical, theological, scientific, historical, literary and other subjects. Besides, readers will find my quips, wisecracks, stories, anecdotes, epigrams and paragraphs scattered throughout these 26 volumes, and many readers say they like those little bits of nonsense. They're all available, so I wonder why they don't move customers to order the full set.

My Little Blue Books aren't supposed to be good sellers, either. It's said I give myself good breaks, but the public prefers to pass me up. Yes, Cauldwell, Fielding, McCabe, and many other authors have me whipped when it comes to turning out material that the public will buy. But that doesn't discourage me. If the public won't buy many of my books—at least as many as they buy of my other authors—that's their privilege, but I still feel they're losing something. And I don't intend to let such rebuffs dishearten me. I write because I like to do the work, and thumbs down from the public can't deter me. I am a stubborn man. Some day I may find a formula that will move large editions of my own works. Until then, I must be content with small editions of 5,000 or thereabouts, and see them stay around for years and years before they're sold out.

The above paragraph about the way my Little Blue Books sell was written while the girl who has charge of press-room production records was compiling data about my 53 titles in the Little Blue Books, and when she turned up with the figures I was amazed. What had been taken for granted for years turned out to be inaccurate. The figures show definitely—and they were compiled with the greatest desire for accuracy—that 1,273,500 copies of my 53 Little Blue Books have been sold (a good showing, I insist), as follows:

72 *Color of Life and Love*, May 7, 1920, 58,000.

257 *What the Ford Labor Policy Really Means*, February 3, 1927, 21,000.

334 *Midwest Stories*, September 21, 1923, 22,500.

- 396 When the Sheriff Met the Convict, August 6, 1923, 20,000.
- 454 The Ribald, Unworthy Coopers, November 21, 1923, 20,000.
- 460 Essays on Luther Burbank, Etc., October 3, 1923, 30,000.
- 461 Confessions of a Puritan, Etc., October 1, 1923, 27,500.
- 463 Art of Reading Constructively, December 19, 1923, 89,500.
- 464 Is Progress the Bunk?, October 3, 1923, 30,000.
- 908 Brief Burlesques and Epigrams, November 6, 1925, 20,000.
- 1287 Brann, Who Cracked Dull Heads, May 29, 1928, 12,500.
- 1288 America's Fakirs and Guides, June 7, 1928, 12,500.
- 1289 Facts About American Literature, May 31, 1928, 12,500.
- 1290 Art of Digesting Ideas, June 22, 1928, 31,500.
- 1291 America; Greatest Show on Earth, June 6, 1928, 10,000.
- 1293 What America Needs, June 4, 1928, 12,500.
- 1301 Way of All Flesh, June 5, 1928, 12,500.
- 1302 What Life Means to Me, June 6, 1928, 17,500.
- 1335 Can Knowledge Be Made Popular?, April 17, 1929, 10,000.
- 1366 How to Become a Writer of Little Blue Books, April 8, 1929, 20,000.
- 1374 Is the World Getting Better?, April 23, 1929, 10,000.
- 1375 Meaning of Success in Life, May 2, 1929, 27,500.
- 1376 Henry Ward Beecher-Pulpit Barnum, May 3, 1929, 12,500.
- 1482 The Dramatic Career of Gen. U. S. Grant, July 19, 1929, 10,000.
- 1488 The Age-Old Follies of Man, January 29, 1930, 12,500.
- 1489 What is Christianity? An Answer to Dr. Fosdick, November 30, 1929, 11,000.
- 1512 Is This Century the Most Admirable in History?, July 31, 1930, 5,000.
- 1522 Why We Write Like Human Beings, August 18, 1930, 15,000.
- 1529 Why There Are Atheists, July 30, 1930, 9,000.
- 1530 Why Believe in God?, August 20, 1930, 31,500.
- 1538 A Rational Sex Code, July 16, 1930, 51,500.
- 1540 How We Can Live Happily, August 22, 1930, 55,000.
- 1544 Why I Do Not Believe in Capital Punishment, September 18, 1930, 22,500.
- 1545 Why I Do Not Fear Death, September 9, 1930, 43,000.
- 1546 An Encyclopedia of Sex, September 19, 1930, 62,500.
- 1547 How Can We Wipe Out the Crime of War?, September 19, 1930, 17,500.
- 1549 Why I Do Not Believe in Censorship, September 19, 1930, 17,500.
- 1551 Why I Believe in Freedom of Thought, September 22, 1930, 17,500.
- 1557 What Is a Liberal?, October 24, 1930, 23,500.
- 1558 A Peep at 19th Century Americans, January 5, 1931, 17,500.
- 1565 Catholicism and the Public Schools, October 23, 1930, 11,500.
- 1573 Herbert Hoover in the White House, December 1, 1930, 38,000.
- 1580 Serious Lesson in Pres. Harding's Case, December 12, 1930, 35,000.
- 1589 Facing Life Realistically, January 9, 1931, 17,500.
- 1597 Meaning of Atheism, February 16, 1931, 13,500.
- 1598 Is "Knowledge" of God a Delusion?, February 17, 1931, 12,000.
- 1601 Hoover's Record as President, February 5, 1931, 21,000.
- 1605 The Girl in the Snappy Roadster, February 16, 1931, 71,000.
- 1612 Herbert Hoover's Record Before He Became President, February 24, 1931, 36,000.
- 1619 Sir James Jeans' "Mathematical God," March 12, 1931, 12,500.
- 1625 Is There a Return to Religion?, March 12, 1931, 12,500.
- 1676 How Joseph McCabe, the World's Greatest Scholar, Can Help You, October 5, 1931, 13,000.
- 1686 Unemployment Insurance, October 5, 1931, 10,000.

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL

I've already told, in a number of places, including this record, how the Ingersoll lectures and debates influenced me when I was a boy in Philadelphia. I was about 10 years old when he died, and as a boy I heard much about the great Agnostic. I heard hundreds of times from men and women who had attended Ingersoll's lectures in Philadelphia. When I attended Freethought lectures in a hall on North Broad street at about 1905, the speakers, including Hugh F. Munro, often referred to their great leader. In-

gersoll's memory was still fresh and his influence was strong.

Socialists had a way of dismissing him because he was a Republican and because they wanted to support the new line which had it that religion was a "private matter," which each individual was to settle for himself. The fact that the great theoreticians and leaders of Socialist thought and action in Europe were all Atheists and Materialists—Marx, Engels, Bebel, Liebknecht, Jaures, Hyndman, Lenin, Trotsky, and many others—didn't seem to phase them.

They simply wanted to attract the church vote and were willing to compromise on an important set of principles, one of them being opposition to all forms of clericalism. I never accepted this view. I was a Freethinker from my early years as a reader, as I've explained in these pages, and believed that propaganda for Freethought was, in a sense, as important as propaganda for social democracy. That's why, only a little over a year after I started the Little Blue Books, I began reprinting some of Ingersoll's works, six titles in all, of which 454,000 were sold.

I also brought out 16 volumes by Ingersoll in my larger books, which sold at from 25c to \$1 per copy. I plan to add at least a dozen more before long.

Early in 1948, I was visited by a taxi-driver who drove his taxi from Springfield, Mo., to the farm here near Girard, to see me about a manuscript he had compiled. It was called "Christ and the Colonel," a compilation of what Christ and Ingersoll had said on the same subjects, and many Ingersollian quotations on subjects that Jesus had neglected to offer an opinion. I soon realized that this young, intelligent, self-educated workingman—his name is Merrill L. Finley, and he now lives at St. Joseph, Mo.—had done a completely original and useful job, a book of about 80,000 words, which I felt the country needed, for Ingersoll was never more needed in the U.S.A. than he is today. I brought out the book in my larger format, and I'm glad to be able to say that I have received hundreds of letters from men and women—

some of them prominent Freethinkers—thanking me for this substantial service to Freethought. A reading of this compilation will prove my oft-repeated assertion that Ingersoll is intellectual dynamite.

Every now and then I hear from some supercilious person—usually he has gone through the motions of polishing off a formal education—and he'll dismiss with a sneer my list of booklets by Robert G. Ingersoll. The attitude is that Ingersoll wrote and spoke in the 19th century, and it follows that he's outdated, that his ideas died with his century. "Ingersoll was all right in his day," I'm told, "but there's no need for his views because the Fundamentalism he fought is dead. Why flog a dead horse?"

The answer is simple: Ingersoll is as alive, intellectually, today as he was when he thrilled vast audiences in every city in the country. Ingersoll made a career of condemning the cruelty, bigotry and fanaticism of the Old Testament, with its appeals to ignorance and superstition. He tore the Bible to shreds in lectures, articles and debates that are still magnificent works of logic, scholarship and eloquence.

Ingersoll lectures exposed the idiocies of the Bible and other monuments to supernaturalism. His "Mistakes of Moses" is still a valuable work of criticism and information. On his constructive side, Ingersoll fought for truth, justice and humanitarianism. He defended the opponents of superstition. He told about the lives of great infidels and the great contributions they made to civilization. In one speech he would attack the enemy—orthodoxy. In his next speech he would show how Freethinkers serve humanity constructively and usefully. All this was done with great wit, vast information, and immense personal charm.

There are millions of people who still believe in the notions Ingersoll attacked. They reject science, they sneer at evolution, they believe in a "made" world, they believe in heaven and hell, they believe there's a system of rewards and punishments, they believe in the soul and that it goes to some place that's ruled by an Ethereal Esquire. They

believe in miracles and in answers to prayer. They believe the laws of nature can be suspended if God can be won over to the view that a miracle would be in order. Yes, there are tens of millions of people who believe in the ideas that prevailed in the 13th century.

In such a world, Ingersoll serves as a bomb. He blasts ignorance and superstition to rubble. He makes Fundamentalists run away or listen, and if they listen they're doomed. The radio, any Sunday, is a melancholy thing. It reeks with the lowest, most stupid, most arrogant expressions of religious "thinking."

The press, especially Luce's *Life*, *Reader's Digest*, and other mass-circulation publications, are whooping it up for a return to religion, and by that they mean religion in its most orthodox and reactionary form. In such a situation, Ingersoll's printed lectures become a positive necessity, for they present arguments that were unanswerable at the time they were hurled at the religionists, and they're still sound, convincing and logical.

The only trouble is that the average religionist has forgotten there ever was such a person as Ingersoll, and the few who remember his name are sure he's burning in hell. It's a rare experience to come on one who has actually read any of the keen, witty, delightful works of Ingersoll. If what I'm saying is true, it's clear that there's greater need for Ingersoll than ever before.

I say, without fear of contradiction, that lectures like the following are unbeatable attacks on supernaturalism: "The Foundations of Faith," "Liberty of Man, Woman and Child," "Truth," "The Ghosts," "What Great Infidels Have Done to Advance Civilization," "The Truth About the Holy Bible," "Essays by an Agnostic and Criticisms by a Skeptic," "Mistakes of Moses," "The Crime of Superstition," "Which Way to a Free World?" "Reasons Why I Am a Freethinker," "Death-Blows at Orthodoxy," "The Trial of Renolds for Blasphemy," "Faith or Agnosticism?" and other fine works.

I'm proud of the fact that I've published all the titles just listed, and I plan to bring out more works

by the great Agnostic, because his ideas mustn't be permitted to die, for such a calamity would mean that orthodoxy could present its case for superstition without fear of successful contradiction. That would be too terrible for words.

Here are the facts regarding the six Ingersoll titles in the Little Blue Books:

88 Vindication of Thomas Paine, June 16, 1920, 68,000.

129 Rome or Reason? A debate, September 10, 1920, 127,000.

130 Christian Controversy, a debate, September 10, 1920, 118,000.

139 Crimes Against Criminals, August 26, 1925, 30,000.

135 The Gods—A Lecture, June 2, 1925, 30,000.

236 61 Reasons for Doubting the Bible, November 23, 1925, 81,500.

THOMAS PAINE

In addition to two titles by Thomas Paine, the list contains biographical material about the great Freethinker and revolutionist by Joseph McCabe, Ingersoll, and others. I hope to have more Paine titles, for I'm sure the public would read additional ones if they were available. I believe it would be good business (and a great service to Freethought) if some New York publisher were to bring out an omnibus, containing 1,000 or more pages from the writings of Paine. My two Paine titles sold as follows: 4, *The Age of Reason*, first published on June 20, 1922, 155,500 sold. 50, *Common Sense*, first published on February 20, 1920, 128,500 sold. Total sold: 284,000.

VOLTAIRE

When I finished commenting on Ingersoll I turned naturally to Voltaire, of whom Ingersoll spoke glowingly in one of his finest lectures, and which I reprinted. I also have Victor Hugo's thrilling oration on Voltaire, and, of course, Clarence Darrow's amusing and witty review of the great libertarian's career. Then I have several biographies, including one by Joseph McCabe and another by the great Danish critic, Georg Brandes. And then, of course, there are the works by Voltaire in both the Little Blue Books and my

larger books. Voltaire's "Candida" and "Zadig" are both in the larger format. Then there are six titles in the series of Little Blue Books, of which 379,500 have been sold, as follows:

3 Skeptical Views of Life, July 11, 1921, 116,000.

28 Toleration of Others, December 9, 1919, 17,500.

103 Pocket Theology of a Skeptic, August 3, 1920, 107,000.

160 Wit and Wisdom of Voltaire, May 22, 1925, 36,500.

174 Dialogues on Religion and Philosophy, June 5, 1925, 22,500.

200 Ignorant Philosopher, June 29, 1921, 80,000.

LEO MARKUN

Back around 1926, I heard from an Indianapolis, Ind., man, Leo Markun, an utter stranger and a person about whom I later learned not a single fact. I don't know what he looked like. I know nothing of his background. When he died, in 1931, I got the idea from a newspaper clipping that he was in his 30's. I first heard from him five years before, in 1926. He sent me a few suggested titles and 12 or 15 words describing what he wanted each title to cover. That's all I was told, but the titles were so attractive that I asked him to submit Mss., which he did, and each was accepted immediately. During a period of five years he submitted 62 editorial suggestions, all of which I endorsed. He wrote them, submitted them, and I accepted them without exception. Usually his check went out the day after his Ms. was received. In all, he submitted 62 ideas. I accepted 62 suggestions. He then submitted 62 Mss., and all were accepted. It worked just like that. I know it sounds like something out of this world, but it happened just that way. Here's the amazing thing: I asked my office to make a report on the sales of Leo Markun titles, and the data, now before me as I write, shows that 62 Little Blue Books by Leo Markun, up to early 1949, sold 4,758,500 copies, which is an amazing showing. That means that more than 200,000 copies of booklets by Leo Markun have been sold each year. Remember, the

man's a stranger to me. But there's the record. And 10 years of the time Leo Markun's titles were offered were depression years.

I took the Leo Markun titles for granted. An examination of the Leo Markun list will show that he was interested in sound, serious writing. He was a minor McCabe. In fact, of all my authors, I'd say that Leo Markun, had he lived, could have prepared himself for the work laid out for himself by Joseph McCabe.

Those of you who have ambitions to reach the public with the sort of things McCabe does so well should study the following report, in which I tell what titles Leo Markun did for me, when they were first printed, and how many copies were sold.

Five of the titles listed below happened to be included in the set of High School booklets I offered the public almost 20 years ago, in which more than 300,000 sets were sold at \$2.98 each, a selling stunt that flattered my ego. Five Markun booklets were included (never for the entire sale, because the titles in the sets were varied for reasons too complicated to discuss here), as follows: 431, "Commercial Geography"; 503, "A Short History of the Civil War"; 597, "A History of the American Revolution"; 754, "An International Dictionary of Authors"; 1259, "A Dictionary of Geographical Names." After allowing for the large sales of the five titles just listed (all of which were included in at least a part of the sets that were sold) there remains a record of sales that leaves one amazed—all done by a man about whom I know nothing, but whose titles hit the public in the right place, so that sales mounted into the millions. Here's the record:

83 Evolution of Marriage, July 28, 1926, 54,000.

110 Short History of World War, January 17, 1928, 71,000.

175 A Hindu Book of Love, October 23, 1926, 71,500.

286 Prostitution in the Ancient World, February 12, 1926, 168,000.

377 Psychology of Joy and Sorrow, April 4, 1928, 46,000.

383 Prostitution in U.S., February 6, 1928, 77,500.

411 Facts About Phrenology, May 6, 1927, 33,000.

- 431 Commercial Geography, June 7, 1927, 166,500.
- 434 Great Love of Lord Nelson and Lady Hamilton, August 12, 1927, 20,000.
- 452 Dictionary of Scientific Terms, August 21, 1927, 67,500.
- 475 How to Develop a Sense of Humor, February 6, 1928, 98,000.
- 503 Short History of the Civil War, July 15, 1927, 255,500.
- 597 History of American Revolution, August 10, 1927, 237,500.
- 644 Women Who Have Lived for Love, May 27, 1927, 64,000.
- 704 Facts to Know About Palmistry, June 9, 1927, 107,000.
- 730 Mistresses of Today, June 8, 1927, 60,000.
- 731 Mental Difference of Men and Women, June 15, 1927, 88,500.
- 754 International Dictionary of Authors, July 8, 1927, 245,000.
- 759 How to Conquer Stupidity, May 13, 1927, 61,000.
- 764 Hints on Writing Book Reviews, April 16, 1926, 51,000.
- 767 Facts to Know About Astrology, June 11, 1927, 90,500.
- 773 Good Habits and How to Form Them, March 31, 1927, 75,000.
- 786 Catherine The Great and Her Lovers, July 19, 1927, 37,500.
- 845 Facts to Know About Fortune Telling, June 30, 1927, 101,000.
- 850 Bad Habits and How to Break Them, May 16, 1927, 72,000.
- 858 Psychology of Leadership, June 15, 1927, 79,000.
- 882 Psychology of Character Building, June 15, 1927, 52,500.
- 1003 How to Think Logically, May 15, 1926, 135,000.
- 1063 Psychology of Laughter, July 23, 1926, 42,500.
- 1069 Conquest of Fear, July 23, 1926, 97,500.
- 1094 Insanity and Other Mental Disorders, September 21, 1926, 47,500.
- 1097 Memory: What It Is and How to Use It, August 3, 1926, 158,000.
- 1111 Prostitution in the Medieval World, September 28, 1926, 89,500.
- 1135 Prostitution in the Modern World, October 30, 1926, 121, 500.
- 1221 Facts About Will Power, May 10, 1927, 91,500.
- 1241 Outline of U. S. History, June 11, 1930, 92,500.
- 1244 How to Write Love Letters, June 3, 1927, 86,500.
- 1245 How to Get Most Out of Recreation, May 21, 1927, 23,000.
- 1247 Psychology of Love and Hate, June 8, 1927, 67,500.
- 1259 Dictionary of Geographical Names, June 27, 1927, 260,000.
- 1436 Strange Marriage Customs, July 15, 1929, 74,000.
- 1454 Dictionary of Contemporary Authors, July 18, 1929, 22,500.
- 1456 Psychology of the Criminal, July 18, 1929, 30,000.
- 1460 Book of American Statistics, July 18, 1929, 40,000.
- 1465 Book of European Statistics, December 2, 1929, 15,000.
- 1467 Party Issues in the U.S., November 27, 1929, 15,000.
- 1469 American Industrial History, December 2, 1929, 10,000.
- 1575 History of Venereal Diseases, December 3, 1930, 26,000.
- 1576 Facts You Should Know About Masturbation, December 21, 1930, 47,000.
- 1592 History of Gambling, June 6, 1931, 26,000.
- 1602 Principles of International Law, February 16, 1931, 32,500.
- 1639 Story of British Imperialism, March 31, 1931, 15,000.
- 1682 Story of American Imperialism, December 22, 1931, 12,500.
- 1685 History and First Principles of Insurance, October 2, 1931, 10,000.
- 1687 The History and First Principles of Banking, December 23, 1931, 12,000.
- 1709 White Slave Traffic, December 22, 1931, 55,500.
- 1710 Magic of Numbers, December 2, 1931, 68,000.
- 1711 Economics of Taxation, December 22, 1931, 21,000.
- 1712 Great Dates in History, December 23, 1931, 76,000.
- 1722 Fortune Telling from Dreams, December 31, 1931, 189,500.
- 1724 The Next World War, April 8, 1932, 13,000.
- 1725 Story of Tammany Hall, August 8, 1932, 14,500.
- 1726 How to Think Creatively, September 26, 1932, 80,500.

CLEMENT WOOD

Clement Wood and Leo Markun were similar in many ways, both being ready, facile writers who went about their jobs in a workmanlike way. Many of Clement Wood's titles got into my list long before Markun

started writing for me, which gave him more time to win readers. Besides, Wood received some assignments that were smash sellers just because of their titles, and would surely have sold as well if anyone's name—or no name at all—had been put on the books. I refer to the excellent, useful sex books Clement Wood did so enthusiastically and competently. Readers who will check the sex titles below will learn how the public ate them up. As was the case with the Fielding titles, many of Wood's titles were deleted from newspaper and magazine advertisements, which meant they were sold only by means of catalogue listings, and even then they commanded reader-acceptance.

I met Clement Wood many times in 1915 when I was on the *Coll*, in New York. He did a column of humor for a while, after the style of Franklin P. Adams, and a readable job it was. Fresh from Alabama, young Wood was the superior southern boy who was out to make good in the big, wicked North. He soon turned out endless reams of poems, stories, novels, biographies, histories, articles, "how to" manuals, self-help books, and anything else of a writing nature that anyone wanted done and had the money to pay the energetic fellow.

He ghost-wrote a number of books, which, if I remember Clement Wood's remark, brought him \$2,500 per job, which was good pay for that sort of writing. He could ghost an 80,000-word Ms. in about 30 days, which gives you an idea how the fellow works.

One day I ordered four 15-000-word Little Blue Book Mss. from Wood, and in less than 10 days the Mss. were on my desk in Girard—60,000 words in about seven days. And, believe it or not, the fact that he tore his way through the subjects didn't make the material unpublishable. I examined the Mss. critically and had to admit he had delivered what he had promised and had done his work as well as I had a right to expect.

I know little about Wood as a poet, having read little of it—in fact, I've read little of anybody's poetry, for, as I've told my readers in several articles in the past, I'm

not wild about poetry. However, Wood wrote the words for one of my favorite songs—"Shortenin' Bread"—made popular by Lawrence Tibbett and Nelson Eddy. Every barytone simply has to do "Shortenin' Bread," along with "The Road to Mandalay" and Moussorgsky's charming, amusing, "Song of the Flea," or perhaps it was a bedbug, a louse or a crab. Oh, yes, he wrote the words for another song popular with barytones, "De Glory Road."

For many years Clement and his delightful wife, Gloria (another Little Blue Book author), have been teaching authorship by mail, and they must be doing beginning writers a lot of good, for they know their subject.

Today, the Woods spend their summers in Bozenkill, Delanson New York, where they have a farm, and their winters in Corpus Christi Texas.

Clement Wood did 57 titles for my Little Blue Books, which, up to January, 1949, sold 4,876,000 copies, as follows:

56 Dictionary of American Slang, January 6, 1922, 184,500.

91 Manhood: Facts of Life Presented to Men, December 4, 1924, 205,000.

98 How to Love, March 12, 1924, 382, 500.

126 History of Rome, October 17, 1924, 78,500.

128 Caesar's Amazing Career, November 6, 1924, 69,000.

147 Cromwell and His Vast Deeds, October 17, 1924, 20,000.

172 Evolution of Sex, February 18, 1925, 107,500.

481 Stone Age in Man's History, December 26, 1923, 43,000.

514 How to Write Poetry, March 27, 1924, 107,500.

626 Old Favorite Negro Songs, December 5, 1924, 54,000.

627 Short History of the Jews, December 10, 1924, 94,500.

628 How the Old Testament Was Made, December 16, 1924, 47,500.

708 Romance of Words (Philology), March 13, 1925, 77,500.

709 Sociology for Beginners, March 13, 1925, 50,000.

710 Botany for Beginners, January 16, 1925, 99,000.

712 Shelley and the Women He Loved, December 24, 1924, 35,000.

713 Byron and the Women He Loved, January 6, 1925, 50,000.

714 Emerson: American Philosopher, March 13, 1925, 20,000.

715 Auction Bridge for Beginners, January 16, 1925, 73,500.

716 Mother Goose Rhymes, January 14, 1925, 90,000.

717 Modern Sexual Morality, January 6, 1925, 164,500.

718 Great Women of Antiquity, December 24, 1924, 64,000.

719 Poetry of the Southern States, January 16, 1925, 30,000.

800 Sex in Psycho-Analysis, January 7, 1925, 118,500.

824 Torquemada: Spanish Torturer, April 30, 1925, 45,000.

830 Cross Word Puzzle Book, December 24, 1924, 100,000.

831 Another Cross Word Puzzle Book, December 24, 1924, 147, 500.

975 Cleopatra and Her Lovers, December 10, 1925, 92,500.

976 Casanova: World's Greatest Lover, December 18, 1925, 116,000.

977 Pope Alexander VI and His Lovers, December 14, 1925, 44,000.

983 Truth About Christian Science, December 10, 1925, 20,000.

986 How to Talk and Debate, March 11, 1926, 148,500.

987 The Art of Kissing, February 2, 1926, 257,500.

988 The Art of Courtship, March 8, 1926, 139,000.

1012 Book of Best Negro Jokes, May 11, 1926, 133,000.

1013 Book of Best Irish Jokes, May 8, 1926, 138,500.

1014 Best American Jokes, April 19, 1927, 325,500.

1015 A Book of Comic Dialect Poems, May 17, 1926, 46,500.

1016 A Book of Nonsense Poems, May 15, 1926, 47,500.

1018 Book of Humorous Limericks, May 17, 1926, 61,500.

1019 Blue Beard and His 8 Unhappy Wives, May 12, 1926, 40,000.

1053 Guide to N. Y.'s Strange Sections, July 23, 1926, 32,000.

1057 Truth About N. Y.'s Chinatown, July 23, 1926, 42,500.

1058 Truth About N. Y.'s White Lights, July 1, 1926, 30,000.

1071 Psycho-Analysis of Jesus, August 4, 1926, 20,000.

1072 Truth About Bryan, August 5, 1926, 20,000.

1106 Bohemian Life in Greenwich Village, October 7, 1926, 38,000.

1148 Sexual Crimes and American Law, December 29, 1926, 76,000

1191 Book of Broadway Wise-cracks, April 28, 1927, 75,000.

1210 Mathematical Oddities, June 27, 1927, 150,500.

1336 Greenwich Village in the Jazz Era, February 4, 1929, 14,000.

1337 Breakdown of American Marriage, February 13, 1929, 17,500.

1342 Typical Love Problems, February 4, 1929, 53,500.

1343 Sex Relations in the Southern States, April 20, 1929, 45,500.

1344 How to Psycho-Analyze Your Neighbors, April 8, 1929, 61,500.

1347 Why I Believe in Trial Marriage, April 5, 1929, 24,000.

1370 Clement Wood and His Lovers, April 17, 1929, 10,000.

HERBERT SPENCER

The report below on the five titles by Herbert Spencer, of which 192,000 were sold, shows an interesting and revealing sidelight on human nature. If the sales below mean anything, the American people are more interested in improving themselves intellectually than physically. Notice that his excellent essay on "How to Improve Yourself Intellectually" sold better than twice as well as his essay on "How to Improve Yourself Morally." In fact, moral improvement is at the tail of books on improved knowledge, improved intellect, and improved physique. Instead of being frightened by that austere word "intellectual" the customers begged for it. The report:

573 Gist of Herbert Spencer's Individualistic Philosophy, June 20, 1924, 30,000.

1613 What Knowledge Is of Most Worth?, February 17, 1931, 31,500.

1614 How to Improve Yourself Intellectually, February 17, 1931, 58,500.

1615 How to Improve Yourself Morally, February 17, 1931, 23,500.

1616 How to Improve Yourself Physically, March 4, 1931, 48,500.

PAUL ELDRIDGE

I've met Paul Eldridge only once, about 25 years ago in the lobby of the Hotel Algonquin, when he called on me after I had expressed a desire to meet him, having learned

about his personality and extraordinary literary talents from one of my other authors, George Sylvester Viereck. I found Paul to be about 40 years old, bald, a little above medium height, and devoid of fat. He wore horn-rimmed glasses, smoked a huge, evil-looking pipe, and talked quickly, lightly and intelligently.

By a peculiar combination of circumstances that cordial meeting bore no literary fruit, and I don't remember the real reasons. However, I did get started with his works about five or six years ago, and I've made up for lost time—a delay I am ashamed to own up to—bringing out 27 volumes of his short stories (what gorgeous pieces of fiction they are!), novels, plays, poems and epigrams. I think that's quite a showing, when you consider that some of these works contain up to 100,000 words.

I consider Paul Eldridge the finest short story writer America has ever produced—and say this without fear of successful contradiction—and on a par with the best creations of the finest masters of the art in France, including the great Guy de Maupassant himself.

I don't permit myself to grow timid when talking about this wonderful literary artist. He is a master, and the only way you can challenge me is to read a half dozen Eldridge stories and then tell me wherein I'm wrong.

Eldridge—the greatest short story artist in American literature—has never had a story in any of the standard magazines, including the *Saturday Evening Post*, *Colliers*, *Liberty*, the *American Magazine*, and all the other mass-circulation leaders in the commercial field of magazine publishing. Only small, obscure magazines of tiny circulation have printed some of his stories. It remained for me to do the job in a thorough, generous way, with the result that now the American public that's ready for sophisticated, worldly, wicked, unconventional, rabelaisian stories can obtain upwards of 100 of them, and all of them little masterpieces.

I've said several times in the past few years that Paul Eldridge is of the tradition of Edgar Saltus as a

spinner of happy, colorful, exciting phrases. This isn't fair to Eldridge. I'd want to correct myself there. Saltus is the merest hint of such creative talents; Eldridge is the climax of achievement in this difficult field.

Most of these stories were written by this modest, retiring schoolteacher—for about 40 years he taught romance languages in the New York high schools—while worn down by his onerous duties. But their freshness shouts at one. It's only now, as a pensioned teacher, that he's free to devote himself to his lifelong love, literature. I'm proud to have had brains and taste enough to recognize this artist's magnificent abilities as a creative writer who tosses epigrams around like confetti, who can give proof of a brilliant, witty mind on any of his thousands of pages of printed matter, who has never written a dull sentence or offered a trite thought, whose cosmopolitanism is 50 years ahead of American ideas of writing, and whose humor is rich, mordant, at times cruel, at other times tender. Other publishers have recognized Eldridge's wonderful gifts, but none has gone to my lengths—to 27 titles in just a few years.

I'm glad to report that Eldridge's admirers are growing more numerous every day. I receive numerous letters from readers who thank me for having made Eldridge's stories available. They appreciate my efforts in behalf of a rare talent that's wasted without sensitive, alert, aware, sophisticated readers. Eldridge without an audience capable of understanding his art would be like a clown trying to provoke laughs in a morgue.

I'm not given to the Hollywood habit of yelling colossal, stupendous, or genius whenever I bring out a new author. I've always been cautious about superlatives. But in two instances I've let down the bars, and I believe I was right both times. Not long after Joseph McCabe began his amazing series of books for me I said he was the world's greatest scholar. Many laughed at me. Many said I was over-enthusiastic. But I stuck to my estimate, and I'm glad to be able to say that many informed, qualified readers agree with

my appraisal. The second time I went off at the deep end was when I described Paul Eldridge's stories as the most artistic, beautiful and entertaining works of fiction ever produced by an American and as good as anything done by De Maupassant and other French masters. I said Eldridge was America's greatest literary artist, and I've never had reason to eat my words. I believe time will justify my opinion. Many readers already agree with me.

As it's too early to report on the sales of Eldridge's works, I'll limit myself just to a mere listing of his splendid titles:

Blue Flames. Pages from the diary of an immoralist.

Moon Nets of the Master Spider.

The Professor Goes Adventuring. Novel.

The Bed Remains. A charming, witty, amusing, beautiful, thoughtful biography of Man in 10 chapters.

One Night. Novel of love.

Lesson in Love. 40,000-word novel.

What Every Woman Wants. Novel

Misadventure in Chastity. 60,000-word novel of antics and romantics.

Leaves from the Devil's Tree. A smiling cynic looks at the passing show.

The Way of Men with Maidens.

The Jester's Holiday. A comedy.

Virtue Beware! And Other Stories.

Gamblers in Love.

He Who Loved His Neighbors.

Last Supper of Marianne.

Story of a Simple Man, or With-out Pride or Self-Pity. Novel.

The Whip and the Rose. A novel (100,000-words) of passion and love. A powerful satire against folly, cruelty, vanity.

Virgins—and Other Stories.

Lanterns in the Night. 462 brilliant, witty epigrams.

Lovers' Gifts, and Other Stories.

Truth About Phyllis Warren.

Women Ain't No Fools.

The Greatest Show on Earth.

Diary of a N. Y. high school teacher.

New York—The Empire State.

New York—This Whale of a City.

The Hudson—River of Destiny.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Most of the people who order my

Shakespearean titles do so because they want them, and not because some teacher of literature ordered that the plays be studied. "Hamlet" is the most popular play, as the figures below show. Second comes "The Merchant of Venice"; third, "Romeo and Juliet"; fourth, "Macbeth." Even the hard-to-understand sonnets sell well, while "Popular Shakespearean Quotations" tops the entire list of 29 titles. In all, I've sold 2,436,000 Little Blue Books by Shakespeare, as follows:

68 Sonnets, April 30, 1920, 83,000.

240 The Tempest, April 22, 1922, 77,000.

241 Merry Wives of Windsor, June 30, 1922, 55,000.

242 As You Like It, May 16, 1922, 93,000.

243 Twelfth Night, April 10, 1922, 87,000.

244 Much Ado About Nothing, April 10, 1922, 52,000.

245 Measure for Measure, May 27, 1922, 40,000.

246 Hamlet, May 4, 1922, 165,000.

247 Macbeth, April 23, 1922, 115,000.

248 King Henry, June 30, 1922, 55,000.

249 Julius Caesar, April 22, 1922, 101,500.

250 Romeo and Juliet, May 27, 1922, 149,000.

251 Midsummer Night's Dream, May 16, 1922, 92,000.

252 Othello, Moor of Venice, May 4, 1922, 65,500.

253 King Henry VIII, June 10, 1922, 50,000.

254 Taming of the Shrew, June 16, 1922, 81,000.

255 King Lear, June 10, 1922, 76,500.

256 Venus and Adonis, May 11, 1922, 65,000.

257 King Henry IV, Part One, July 26, 1922, 60,000.

258 King Henry IV, Part Two, July 26, 1922, 50,000.

259 King Henry VI, Part One, June 16, 1922, 50,000.

260 King Henry VI, Part Two, June 20, 1922, 30,000.

261 King Henry VI, Part Three, July 29, 1922, 40,000.

262 Comedy of Errors, July 18, 1922, 57,500.

263 King John, July 25, 1922, 50,000.

264 King Richard III, July 29, 1922, 50,000.

265 King Richard II, August 1, 1922, 55,000.

268 Merchant of Venice, August 1, 1922, 152,000.

816 Popular Shakespearean Quotations, April 27, 1925, 340,000.

OSCAR WILDE

As my readers may already know—having mentioned the fact scores of times in my writings—The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam was No. 1 in the series of Little Blue Books, and Oscar Wilde's "The Ballad of Reading Jail" was No. 2, if you'll pardon the vulgar expression. (That's the trouble with Haldeman-Julius; no dignity.) The ballad, which Frank Harris told me several times was the greatest in the English language, and I believe he was right, got into my list on March 15, 1919—50 years ago. I then was 30 years old. Between 1919 and 1925 I brought out 13 titles by Oscar Wilde, which, in 30 years, have sold 1,101,000 copies, proof that I've done much to introduce the great wit and playwright to American readers.

When I first started to issue works by Wilde, it was considered just a little bit daring by liberal and radical readers and an outrage against decency, morality and virtue by the good and pious people. But today all's changed. Oscar Wilde is admired even in the most conventional circles, so that today we think nothing of getting orders for 50 copies or more of some play by Wilde, the requests coming from nuns in parochial schools, where they are used in classes. One nun added this remark: "I am glad to see you bring out the fine works of Wilde, a man of great abiuity who was of our faith."

Pearson's biography of Wilde says that the great literary artist died from cerebral meningitis, "probably complicated by syphilis." Frank Harris told me flatly that it was syphilis that killed the poet and wit. Pearson writes that "two days before Wilde's death, Oscar Wilde's friend, Robert Ross, brought a Catholic priest to his bedside in a cheap hotel room in Paris. The priest baptized the dying man and administered Extreme Unction."

All this happened two days before Wilde died, two days in which he was in a state of coma, or was more or less delirious. A dying man who is "converted" and "baptized" two days before he breathes his last can't be considered much of a Catholic, but I have no complaint here, because it delights me to see such arsenals of superstition as parochial schools surrender to the delights and beauty of the Wildean contributions to culture. When opportunity presents itself, I hope to bring out many more titles by Wilde. I consider 13 books not enough. There should be at least 20. Here's the record:

2 Ballad of Reading Jail, March 15, 1919, 114,000.

8 Lady Windermere's Fan, August 1, 1921, 110,000.

36 Soul of Man Under Socialism, August 20, 1919, 91,000.

46 Salome: Love Murder, February 15, 1920, 146,000.

54 Importance of Being Earnest, February 27, 1920, 119,500.

168 Naughty Epigrams, February 7, 1921, 95,000.

280 Best Short Stories, October 12, 1922, 80,000.

313 The Art of Being a Great Liar, April 22, 1922, 70,000.

315 A Master Criminal With Pen Pencil and Poison, June 21, 1922, 55,000.

373 Truth of Illusion, September 21, 1923, 40,000.

376 A Woman of No Importance, October 20, 1923, 61,500.

664 Oscar Wilde's Letters to Sarah Bernhardt, April 21, 1924, 64,000.

787 Harlot's House, April 20, 1925, 55,000.

HENRIK IBSEN

Ibsen is close to Wilde in popularity, which is surprising when one compares the Norwegian's stern, serious dramas with light, gay, frothy pieces by Wilde. But the figures prove that Americans aren't afraid of Ibsen, of whose writings I've issued eight volumes, of which 601,500 have been sold, as follows:

16 Ghosts, May 23, 1922, 122,000.

80 Pillars of Society, May 28, 1920, 87,000.

154 Epigrams of Ibsen, December 17, 1920, 75,000.

296 The Master Builder, October 24, 1922, 70,000.

302 The Wild Duck, August 2, 1923, 43,000.

303 Rosmersholm, July 30, 1923, 40,000.

350 Hedda Gabler, July 30, 1923, 55,000.

353 A Doll's House, July 25, 1923, 109,500.

JACK LONDON

In the story of my first 25 years I gave considerable space to the personality, ideas and prejudices of Jack London, who got the idea that all nature is tooth and claw, an exaggerated notion which Kropotkin disposed of in his fine book, "Mutual Aid," in which he showed that all nature wasn't shot through with struggle and destruction, that many animals cooperated, to their mutual benefit. London thought he was a "Nietzschean blond beast," the "superman," and he loved to write about supermen who were super-killers.

I think the fundamental fault in Jack London—after admitting his great talent—was the way not a hint of humor entered his writings. His picture of life was hysterical, frenzied, brutal, coarse, neurotic, sadistic, and at times masochistic. Jack London never approached life with a smile, with merry jesting, with irony, humor, satire, wit. He always was deadly serious.

I've admired Jack London's stories, but I couldn't take them without doses of contrasting literature in which the manners are gentle, the patterns of thought light, amusing and delicate. I advise all beginning writers to study Jack London's style for the best in slam-bang, straight-to-the-target craftsmanship. But I say one should turn, after reading a London story, to something by Chekhov, or De Maupassant, or Paul Eldridge. Between 1920 and 1927 I issued 10 Little Blue Books by London, of which 849,500 were sold, which shows that Jack London's writings still hold many admirers. The record:

30 What Life Means to Me, September 18, 1920, 134,000.

148 Strength of the Strong, December 1, 1920, 155,500.

152 Son of the Wolf, May 19, 1926, 99,500.

223 Wanton Wife of a King, July 13, 1926, 57,000.

288 Thrilling Tales of the Frozen North, June 8, 1926, 111,500.

640 The Apostate, December 20, 1924, 30,000.

1022 Heroic Tales of the North, May 12, 1926, 53,000.

1024 Tales of the Big Snows, June 8, 1926, 55,000.

1168 Adventure Stories, February 17, 1927, 71,500.

1169 Stories of Ships and Seas January 10, 1927, 82,500.

RUDYARD KIPLING

Readers who enjoy Jack London's short stories usually like Kipling's fiction, of which I have a good list of 13 titles, of which 1,047,000 have been sold. In fact, the figures give Kipling a bit of an edge on London, but not enough to get excited over. The people who like London and Kipling also ask for Robert W. Service, but I've not been able to get around to the works of the poet of the Yukon. Maybe—so many times it's maybe I'll be able to get such and such a job done, when the truth is I'm up to my eyebrows in work and have a schedule that'll keep my publishing program humming for several years.

Sometimes friends tell me to expand my plant, get a lot of new help, pile in new machinery, and strike out to be come a big-shot, but I resist such temptations. I really don't want to get big. I prefer to keep the plant as small as it is, and when I have 55 or 60 employees around I feel better than when I see twice as many. I want the business to be small enough so that I know everything that's going on.

If I were to go in for bigness I'd be tempted to compromise my principles, for bigness means new forces to cope with, additional problems in the struggle to keep one's press free. I'm just big enough to get a lot of work done, and small enough to be able to keep going even though obscurantists and suppressionists in general were to try to gang up on me, as they have done many times in the past, and always been defeated.

I usually win against the bigots, censors and reactionaries because I'm small enough to take all the blame and responsibility on myself and wait out a storm. If there were others in positions of responsibility around here they could demand changes in policy so that the output would be on a par with the works published by conservative, or mildly liberal, publishers. I prefer to be a radical, one who would strike at the roots of evils. If there's a rumpus, I'm ready to fight it out, and if I lose a battle I can nurse my wounds and wait for sunnier days.

The Kipling report follows:

151 The Man Who Would Be King, December 13, 1920, 150,000.

222 The Vampire, and Other Poems, August 4, 1921, 130,000.

331 Finest Story in the World, May 7, 1923, 105,500.

332 The Man Who Was, January 13, 1923, 75,000.

333 Mulvaney Stories of Army Life, February 10, 1923, 60,000.

336 Mark of the Beast, February 13, 1923, 106,500.

357 City of Dreadful Night, April 27, 1923, 64,000.

783 Mandalay, and Other Poems, April 20, 1925, 72,500.

795 Gunga Din, April 24, 1925, 90,000.

912 God From the Machine, November 4, 1925, 20,000.

913 Black Jack, November 4, 1925, 25,000.

914 On the City Wall, November 4, 1925, 20,000.

1017 Without Benefit of Clergy, May 11, 1926, 88,500.

BALZAC, POE, AND OTHER MASTERS OF FICTION

Ever since the first year of the Little Blue Books I've tried to balance my list with generous selections from such short story writers as Balzac, Poe, Anatole France, Conan Doyle, Tolstoy, Chekhov, Henry James, and Thomas Hardy. All belong in my list, even though Henry James doesn't sell as well as Balzac and certain other masters of the short story.

HONORE DE BALZAC

Eleven Little Blue Books by Balzac

are in the list, of which 846,500 have been sold, as follows:

15 Atheist's Mass, and the Accursed House, July 10, 1919, 178,000.

143 The Time of the Terror, and Other Tales, October 3, 1922, 72,500.

318 Christ in Flanders, August 26, 1922, 70,000.

344 Don Juan, and Passion in the Desert, September 7, 1922, 137,500.

1042 The Crime at The Red Inn, July 1, 1926, 69,500.

1043 A Study of Woman, July 13, 1926, 84,500.

1044 Another Study of Woman, June 25, 1926, 54,000.

1045 Story of a Mad Sweetheart, July 16, 1926, 66,500.

1046 Coquette vs. a Mad Sweetheart, July 16, 1926, 43,000.

1045 Mysterious Exiles, July 20, 1926, 30,500.

1067 Splendors of a Courtesan, July 16, 1926, 40,500.

EDGAR ALLAN POE

Ten titles by Poe are in the list, of which 882,500 have been sold, as follows:

12 Tales of Mystery, January 18, 1920, 229,000.

32 The Raven: The Bells, and Other Poems, August 26, 1919, 152,000.

108 Fall of the House of Usher, August 9, 1923, 56,500.

162 Murders in the Rue Morgue, September 7, 1922, 137,500.

136 How I Wrote "The Raven," March 1, 1921, 78,000.

290 The Gold Bug, May 20, 1922, 115,500.

939 Tales of Imaginative Science, January 9, 1926, 35,500.

940 Tales Grotesque and Weird, December 21, 1925, 40,500.

941 Tales Psychological and Gruesome, January 6, 1926, 20,000.

1154 Tales of Hypnotism and Revenge, January 1, 1927, 18,000.

CONAN DOYLE

102 Tales of Sherlock Holmes, September 1, 1920, 246,000.

122 Debate on Spiritualism, August 5, 1920, 111,000.

266 Further Adventures of Sherlock Holmes, August 10, 1926, 66,000.

1026 Sherlock Holmes Detective Stories, June 8, 1926, 89,500.

1027 Sherlock Holmes Mystery Stories, June 25, 1926, 92,500.

1028 Sherlock Holmes Crime Stories, July 1, 1926, 76,500.

1029 More Adventures of Sherlock Holmes, June 8, 1926, 75,000.

1101 Sherlock Holmes Problem Stories, August 10, 1926, 72,500.

ANATOLE FRANCE

Ten titles by Anatole France are in the list, of which 608,000 have been sold, as follows:

140 Reflections on Life and Destiny, January 23, 1922, 95,000.

198 The Majesty of Justice, June 3, 1921, 100,000.

219 A Story of Human Tragedy, July 29, 1921, 140,000.

707 Epigrams of Love, Life and Laughter, January 16, 1925, 40,000.

828 Wisdom of the Ages, etc., May 2, 1925, 32,500.

1620 Merry Tales, March 10, 1931, 22,500.

1622 Five Women and the Grand Passion, March 25, 1931, 57,500.

1623 Who Seduced the Cook? March 10, 1931, 24,000.

1624 The Woman Who Inspired Fatal Passion, March 11, 1931, 54,500.

1628 Merry Tales of Childhood, March 13, 1931, 42,000.

LEO TOLSTOY

Four titles by Tolstoy are in the list, of which 529,000 have been sold, as follows:

45 Short Stories of Real Life, January 26, 1920, 196,500.

61 What Is Religion?, March 31, 1920, 176,500.

131 Love's Redemption, September 10, 1920, 26,000.

390 Candid Story of a Man's Life (Ivan Ilyitch), October 26, 1923, 60,000.

ANTON CHEKHOV

Four titles by Chekhov are in the list, of which 276,500 have been sold, as follows:

24 The Kiss, and other Stories, August 1, 1921, 173,500.

317 Night Flirtation, March 7, 1927, 49,000.

1178 Chorus Girl and Lover's Wife, January 20, 1927, 20,000.

1190 What Price Love?, January 31, 1927, 25,000.

HENRY JAMES

Six titles by Henry James are in the list, of which 118,000 have been sold, as follows:

182 Daisy Miller and Her Adventure, September 18, 1922, 60,000.

1671 Queer People and a Damning Passion, August 17, 1931, 10,000.

1672 Sweetheart of M. Briseux, August 19, 1931, 10,000.

1673 The Runaway Wife, October 5, 1931, 20,000.

1674 Spiritual Magnetism, August 27, 1931, 5,000.

1675 The Mad Lovers and the Emperor's Topaz, October 5, 1931, 13,000.

THOMAS HARDY

Four titles by Hardy are in the list, of which 154,000 have been sold, as follows:

232 The Three Strangers, September 15, 1921, 115,000.

1632 A Tragedy of Two Ambitions, April 2, 1931, 10,000.

1633 The Seductive Exploits of a Fiddler, April 4, 1931, 11,500.

1684 To Please His Wife, May 7, 1931, 17,500.

GUY DE MAUPASSANT

I early got to know the delightful, warm, intimate, candid pictures of modern French life in the short stories of De Maupassant, and when I began making selections for the Little Blue Books in 1919—the first year of the project—No. 6 was given to his little gems. From then until 1925 I kept adding more titles, until I had 14 in all, of which I've sold 1,590,000 copies, proof of how popular the French master is with American readers.

6 Love, and Other Stories, July 10, 1919, 298,500.

199 The Tallow Ball: A Prostitute's Sacrifice, May 15, 1922, 157,500.

292 Mlle. Fifi, and Other Stories, April 28, 1922, 220,500.

886 A Piece of String, and Other Stories, June 12, 1925, 63,000.

887 The Necklace, and Other Stories, June 10, 1925, 73,000.

915 Mad, and Other Stories, November 4, 1925, 54,000.

916 A Night in Whitechapel, November 13, 1925, 84,000.

917 Room No. 11, and Other Stories, December 18, 1925, 167,500.

918 The Man With the Blue Eyes, and Other Stories, November 24, 1925, 60,000.

919 The Clown, and Other Stories, November 24, 1925, 39,000.

920 A Queer Night in Paris, December 10, 1925, 137,000.

921 Mme. Tellier's Establishment, November 24, 1925, 129,500.

922 A Wife's Confession, and Other Stories, December 31, 1925, 150,000.

938 French Tales of Passion and Cruelty, December 10, 1925, 91,500.

BOCCACCIO

From De Maupassant one turns easily to that other master of the short story, the Italian genius, Giovanni Boccaccio. There are four Little Blue Books devoted to the superb art of Boccaccio, and these have sold handsomely, the report showing 765,500 distributed up to January 1949, as follows:

58 Tales From the Decameron, March 23, 1920, 317,000.

672 Illicit Love, June 5, 1924, 210,000.

673 Tales of Love and Life, September 9, 1924, 173,500.

674 The Falcon, and Other Stories, June 19, 1924, 65,000.

MARK TWAIN, AND OTHER HUMORISTS

I have, from the very beginning in 1919, given special attention to humor, for it has always been my aim to make the Little Blue Books entertaining as well as educational, and forces for cultural enlightenment. My numerous joke books have sold well. Here I want to show how the public responds to the works of Mark Twain, Stephen Leacock, Artemus Ward, Jerome K. Jerome, Josh Billings, Bill Nye and Petroleum V. Nasby.

I have nine booklets by Mark Twain, of which 832,000 were sold up to January, 1949, as follows:

166 English As She is Spoke, January 21, 1921, 121,000.

231 Humorous Sketches, September 13, 1921, 252,000.

291 Mark Twain's Jumping Frog and Other Stories, September 11, 1922, 125,000.

662 Answers to Correspondents, April 22, 1924, 74,000.

663 Journalism in Tennessee, April 23, 1924, 50,000.

668 Humorous Fables, April 23, 1924, 110,000.

930 Idle Excursion, December 31, 1925, 25,000.

931 Stolen White Elephant, November 24, 1925, 35,000.

932 Curious Experience, December 1, 1925, 40,000.

STEPHEN LEACOCK

Stephen Leacock, who taught political science for many years in a Canadian university, wrote humorous pieces that I liked when I first became acquainted with his style of humor, but I find that only one of his titles can be said to be popular. In all, I did six booklets by Leacock, of which 133,500, were sold, as follows:

1115 Ridiculous Stories, November 13, 1926, 53,000.

1116 Funny Dramatics, November 10, 1926, 20,000.

1117 Human Animal and Its Folly, November 11, 1926, 19,000.

1118 Life as I See It, November 11, 1926, 15,000.

1119 Follies in Fiction, October 30, 1926, 12,500.

1120 Serious Spoofing, November 10, 1926, 14,000.

ARTEMUS WARD

I issued three booklets by Artemus Ward, of which 208,000 were sold, as follows:

205 Artemus Ward's Laugh Book, March 23, 1921, 103,000.

368 Comic Journey to California and Back, September 26, 1923, 65,000.

369 Artemus Ward's Funny Travels, October 4, 1923, 40,000.

JEROME K. JEROME

Jerome K. Jerome, the English humorist, is more popular than the works of Artemus Ward, whose titles I listed above. Jerome also is represented by three titles, of which 264,000 were sold, as follows:

18 Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow, November 17, 1919, 123,000.

1170 Funny Ghost Stories, January 19, 1927, 131,000.

1171 Funny Facts About Stage-land, January 10, 1927, 10,000.

JOSH BILLINGS

There are two Josh Billings titles, as follows: 669, Josh Billings' Humorous Epigrams, first published on April 29, 1924, 40,000 sold; 670, Josh Billings' Comical Lexicon, first published on April 29, 1924, 40,000 sold. Total sold, 80,000.

BILL NYE

Bill Nye, also represented by two titles, is far more popular than Josh Billings, as the following figures show: 771, The Humor of Bill Nye, first published on April 13, 1925, 35,500 sold; 960, Masterpieces of American Wit, first published on December 28, 1925, 151,000 sold. Total sold, 186,500.

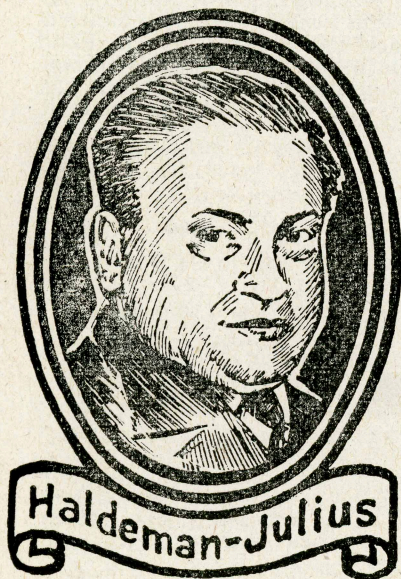
PETROLEUM V. NASBY

I'm surprised to see my single Nasby Little Blue Book outsell so

many other titles by American humorists. Nasby's No. 20, "Let's Laugh," first published on December 5, 1919, has sold 176,000, which surely proves there's room for more selections from this humorist's writings. In fact, the figures for Twain, Leacock, Ward, Jerome, Billings, Nye and Nasby indicate that the public is ready for a large volume of upwards of 1,000 pages containing hundreds of pieces from the humorists I've just reported on. An omnibus of old-time American humor would be welcomed by a large public. I believe recent American humorists of the Perelman and James Thurber school, along with other shining lights of Harold Ross' *The New Yorker*, should be omitted. In fact, the book I have in mind should devote itself entirely to old-style humorists of the kind just listed, with Mark Twain in the lead.

The Works of E. Haldeman-Julius

E. Haldeman-Julius, editor and publisher, is an author in his own right. Below is the complete list of his books, which cover such fields as the essay, articles, stories, epigrams, literary criticisms, philosophy, religion, Rationalism, Agnosticism, humor, satire, irony, history, politics, education, the art of writing, and numerous other subjects. Here are his works, from which you may select any titles that interest you.



My First 25 Years. 75c.

My Second 25 Years. \$1.

Essays in Criticism and Guidance. Short studies of current life, trends of thought, lines of action, criticisms of evils, and guidance in the direction of realistic thinking. 25c.

Below is the list of Haldeman-Julius' Little Blue Books, which cost 10c per copy, prepaid to any address in the world. (order by number) :

72 The Color of Life and Love. Short stories. 10c.

267 What the Ford Labor Policy Really Means. 10c.

334 Short Stories of Midwest Life. 10c.

Fun I Get Out of Life. Autobiography. 55c.

Culture and Its Modern Aspects. 55c.

Snapshots of Modern Life. 55c.

Clippings from Editor's Scrap book. 55c.

Sensible Views of Life. Is sex sinful? 55c.

Studies in Rationalism. 55c.

Confessions of a Debunker. 55c.

Persons and Personalities. 55c.

Bunk Box. 55c.

Free Speech & Free Thought in U.S. 55c.

An Agnostic Looks at Life. 55c.

Myths and Myth-Makers. 55c.

Tyranny of Bunk. 55c.

Is Theism a Logical Philosophy? Debate. 25c.

Iconoclastic Reactions. 55c.

What's Wrong with Schools? 55c.

What Can a Free Man Believe? 3 vols \$1.25.

How to Become a Writer. 25 easy lessons in practical authorship. \$1.

27 VOLUMES OF QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

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